



A
WINTER
NIGHTS
VISION:

BEING AN ADDITION OF
SVCH PRINCES ESPECIALLY FA-
mous, who were exempted in the former
Historie.

By RICHARD NICCOLS, Oxon.
Mag. Hall.



AT LONDON,
Imprinted by FELIX KYNGSTON,
1610.



WINTER STREET

TO THE
OF



1810.
MOTSON & HILL



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LORD CHARL

HOUWARD, EARLE OF NOTINGHAM, BARON of *Effingham*, Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, Lord high Admirall of England, Ireland and Wales, &c.

one of his Maiesties most Honorable priuie Counsell.

AS once that Doue (true honors aged Lord)
Houering with wearied wings about your Ar
When Cadiz towers did fal beneath your swo
To rest her selfe did singe out that barke:

So my meeke Muse, from all that conquering rout,
Conducted through the seas wilde wildernes
By your great selfe, to graue their names about
Th'Iberian pillars of *Ioues Hercules*;

Most humblie craues your lordly Lions aid
Gainst monster Enuie, while she tels her storic
Of Britaine Princes, and that royall Maid,
In whose chaste hymne her *Clio* sings your glorie.

Which if (great Lord) you grant, my Muse shall frame
Mirrours more worthie your renowned name.

*Your Honors euer most hum-
ble deuoted,*

RICHARD NICOLS.

RICHARD J. COLE



TO THE READER.



Vrteous Reader, before I enter into the discourse of what I haue written, I will acquaint you with the causes why I haue written. Hauing spent some truant houres in the study of this Art, and willing to imploy my pen to the benefit of mine owne studies, and the profit and pleasure of others, I chanced in reading that worthy work, intituled, The Mirrour for Magistrates, to coniecture, if I should vndertake that imperfect historie, that not only experience, the mother of prudence, would furnish my priuate studies with better iudgement; but also that I could not better benefit others, by offering them a taste of the vnsauourie fruits of my labours; then by giuing them paternes to shun vice and follow vertue: in this coniecture my voluntarie will not to do nothing, did set such edge vpon my desire, and the presidents of diuers learned, yea some noble personages, pen-men of that worke, gaue me such encouragement, that though I wanted not iudgement to know, that I should want skill to compasse it; yet that want of skil, being supplied with good wil to do wel, I haue collected the liues of ten famous Princes, worthie Mirrours, omitted in the former part of this worke: which I present not in their proper places, as I did purpose, but as a part of themselves with dependancie vpon an Induction, that the Reader may obserue that method of arguments before euery life, which I did intend to haue continued through the whole worke, if time and mine owne affaires would haue suffered

To the Reader.

me to proceed, but being called away by other employments, I must of force leaue it either vnto those, whose good opinion of so worthie an historie, may induce their endeuors towards the perfecting of the same, or vntil I shal find occasion hereafter to cōtinue that, now almost finished, which I haue left vnaccomplished; of those ten, which I haue pēned, the last, though it were written before in the former part; yet for that the matter and stile thereof were generally disliked of M. *Ferrers*, M. *Baldwine* and others: and also for that many principall occurrents in the same were exempted, I haue written againe, placing it in his order, being the last of the ten. In the handling of which, not taking a poetick licence to fashion all things after mine owne fancie, but limiting my selfe within the bounds of an historicall writer, I haue followed those Authors, who in the censure of our best iudgements are the most authentick. For the verse, I haue chosen the fourth proportion, which is the Stanza of seuen, preferring it before the fift, which is the staffe of eight, because it is chiefly vsed of our ancient and best historicall Poets; and though I confesse that of eight to hold better band, yet is it more tedious to a writer, being it binds him to the band of two foures intertangled, which if he obserue not, it is no hui-taine or staffe of eight, but fals into the first proportiō, making two quadreins. To the learned I only write, in whom is my chiefe hope, for that they be learned, a cause sufficient not to doubt any enuious construction, being a vice not proper to their good education: whom if I haue pleased. I craue but their good word for my good will; if otherwise, their pordon for my paines. Farewell.



THE INDVCTION.

MY Muse, that mongst meane birds whilome, did waue her flaggie wing,
 And Cuckow-like of Castaes wrongs, in rustick tunes did sing, (hie,
 Now with the mornes cloud-climbing Lark must mount a pitch more
 And like Ioues bird with stedfast lookes outbraue the Sunnes bright eie:
 Yea she, that whilome begger-like her beggers ape did sing,
 Which iniur'd by the guilt of time to light she durst not bring,
 In stately stile tragedian-like with sacred furie fed,
 Must now record the tragicke deeds of great Heroës dead.
 Vouchsafe then thou great King of heau'n, the heau'nly dropst' infuse
 Of sacred iuyce into my pen, giue strength vnto my Muse
 To mount aloft with powerfull wings, and let her voice be strong,
 That she may smite the golden starres with sound of her great song.
 When Ioue-borne Phœbus fierie steeds about the world had bin,
 And wearied with their yearely taske, had taken vp their Inne
 Farre in the South, when cold had nipt the hawthornes rugged rinde,
 And liuely sap of summer sweet, from blast of blustering winde
 Had sunken downe into the roote, whose thornie browes besprent
 With frostie dew, did hang their heads, and summers losse lament;
 My limbes benumb'd with unkind cold, my life blood waxing chill,
 As was my wont I walked forth to ease me of such ill:
 But when I came in fields abroad, and view'd the wastefull sight
 Of wrathfull winter, grien'd I was to see so sad a sight:
 The shadie woods, in which the birds to build their neasts were seene,
 Whose wauiing heads in aire shot up were crown'd with youthfull greene,
 Now clad in coate of motlie hue did maske in poore array,
 Rough Boreas with his blustering blasts had blowen their leaues away.
 In stead of blossomes on the boughes, the spring whilome begun,
 Which through the leaues did seeme to laugh vpon the summers Sunne,
 Now nought but hoarie frost was seene, each branch teares downe did send,
 Whose dewie drops in yficles vpon each bough depend:

The

The mistresse of the woods quaint quire, the warbling Philomele,
 That wont to ravish with delight, th' inhabitants, that dwell
 About the greene wood side, forgot the layes she sung before,
 For grieve of summers golden losse she now could sing no more:
 And all the quire that wont with her to beare a part and sing
 Concordant discords in sweet straine for welcome of the spring,
 Sate silent on the frostie bow, and shuddering all for cold,
 Did shroud the head beneath the wing, the day was waxed old,
 None but the Red-brest and the Wren did sing the euen away,
 And that in notes of sad record for summers late decay;
 The field, which whilome Ceres crown'd with golden eares of corne,
 And all the pasture-springing meades, which Pales did adorne,
 Lookt pale for woe, the winterie snow had couered all their greene,
 Nought else upon the grasselesse ground, but winters waste was seene:
 The shepheards feeble flocke pent up within the bounded fold,
 So faint for food, that scarce their feete their bodies could uphold,
 Did hang the head with heauie cheare, as they would learne to mourne
 The thrall in which they now did line, by shepheard left forlorne:
 All sweet delight of summer past, cold winters breath had blasted,
 The Sunne in heau'n shone pale on earth to see her wombe so wasted:
 All which, as I grien'd at such sight, the fields alone did range,
 Did teach me know all things on earth were subiect vnto change.
 How fond (me thought) were mortall men, the trustlesse stay to trust
 Of things on earth, since heere on earth all things returne to dust?
 Who so in youth doth boast of strength, me thought the loftie oake
 Would teach him that his strength must vade, when age begins to yoke
 His youthfull necke, euen by it selfe, his leauie lockes being shed,
 And branched armes shranke up with frost, as if they had been dead.
 The louely Lillie, that faire flower for beautie past compare,
 Whom winters cold keene breath had kill'd, and blasted all her faire,
 Might teach the fairest vnder heau'n, that beauties freshest greene
 When spring of youth is spent, will vade, as it had neuer been;
 The barren fields, which whilome flower'd as they would neuer fade,
 Inricht with summers golden gifts, which now been all decay'd,
 Did shew in state there was no trust, in wealth no certaine stay,
 One stormie blast of frowning chance could blow them all away;
 Out of the yeares alternate course this lesson I did con,
 In things on earth of most auaille assurance there was none:

But fancie feeding on these thoughts, as I alone did wend,
 The clocke did strike, whose chime did tell the day was at an end;
 The golden Sunne, daies guide, was gone, and in his purple bed
 Had laid him downe, the hea'ns about their azure curtaines spread,
 And all the tapers lighted were, as it were the watch to keepe,
 Lest past her houre night should vsurpe, while he secure did sleepe.
 Then clad in cloake of mistie fogges the darke night vp did come,
 And with grim grislie looke did seeme to bid me get me home;
 Home was I led, not as before with solace from the field,
 The wofull waste of summer past had all my pleasure spill'd:
 When home I came, nipt with sharpe cold of Boreas bitter aire,
 After repast to my warme bed forthwith I made repaire,
 Where, for the nights were tedious growen, and I disturb'd in mind
 With thoughts of that daies obiet seene, not unto sleepe inclin'd,
 I vp did sit, my backe behind the pillow soft did stay,
 And call'd for light, with booke in hand to passe the time away;
 Of which each line which I did reade, in nature did agree
 With that true vse of things, which I the day before did see;
 A Mirrour hight for Magistrates, for title it did beare,
 In which by painfull pens, the fals of Princes written were:
 There, as in glasse, I did behold, what day before did show,
 That beautie, strength, wealth, worlds vaine pompe, and all to dust do go;
 There did I see triumphant death beneath his feet tread downe
 The state of Kings, the purple robe, the scepter and the crowne;
 Without respect with deadly dart all Princes he did strike,
 The vertuous and the vicious Prince to him been both alike;
 Nought else they leaue vntoucht of death except a vertuous name,
 Which dies, if that the sacred nine eternize not the same.
 Why then (ye thrice three borne of Ioue) why then be ye despis'd?
 Is vertue dead? hath daintie ease in her soft armes surpris'd
 The manhood of the elder world? hath rust of time deuour'd
 Th' Heroes stocke that on your heads such golden blessings shew'd?
 This silent night, when all things lie in lap of sweet repose,
 Ye only wake, the powres of sleepe your eyes do neuer close,
 To shew the sempiternitie, to which their names ye raise
 On wings of your immortall verse, that truly merit praise.
 But where's the due of your desert, or where your learnings meed?
 Not only now the baser sprite, whom dunghill dust doth breed;

But they that boast themselues to be in honors bosome borne,
 Disdaine your wisdom, and do hold your sectaries in scorne.
 No maruell then, me thought, it was, that in this booke I read,
 So many a Prince I found exempt, as if their names been dead,
 Who for desert amongst the best a place might iustly claime:
 But who can put on any spirit to memorize the name
 Of any dead, whose thanklesse race t^r whom learning shapes the leg
 In humble wise, yet in contempt bids learned wits go beg?
 As thus in bed with booke in hand I sate contemplating,
 The humorous night was waxed old, still silence hush't each thing,
 The clocke chim'd twelue, to which as I with listning eares attend,
 As signes of fraile mortalitie all things I apprehend;
 The daylight past, as life I deeme, the night as death to come,
 The clocke that chim'd, deaths fatall knell, that call'd me to my doome,
 Still silence rest from worldly cares, my bed the graue I thinke,
 In which, with heart to heau'n up-lift, at length I downe did sinke:
 Where after still repose when as thin vapors had restrain'd
 The mouing powers of common sense, and sleepe each sense enchain'd,
 Whether the watchfull fantasie did now in sleepe restore
 The species of things sensible, which I had seene before;
 And so some dreame it only was, which I intend to tell,
 Or vision sent Ile not discusse, to me it thus befell:
 A sudden sound of trumpe I heard, whose blast so loud was blowne,
 That in a trance I senselesse lay, fraile mortall there was none
 That heard such sound, could sense retaine; my chamber wals did shake,
 Vp flew the doores, a voice I heard, which thus distinctly spake:
 Awake from sleepe, lift vp thy head, and be no whit dismay'd,
 I serue the Deities of heau'n, their bests must be obey'd,
 And now am sent from her that keepes the store-house of the mind;
 The mother of the Muses nine, for thee she hath assign'd
 For her designe, the night to come in sleepe thou must not spend;
 Prepare thy selfe, that gain't she come, her will thou mai'st attend.
 As to these words I listning lay, and had resumed spright,
 I boldly looked round about, and loe, there stood in sight
 True Fame, the trumpeter of heau'n that doth desire inflame
 To glorious deeds, and by her power eternifies the name;
 A golden trumpe her right hand held, which when she list to sound,
 Can smite the starres of heau'n, and bring the dead from vnder ground;

Vpon her head a chaplet stood of neuer vading greene,
 Which honor gaue, to giue to them that fauour'd of her been:
 Her wings were white as snow, with which she compass't heau'n and earth
 With names of such, whom honor did renowne for deeds of worth.
 As I beheld her Princely port, yet trembling all for feare,
 A sound of heau'nly harmonie did pierce my pleased eare,
 In rapture of whose sweet delight, as I did rauisht lie,
 The goddesse dread whom Fame forespoke did stand before mine eie,
 The Ladie of mount Helicon, the great Pierian dame,
 From whom the learned sisters nine deriue their birth and name,
 In golden garments clad she was, which time can neuer weare,
 Nor fretting moth consume the same, which did embroydered beare
 The acts of old Heroes dead, set downe in stately verse,
 Which sitting by the horse-foot spring, Ioues daughters did rehearse:
 Fine Damselfs did attend on her, who with such wondrous skill
 Do in their seuerall functions worke, to serue their Ladies will,
 That what she seekes on earth, to see, to heare, smell, taste or touch,
 They can present the same with speed, their power and skill are such.
 As in amazement at such sight I in my bed did lie,
 She thus bespake: I am, quoth she, the Ladie Memorie,
 Ioues welbelou'd Mnemosyne, that keepes the wealthie store
 Of times rich treasure, where the deeds that haue been done of yore
 I do record, and when in bookes I chance to find the Fame
 Of any after death decaid, I do reuiue the same.
 Turning the volume large of late, in which my Clio sings
 The deeds of worthie Britaines dead, I find that many Kings
 Exempted are, whose noble acts deserue eternitie,
 And mongst our Mirrours challenge place for all posteritie:
 For which, my station I haue left, and now am come to thee,
 This night: thou must abandon sleepe, my pen-man thou must bee.
 To this said I: O goddesse great, the taske thou dost impose
 Exceeds the compasse of my skill, 't is fitter farre for those,
 Whose pens swee: Nectar do distill, to whom the power is giuen
 Vpon their Winged verse to rap their readers up to heau'n.
 The pinions of my humble Muse be all too weake to flie
 So large a flight; theirs be this taske that loue to soare on high.
 But how can they such taske vp-take, that in a stately straine
 Haue rais'd the dead out of the dust; yet after all their paine,

When their sweet Muse in vertues praise hath powred out their store,
 Are still despis'd and doom'd for aye with vertue to be poore.
 To this, alas, quoth Memorie, it grieues me to behold
 The learned wits left all forlorne, t'whom whilome it was told
 Mæcenas was reuin'd againe; yet grieue I more to see
 The loathed lozell to prophane that sacred mysterie.
 Each vulgar wit, that what it is, could neuer yet define,
 In ragged rimes with lips profane, will call the learned nine
 To helpe him utter forth the spawne of his vnfruitfull braine,
 Which makes our peerelesse poesie to be in such disdain,
 That now it skils not whether Pan do pipe, or Phœbus play,
 Tom Tinkar makes best harmonie to passe the time away:
 For this I grieue, for this the seed of Ioue are held in scorne,
 Yet not for this our Worthies dead are to be left forlorne.
 For so no future age should know the truth of things forepast,
 The names of their forefathers dead would in the dust be cast.
 Then do not thou thy helpe denie, I will conduct thy pen,
 And Fame shall summon vp the ghosts of all those worthie men,
 That mongst our Mirrours are not found, that each one orderly
 May come to thee, to tell the truth of his sad tragedie.
 Thus hauing said, she tooke the booke from underneath my head,
 And turning ore the leaues, at last, she thus began to reade.



THE FAMOUS LIFE AND DEATH OF KING ARTHUR.



THe first I find exempted in our storie
Is noble Arthur, Albions ancient glorie,
Who heere at home subdues the Saxon Kings;
Then forren nations in subiection brings,
The Roman host with Lucius for their guide
To his victorious sword do stoope their pride:
But home-bred broiles call backe the conquering King,
Warres thunder 'bout the Britaine coasts doth ring,
Gawins firme loyaltie at his last breath,
Arthurs last conquest, wounds and timelesse death,
The truth of which, that we may heare, let Fame
Summon his Ghost to come and tell the same.

P p Another

King Arthur.

Another Argument.

*Fame sounds her trumpe, King Arthur doth ascend
Tels Mordreds treason, death, and his owne end.*



O age hath bin, since nature first began
To worke *loues* wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praise for Mirrours vnto man,
Which more then threatful lawes in men inclind,
To tread the paths of praise excites the mind,
Mirrours tie thoughts to vertues due respects,
Examples hasten deeds to good effects.

'Mongst whom, that I my storie so renown'd
May for a Mirrour to the world commend,
Summon'd the first by Fames shrill trumpets sound ;
Loe, I am come on earth to find a friend,
Who his assistance vnto me may lend,
And with his pen paint out my historie
A perfect Mirrour of true maiestie.

In which the truth of my corrupted storie
Defac'd by fleeting times inconstant pen
I will declare, nor to aduance my glorie
Will I present vnto the view of men
Ought, but the scope of what the truth hath ben.
Meane time thou pen-man of Mnemosynie,
Giue heedfull care vnto my tragedie.

As from aire-threatning tops of cedars tall
 The leaues, that whilome were so fresh and greene,
 In healthlesse Autumne to the ground do fall,
 And others in their roomes at spring are seene :
 So proudest States amongst the states of men
 Now mount the loftie top of Fortunes wheele,
 Now fall againe, now firmly stand, now reele.

Foure times the state of this same noble Ile
 Hath changed been by froward fates decree,
 And on foure nations Fortunes front did smile,
 Gracing their high attempts with victorie
 Ouer this Empire of Great Britanie ;
 Yet none but one the Scepter long did sway,
 Whose conquering name endures vntill this day.

First the proud Roman *Casar* did oppresse
 This land with tributarie seruitude:
 Next those two Saxon brethren heauen did blesse,
 Who in our Brittish blood their blades imbru'd,
 And to their Lordly will this land subdu'd :
 Thirdly the Dane did heere long time remaine,
 And lastly Normans ouer vs did raigne.

Thus seest thou Fortunes vniimpeached force,
 And what it hath been in our Britaine state :
 By this thou seest her wheelles inconstant course,
 And how on earth nor Prince nor Potentate
 Can long withstand her ruine-thirsting hate,
 Which my true stories sad catastrophe
 Vnto the sonnes of men can testifie.

I am that *Arthur*, who on honors wing
 Did mount Fames Palace amongst the worthies nine,
 Fourth from false *Vortigern* th' vsurping King ;
 Who, that he might with strong allies combine
 His shaken state, which then began decline,
 Wretch that he was into this land did bring
 The Saxons with hight *Hengist* their false King.

The sonne I was of *Uter* that stout Knight,
Pendragon called for his policie
 Not in Ignoble birth brought forth to light,
 Though foes false imputation vilifie
 My royall birth with taint of bastardie :
 But in true wedlockes bands a noble Dame
 Bore me, the fruit of loue without defame.

Whose former husband *Goilen*, that proud Duke,
 At *Duuilioc* in fight my sire strooke dead :
 And 'mongst his spoiles *Igren* the faire he tooke,
 With whom he did ascend loues amorous bed
 And left the fruit of his delight new bred
 The time might turne to shame in lawlesse birth,
 He took the Dame to wife, who brought me forth.

By Peeres consent I in my youth began
 Vpon the throne the supream sway to beare :
 And at that time against the boldest man,
 That breath'd on earth my spirit did not feare,
 In single fight the combatant t'appeare,
 Skillfull I was in knowledge of all fights,
 That then was vsed amongst martiall Knights.

And at that time my close-neere fighting men;
 The frame of euery bloodie fight to know,
 In martiall feates, haue exercised been,
 And euery one would 'gainst the forren foe,
 With emulation striue their deeds to show,
 In Courts where Kings, adore *Bellonaes* shrine,
 There the bright blaze of Chiuallrie will shine.

Vpon the mind, whose glorie-thirsting heart,
 By deeds of armes did at true honor aime,
 Such edge I set, that from each forren part,
 The brood of *Mars* to Britaines *Arthur* came,
 Of him to purchase the reward of Fame.
 And take that order, that I then did found,
 Which till this day men call the table round.

Vpon

Vpon this tables superficial part
 Statutes ingrauen were by my decree,
 Vnto the which each man of valiant heart
 That of this famous fellowship would bee
 At Camelot by oath did first agree,
 And call'd they were amongst our Chitaurie
 Armes, seuen religious deeds of charitie.

But where is now this honor'd dignitie,
 That wont to be the care of noble kind?
 Or is it dead, or will nobilitie
 Let that, which only was to it assign'd,
 Be now polluted by the baser mind?
 Alas the while, that once the best reward
 To vertuous deeds is now of no regard.

No golden Churle, no elbow-vanting lacke,
 No peasant base, nor borne of dunghill mould,
 Could find such treasure in his pedlers packe
 To purchase that, which fame on high did hold
 For true desert, aboue the reach of gold;
 This order then dame Vertue kept in store
 For such, as did her sacred selfe adore.

In this new flourish of my flowering spring,
 When honors hopefull buds appear'd in mee,
 And promis'd goodly fruit in time to bring,
 My forward thoughts being set on fier to free
 My natie land from Saxon tyrannie:
 With phantasie still working 'gainst the foe,
 In sleepe this spectacle to me did show.

As I (me thought) did sit on royall throne
 With Peeres about me set, a Ladie faire
 In presence came and making pitious mone,
 Tearing the tresses of her golden haire,
 And wringing both her hands, as if despaire
 Had her bereft of hope her grieve to show,
 With teares did utter forth these words of woe:

Behold, quoth she, behold me wretched wight,
 The forlorne Ladie of this noble Ile,
 From towring state cast downe by foes despight,
 And of an Empreſſe, which I was ere while
 Of Saxon yoke now made a ſubiect vile:
 What bootes it what I was, ſith now I am
 The ſcorne of Fortune and the Britons ſhame?

(O noble Prince) vnſheath thy conquering blade
 And ſaue that little, which is left to mee,
 Left not for aye my antient glorie vade,
 Nor let me ſubiect liue, as thus you ſee,
 To pride of barbarous foes, but ſet me free.
 Thus ended ſhe her plaint, and in ſad plight
 With piteous lookes departed from my ſight.

The phantaſie preſenting euerie howre
 Th'apperance of ſuch thoughts did ſo excite
 My furie'gainſt the foe, that all my powre
 I muſter'd for the field and *Howel* hight
 Of little Britaine Prince a valiant Knight
 Allide to me by blood, did croſſe the maine
 To purchaſe honor with his martiall traine.

Here could I ſing the deeds of warre to thee,
 Whereby my famous conqueſts thou ſhould know,
 How heauen did grace me with ſuch victorie,
 That in twelue battailes I did ouerthrow
 The mightie forces of my warlike foe;
 And by my valor, how I did expell
 Thoſe Saxon foes, which here long time did dwell.

Hight *Colgrim* greateſt among'ſt Saxon Kings
 I firſt ſubdu'd with honour'd victorie,
 But happie he vpon the wind-like wings
 Of haſtie ſpeed to ſaue himſelfe did flie
 Ouer the ſeas broad backe to Germanie;
 Yet could he not eſcape vntimely death,
 But here in Britaine breath'd he his laſt breath.

Vnto his friends, when he in safetie came,
 He could not shun th'edict of destinie;
 But back't by them he proudly did proclame
 T'inferre swift vengeance on our Britannie,
 If he were not restor'd to dignitie:

Which I disdain'd and did prepare for fight;
 Because to that he claim'd he had no right.

And in a faire field by those Bathes apart,
 Which *Bladud* sometimes King of Britanie
 Had founded by the depth of powerfull art,
 My tents I pight; For there did fates decree,
 That great King *Colgrims* ouerthrow should bee;
 Whose mightie force my folke at first did dread,
 Which by three Kings was in Battalia led.

For first did *Bladulf* brother to this King,
 Conduct the vauntgard for this valiancie,
 Next *Chelderick* vnto the field did bring
 His Germaine powers the strokes of death to trie,
 Who was a mightie Prince in Germanie,
 And in the rereward *Colgrims* selfe did lead
 The Picts to fight, a people full of dread.

The battailes ioin'd, each aduerse part opposde
 Their strength to strength, the aire with dreadfull sound
 Of souldiers shouts did echo as they closde,
 And each one equallie gaue wound for wound,
 Till with the foes fresh strength, which did abound,
 My men opprest to flight began to fall,
 Whom thus with mouing words I did recall.

(Yee emptie harted sonnes of *Brute*) quoth I,
 Not worthie valiant *Brutus* farre-spread name,
 What great defame of your big formes will flie
 Throughout this worlds whole round, if this great shame
 Of shamefull flight, yee doe not streight reclaime?
 Where will ye boldly fight and scorne recoile,
 If not in fight for your owne natue soyle?

Are these th' effects of those same glorious words,
 With which of late your tongues did oft abound,
 Saying one hundred with their powerfull swords
 A thousand hartlesse foemen should confound,
 To your owne shame, alas, this shall redown'd,
 Vnlesse with speed ye turne couragious hed,
 And make them flie from whom yee lately fled.

All th' host applauding my high valiancie
 With deepe impressiō of my words being driuen,
 Did break into the mid'st of th'emie,
 Where cusse for cusse on either side was giuen,
 The noise of which flew ecchoing vp to heauen,
 And with the thunder claps of clashing armes
 Made aire to sigh with sound of humane armes.

The skirmish burn'd, both parts did equall beare
 Their heads aloft in this dayes bloodie fight,
 All stood it out, none stoopt to seruile feare,
 Their swords made mutuall wounds, and in their sight
 Their friends each where in field lay rest of light:
 The earth made drunke with blood did then abound,
 With fruites of death thick strow'd vpon the ground.

But when the trampling steedes of heauens bright sun
 Fell to the seas and left *Olympus* steepe,
 And when the king of flames began to run
 His golden head into the waue deep,
 When out of East bright *Venus* gan to peep,
 Our strength increast, which conquest did diuine,
 Our foes shrunk back, their valor did decline.

For when King *Colgrim* by my launce strook dead,
 And *Bladulf* by my power cast downe as low
 With their gigantike bulkes the earth did spread,
 The foes with one consent their backs did show,
 To saue each other in that common woe:
 With whom hight *Cheldrike* fled, who for the spoile
 Of this our land had left his natiue soile.

Who

Who being shrouded with the nights black wing,
Trusting that she would his designements hide,
Tooke towards the marrin strand, in hope to bring
His folk disperst, in darknesse vndescride,
Vnto his ships, which then at shore did ri'de:
But death betwixt them and their nauie stood,
Our natie earth drunk vp their stranger blood,

The stout Duke *Cador*, that illustrate Knight,
Pursu'd the flier till the rising sun,
Descride the foes, who turning from their flight,
Both parts stood firme, the fight afresh begun:
But *Cheldrik* lost, the conquest *Cador* wonne,
Whose spoilfull sword did spare no foes in death,
For *Cheldricks* self did there-expire his breath.

Meane time to rescue that bold Britaine King,
Prince *Howell*, King of little Britanie,
Who ore the gulfie flood his folke did bring,
T'assist vs gainst our common enemy:
Towards Scotlands bounds wee marched speedilie,
Where gainst the barbarous Picts he was the barre,
While gainst the Saxon we did wage the warre.

But he vnable to sustaine their force,
Which th' Irish *Gnillamore*, th' assistant King,
In person did support with foote and horse,
Of whose alarmes the countrie round did ring,
Did send to vs requiring vs to bring
Our powers, with expedition to suppress
The foes haut pride, and succour his distresse.

Of which when I did heare, as from the skie
A tempest stooping on the deepes profound,
Hurles waues on waues in heapes, and makes them flie
Before his rage, so with the horrid sound
Of dreadfull warre into the Pictish bound
I entred with my host, and in the way
For fire and sword made all the passage pray.

The foes stout pride we did in field subdue,
 And *Gwillamore*, that did escape the fight,
 To his owne kingdomes bounds we did pursue,
 Where we did bring him to his hearts despight,
 Vpon his knees by warres impulsive might,
 Forcing him yeeld obedience to our Crowne,
 By golden tribute yearly paid vs downe.

After this good successe, perceiuing well,
 That heauen with sunshine lookes grac'd our affaires,
 My hopefull heart with glorie gan to swell,
 Bidding me seeke by fame in forren warres,
 To fixe my name among'st the golden starres,
 And leaue a name on earth to liue for aye,
 When rapt in mould my limbes forgotten lay.

This stout suggestion of my mightie mind,
 Made me despise foule ease and pleasures light,
 Which softens th'heart, strikes strong desier blind,
 Drownes all eternitie in depth of night,
 And leaues reproch for prise of such delight;
 For fame liues not, except for vertues merit,
 Deeds of delite on earth no place inherit.

A King, that only liues a King in name,
 That dull'd with ease and drown'd in fancies lust,
 Can stile his title with no deed of fame,
 Being dead, his name iron-eating time shall rust
 And in the end obscure it in the dust,
 When he, though meane, that vertues race doth runne,
 Doth liue eterniz'd like th'immortall Sunne.

This was the winde that set my ships on saile,
 In forren shoares true honor to obtaine,
 This was the prize, for which with prosperous gaile,
 I plow'd my passage through the liquid maine
 Vnto the Arctike pole, where *Charles* his waine
 Fixt fast in heauen, his station there doth keepe
 With other starres neare diuing to the deepe.

And

And there in that cold Iland Island call'd,
 Whose mountaines with high heads did heauen aspire,
 Which white with snow as if they had been bald
 Did yet breath forth blacke smoakes and burning fire,
 A wonder strange for humaine sense t'admire,
 I with my Britaines bold bore to the Strand
 And vncontrol'd march't vp into the land.

Whose people rude and liuing in their kind,
 As beasts that wander in the desert field,
 The rationall and best part of the mind
 In vse of heauenly things not being skill'd
 Against blind ignorance the soule to shield,
 We did in fight subdue, and by strong hand
 Did them enforce to stoope to our command.

Their King *Malnasius* noting well the oddes
 Twixt vs and them in feats of martiall skill,
 And finding, that no place of safe abodes
 Was left to him, in feare of future ill
 Did soone submit himselfe vnto our will,
 And from that time vnto my names renowne
 Did yeeld obedience to the Britaine Crowne.

The fame of this exploit being set on wing,
 And through the Iles adiacent taking flight,
Doldanius of the Gotland nation King,
 And great *Gunfacius* King of Orkney hight
 Despairing to oppose our force in fight,
 Did yeeld to hold their Crownes and dignitie
 By tribute to the Britaine Emperie.

But should I vnto light assay to bring
 Each fight then fought and euery deed of worth,
 Had I the strength of thousand tongues to sing,
 Or the shrill trumpe of fame to echo forth
 My conquests, in those Ilands of the North,
 Yet would the glasse of time be quite outrun
 Before that true report her part had done.

Should

Should I relate the many a field I fought
 Against *Aschilius* that bold Danish King,
 And 'gainst proud *Lot* the Norway King so stout,
 Whom after thousand soules being set on wing,
 We at the length did in subiection bring :
 Scarce would the eares of fraile mortalitie
 Giue credit to our noble historie.

Yet thinke, what dread of death and dangerous wounds
 We in those trauels then might vndergoe,
 From Albions rockes vnto the Russian bounds,
 And our great conquest 'gainst the Northren foe,
 The fame of our admir'd exploits will show ;
 For to the Lap-land kingdomes vtmost end,
 Our Britaine Empires bounds I did extend.

In deeds of Fame, thus did I spend the prime
 Of golden youth, which lul'd in pleasures bed,
 Flies fast away vpon the wings of time,
 And scarce is knowne t'haue bin, when th'hoarie hed
 With white of wintrie age is ouerspred :
 For age with shame of youths fond deeds strooke blind,
 Doth oft abhorre to beare the fame in mind.

Who doth to sloth his yonger daies ingage
 For fond delight, he clips the wings of Fame ;
 For sloth the canker-worme of honors badge,
 Fames fethered wings doth fret, burying the name
 Of vertues worth in dust of dunghill shame,
 Whom action out of dust to light doth bring
 And makes her mount to heauen with golden wing.

After my high atchieuements in the North
 I being returned to my natiue land,
 Fame through the world did so renowne the worth
 Of these deeds done by my victorious hand,
 That greatest Kings did in amazement stand,
 Strooke blind in looking at the sunshine blaze
 Of my great worth, yet enuying at my praise.

For when true vertues glorious excellence,
Mounts vp aloft, and like the Sun in skies,
Breakes through the clouds of darke some ignorance,
Then enuie rous'd from her darke den doth rise,
And dazel'd with the golden shine, that flies
From vertues splendor, seekes t'obscure the same,
And muffle it in her blacke clouds of shame.

That enuious beast of twice fiue hornes of might,
Who ore the world did long time tyrannize,
From Romes high towres viewing the golden light
Of my great fame, which dazled her weake eies,
Selfe swolne with haughtie pride, rows'd vp did rise,
And at my state with her proud hornes did push,
In hope my fame being yet but yong to crush.

The Roman King that bore great *Cæsars* name,
Twelue aged fires in Senate did select,
Men of renowne and all of noble fame,
Who as graue Legats his great will t'effect,
Through *Neptunes* waue empire did direct
Their course to our sea-bounded Britanie,
To menace vs with their proud ambasie.

Where when they came, seeing our Court abound,
With honors sonnes employ'd in deeds of fame,
Not in still waues of Court-deepe pleasures drown'd;
For vse in deeds of armes and martiall game
Exiling sloth the pride of lust doth tame;
They thought their antique Romane Emperie,
Had been transferr'd from Rome to Britanie.

Yet getting audience one among't the rest,
With graue demeanor and great maiestie,
Thinking with words our greatnesse haue repress,
Began t'infold with high authoritie,
The thundring threatnings of his ambasie;
For he vnbidden boldly tooke his place,
And thus did threaten me vnto my face.

Arthur, said he, from ample-streeted Rome
 Where mightie *Cesar* thy liege Lord doth reigne
 T'effect his will to thee loe, we are come,
 And in his name to claime our right againe,
 Which wrongfullie from vs thou dost detaine:
 For long time since ye Britaines well do know
 That Britanie to Rome did tribute owe.

He doth dislike thy farre commanding minde,
 Nor thy proud bold attempts will he allowe
 In any thing, by him not being design'd,
 By vs he bids thy haughtie stomack bowe
 Vnto the bending of his Kinglie browe,
 And wils thy Kingdom stoop, though so renown'd,
 To Rome, the mistris of the worlds wide round.

But if thy hart do harbor haughtie pride,
 And that thy people still stiffnecked bee,
 If that our words in scorne thou set aside,
 Then to thy face I here do threaten thee,
 That ere thine eyes one summer more shall see,
 More troopes of men gainst thee we will imploie
 Then erst did Greekes against the sonnes of Troy.

This threatning speech did set my thoughts on fire,
 And made me to returne this sharpe replie:
 Doting old wretch, said I, thou dost aspire
 In vaine by vantage words to terrifie
 The hart of him that scornes thy ambasie,
 Nor can our person patiently permit
 Those barbarous taunts, signes of thy doting wit.

Do Romaines harbor such a base conceit
 That Britains *Arthur* is of lesse renowne
 Then is their King, in empire, though so great?
 Or that vsurping *Cesar* with a frowne
 Can make vs yeeld the title of our crowne?
 O fillie sots to thinke vs such a sort
 As your base speeches whitom did import.

Is not our noble nation by descent
 Sprung from the warlike Troians roiall race?
 And shall our thoughts be then so baselie bent,
 As with subiection seruile t'imbrace
 The yoke of loftie Rome the worlds disgrace?
 Her fame shall fall, our Britaine state shall rise,
 She ore the world no more shall tyrannize.

With swiftest speed returne thou this replie,
 That we a people free will still maintaine
 Gainst all the world our ancient libertie,
 And that thou well maist know how wee disdaine
 The seruile yoke of Romes insulting reigne,
 Ile bring reuenge, which Rome shall neuer shun
 For that great scath, which *Caesar* here hath done.

This said, they all amaz'd at my replie
 Dismiss, made no abode in this our land;
 But with winde-winged sailes did swiftly flie
 Ouer the depths of *Neptunes* high command,
 Of whom their *Caesar* soone did vnderstand
 How his command with scorne we did deride,
 Intempting our disdaine with such vaine pride.

At which inrag'd, he in a fatall houre
 The Tribune *Lucius* for the warre design'd,
 Who into France came downe with all his power,
 Where many legionaries he did finde
 Vnto that quarter of the world assign'd,
 To keepe it peacefull by warrs threatfull stroke,
 Which then began to shake off Roman yoke.

And as he did prepare to greedie fight,
 So did we arme ynto the bloodie field
 And from each quarter of our land did cite
 All such as able were with strength to wield
 Or launce, or bowe, or dart, or sword and shield,
 Whom we did muster vp in armes well dight
 To make them apt and skilfull for the fight.

And

And in our absence in those forren warres,
 To guard our State against all aduerse feare,
 We left at home to manage all affaires,
Mordred the brother of my *Gauin* deare,
 Our faithlesse Nephew, that false hearted Peere,
 Th'ignoble sonne of *Loth* the Pictish King;
 From whose blacke treason my sad fall did spring.

Whose loyaltie I little did suspect,
 Though on my death his hopes did then depend;
 But who so wise hath been, that can detect
 The meanes and houre, by which the fates intend,
 To mortall life to adde the finall end?
 Though both the meanes and houre most certaine bee,
 Yet most vncertaine is the times decree.

But being most secure of future chance,
 My thoughts to meete the foes being set on wing,
 Who did ordaine, that Augustence in France
 Should be the place for each assistant King,
 Vnto the Romane aid their powers to bring;
 With warres loud trumpe from all parts of the land,
 I call'd my Britaines downe vnto the Strand:

Where our blacke barkes all readie furnish't lay,
 In which departing from the barren shore,
 Wing'd with full gale, the ships did force their way,
 So swiftly with their bending bulkes before,
 That 'bout their brests the giuing waues did rore,
 Through which we kept our course without mischance,
 And did at Harflew safe arriue in France.

Where thousands troop't in armes the shoares did show,
 Sent from those Princes by alleageance bound;
 T'assist vs in our warres against the foe,
 Who when our feet did presse the sandie ground,
 Did welcome our approach with shouts loud sound;
 In euery place *Bellona* loud did sing,
 Of horse and foot the countie round did ring.

Our powers being ioyn'd and euerie seuerall band
 Digested for the fight, without delay
 We marched from the salt seas slimie strand,
 And sent our scouts before vs in the way,
 To know where *Lucius* host encamped lay :
 But hearing nought we forward did aduance,
 Vntill we came to *Augustence* in France.

And there vpon a chosen plot of ground
 The Roman host with their especiall aides
 Arm'd in strong Steele for fight prepar'd we found,
 The blaze of whose bright shields and glittering blades,
 Did cast a sunshine in the darkest shades:
 With whom we thought t'haue then begun the fight,
 Had setting sun not shew'd approaching night.

But when from ynderneath the siluer vaile
 Of *Thetis* lap *Apollo* did arise,
 And to the batlements of heau'n exhale
 Nights dewie drops, which fell before from skies,
 Our bands t'applie for fight we did deuise,
 And euerie one did buckle to the field,
 Thirsting to bloodie fight their strength to yeild.

Then did the trumpet shrill sound out alowd
 To bring them bold to the insatiate field,
 And on the plaine both parts in thickest crowd
 Opposing sword to sword and shield to shield,
 Not fear'd with death, but with stout courage fild,
 Began the fight, and none their backs did turne,
 In euerie place the skirmish hot did burne.

But where the Kinglie Eagle *Iones* faire bird
 Great *Cesars* standard did maintaine the fight,
 There both on horse and foote the slaughtering sword
 Made greatest halloock, where with most affright
 To my bold Britons, *Lucius*, that stout knight,
 Did beate the field or turning troops of men,
 As if the battaile onlie there had ben.

Which when I heard, with my victorious lance
 Thirsting to do where deeds of worth were done,
 I towards that part my standard did aduance,
 The virgin mother of great *Iones* owne sonne,
 Vnder whose badge I many a field had wonne,
 Where 'mongst the foes I rusht with my bold bands,
 T'auenge my slaughtered friends at *Lucius* hands.

Then prudent *Ione* vpon the foes did frowne,
 And in his ballance holding either fate
 Of both our fortunes made their lot sinke downe,
 Vpon our steps in fight did conquest wait,
 Deaths terror did the foe-mens strength abate,
 Whose hands fell strengthlesse downe, being all inclin'd
 To flie with shame, and leaue vs fame behind.

They fled, and we did eager pursuit make;
 But sad report on fames vnluckie wing,
 With fatall tidings did vs ouertake,
 How all our Britaine Ocean round did ring
 With *Mordreds* deeds aspiring to be King,
 Which strooke more terror to my griued mind,
 Then if the world 'gainst me in armes had shin'd.

Yet with late conquest won in mind made bold,
 Returning to our fleet we launcht from land,
 And being out at sea we might behold
 Our owne rebellious kingdomes rockie Strand;
 Strengthen'd about the coast with many a band;
 Which did my vexed soule with sorrow sting,
 To see false subiects bent to braue their King.

As Lions rob'd of yong with hideous rore
 All raging wood, makes th'echoing forrest shake
 And beasts to dread; so sailing towards the shore,
 My souldiers charging, with loud shouts did make
 The stoutest hearts on th'aduerse part to quake:
 A wrongfull cause makes fortitude giue backe,
 And guilt of treason courage doth allacke.

Yet on the land at Sandwich port, before
We could set foot, we lost much life and blood;
For with stones, darts, and shafts thicke sent from shore,
Our men as on the deckes they stoutly stood
Were ouerturn'd into the waue flood,
Mongst whom without all helpe before our eies,
Did many sinke, and neuer more did rise.

For many 'mongst the rest being wounded sore,
Rising againe, to shun their timelesse graue,
Their fainting browes aboue the billowes bore,
And when their lips did ouerlooke the waue,
For helpe cri'd out their loued liues to saue.
But they, alas, made weake, with losse of blood,
Sinking, poore soules, were strangled in the flood.

To wreake such harmes with sharpned arrowes store,
Steele-headed iauelins, stones and singing darts
We charg'd the bold defendants on the shore,
Which did impresse deepe wounds in their best harts,
And made the rest retire t'escape such smarts,
From whom our men the firme land hauing won,
Twixt them and vs a dreadfull fight begun:

Where noble *Anguisell* the Scottish King,
Amidd't the foes in fight incircled round,
Did in our cause endure deaths fatall sting;
And valiant *Cador* after many a wound,
Did sinke downie dead vpon the flowrie ground;
Whom my deare *Gawin* did consort in death,
And in our right, with them expir'd his breath.

For making slaughter with his mightie lance
Vpon the aduerse troopes; though many a band
Inclos'd him from all helpe, where he by chance
Was wounded by a fatall souldiers hand,
Yet 'gainst them all alone he made his stand,
And with his life halfe spent in their despight,
Did make retreate vnto his tent from fight.

Where through his wound, before his life did fleet,
 These words hee spake vnto the standers by,
 With sad farewell my soueraigne I doe greet,
 In whose defence against his foes, though I
 In death triumphant ouer death do die,
 Yet brothers treason wounds my heart with woe,
 For which with griefe vnto my graue I goe.

(Yee powers of heauen) on whose dispose diuine
 The gift of conquest doth depend alone,
 Let our dread King in battaile victor shine
 Against his foes, let traytors falling grone
 Beneath his sword, that do aspire his throne:
 But cease my words, death doth my breath exhale,
 A due my Liege, I die, my life doth faile.

This said, he slept in death, yet neuer sleepes
 The fame of his admi red loyaltie,
 Seald with his blood, record for euer keepes,
 His name a mirror of true constancie
 To his liege Lord for all posteritie:
 For vnto vs he in true loyall loue
 Gainst natures selfe to death did constant proue.

Natures affect leueld by rule of reason,
 The due respect of common good doth binde
 Gainst natures selfe, and when the hand of treason
 Inuades the state of Kings, the noble minde
 To shun the taint of blood gainst their owne kinde,
 Aduerse in nature seeme, that loue to showe,
 Which first to care of common good they owe.

Which this illustrate Knight in hart did keepe,
 And with his blood in death did seale the same:
 Which when I heard sad sorrowe seated deepe
 In my grieu'd hart my thoughts did so inflame,
 That on the foes I rusht with loud exclame,
 And with heroicke wreake my hartes true loue
 To my deare *Gawin* dead, I did approue.

In our reuenge such slaughter we did make
 With furious onset on the aduerse part,
 That vnto flight themselues they did betake,
 Nor durst the brest that bore the boldest hart
 Stand forth 'gainst vs to shake his threatning dart;
 False traytors hearts the cowards feare doth feele,
 Nor can an edge be set vpon their steele.

The Saxon *Cerdicus* and *Mordred* both
 Confederates in this treason 'gainst our State,
 Did flie t'escape the meed of their vntroth,
 Whom we did fast pursue with deadly hate
 From place to place, vntill vntimely fate
 Did by one battell shut vp all our strife
 In *Mordreds* death, and losse of my deare life.

A second field at Winchester we won,
 Where many foes in fight were stricken dead,
 'Mongst whom false *Mordred* his blacke death did shun,
 Who with his friends although from field he fled;
 Yet t'hazard fortune once more he made hed,
 And on a plaine by *Glastenburie* towne,
 Fatall to all this land his tents pight downe.

Whom I as one, that of his owne accord
 Had sought to hasten death in armes bedight,
 In person follow'd with reuengefull sword,
 To shew my selfe as well the first in fight,
 As first in name, though with respectiue right
 To common good, whose state depended then
 Vpon my life: I might haue absent ben;

Yet could not this dissuade me from the field,
 But in the morne when as the daies bright king
 The mountaine tops with golden shine did gild,
 No sooner did the warlike trumpet sing
 Warres fearfull song, the sound of which did ring
 About my eares, but rous'd from rest I rose,
 And arm'd me for the field to meet my foes.

With trumpets blast *Bellona* summon'd out
 My Britons to the field, and then began
 Each feuerall band t'enranke themselues about
 My royall standard, while each captaine ran
 From troope to troope enabling euerie man
 To charge the rebels with their vtmost might,
 Who in the field stood brauing vs for fight.

With trumpets, drums and dreadfull shouts of men
 The battailes ioynd, earths batterd pauements vnder
 Did seeme to shake, heauen sounded lowd, as when
 Bold *Boreas* clad in darknesse, stormes and thunder,
 Doth cusse the cloudes and rends their ribs in funder,
 Both parts being eager bent the day to winne,
 The fight at first with furie did begin.

And as the hunter his shrill horne doth winde,
 Breaths forth lowd shoutes and vseth all his art
 To make his dogs to pinch the game behinde;
 So euerie where I chear'd vp euerie hart,
 And vrg'd my men against the aduerse part,
 Exciting them by mine owne valiancie
 To charge through death for fame and victorie.

So long as faire *Auroraes* light did shine,
 All valiantlie themselues in fight did beare:
 But when the King of flames began decline
 From steepe *Olympus* top, th'whole host with feare
 Affrighted was, all troopes disordered were,
 Who giuing back from field had fled awaie,
 If I through death, had not regain'd the day.

For loe a Pictish souldier 'mongst the foes
 Spake in the British tongue, yeeld (ô friends) yeeld,
 No more your selues to death in vaine oppose,
Arthur is dead, and with him dead in field
 His Knights are laid, on whom our hopes did build:
 This spake he with low'd voice in th'heate of fight,
 Thereby to turne our battaile into flight:

But

But I that heard and knew his close intent,
In front of all the field my selfe did show
Whereby my Britons that before were bent
To turne their backs, turn'd head vpon the foe,
Twixt whom the fight againe did feruent grow,
With whom I brake into the dangerous fight
In hope to meet with *Mordred* that false Knight:

My launce and sword did many a bosome sacke
Of lifes rich spoiles, which were all men of name,
The common sort my hand in troopes did wrack,
For through deepe wounds and death in martiall game
I did enforce my way to win me fame,
Till wounded in the head with fatall speele
My deaths approach in fight I gan to feelee.

Yet when warme blood through my crackt veines flow,
And subtile aire gan pierce the liuely braine,
The eager anguish did my valor show:
For manie foemen in my furie slaine
Did pay my wreake with death and deadlie baine;
Sill did I fight, although with fainting breath,
Vntill in fight I heard of *Mordreds* death:

Whose tragick fall, when true report did tell,
His souldiers fled away, and in their flight,
Vp flew ther heeles, in slaughter fast they fell,
Darts thick as haile their backs behinde did smite,
Farre more in chafe did fall, then in the fight;
Yea none had scap't the furie of that day
Had not my bleeding wounds stood in my way.

In manie a fight before in deaths despight
Vpon my head ten wounds I did sustaine,
With life vntoucht: but in this fatall fight
Remorslesse fate to end my life and reigne
With one deepe wound did wound my vitall braine:
For in the chace with torment of that wound
Deathes touch I felt and fell vpon the ground.

From whence conuei'd to Glaſtenburie by
 By my deare friends, who did in vaine pretend
 To ſaue my life, loe as I there did lie
 In th'armes of death, perceiuing how each friend
 Did ſhew his ruth in teares for my ſad end,
 Theſe words I ſpake, before my vading breath
 Did flie away vpon the wings of death.

Griue not, ſaid I, to ſee your wounded King
 Wrapt in the ruine of his life now done ;
 For Phoenix-like from death new life ſhall ſpring,
 Which in this life I by my death haue wonne,
 I dead, that left to liue, when I am gone,
 Yea this in death ſhall liue my future grace,
 I di'd a conquerour in cold deaths embrace.

The kingly ruth which our ſad ſoule attends
 Is our deare countries fight, which ſetled deepe
 In depth of my deare loue (ô noble friends)
 To you I tender 'gainſt all ſpoile to keepe,
 When I in peace haue laid me downe to ſleepe,
 Death now triumphs, my mortall daies are done,
 My houre is ſpent, my glaſſe is quite outrun.

This ſaid, when I twice thirteene yeares had been
 The ſtout defendant of my countries right,
 My ſoule did leaue th'abodes of mortall men,
 My liueleſſe limbes in ſecret hid from fight,
 Interred were at Glaſtenburie hight.

Thus haſt thou heard the truth of all my ſtorie,
 My life, my death, and my nere dying glorie.

In which, as in a glaſſe ſeeing men may ſee,
 That action only dignifies the name,
 That vertue betters euery bare degree,
 That vading pleaſures vpshot is but ſhame,
 And ſilent ſloth the oppoſite to fame,
 Commit to mind, what I commend to thee,
 That vnto men a Mirrour it may bee.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING EDMUND, SURNAMED IRONSIDE.



THis was a worthie Prince, quoth Memorie,
Peerelesse amongst the Kings of Britanie,
After whose death the British rule did cease,
And th' English power did more and more increase;
For not long after on the Britaine throne
The Saxon Kings did rule and raigne alone,
Who did at first agree in one consent
To make seven kingdomes of this regiment,
Which did in that confused sort remaine
Till the beginning of King Egberts raigne:
About which time from Denmarke with strong hand
Inguar and Hubba came to invade this land,
With whom the Saxons manfully did fight,
And turn'd them oftentimes to coward flight;
Yet did they heere long time beare great command,
Though many a valiant King did them withstand,
Mongst whom I find this one, whose tragedie
Is not recited in our historie,
Which Edmund call'd, surnamed Ironside,
A famous Prince, in battell often tride,
Whom Fortune still did grace with victorie
In fight against Canute his enemy;
Yet by the cruell fates uniuersall command
He lost his life by wicked traytors hand,
Whom up from graue let Fame with summons call,
To take his turne and tell his tragicke fall.

Another

King Edmund

Another Argument.

*Fame calles vp Edmund from his graue below,
His life and lamentable death to show.*



are not borne vnto our selues alone,
Deeds done, though good; yet from a greedy mind
Intending priuate weale, when life is gone,
Vading away, leaue no record behind
In Fames faire booke, for future age to find;
Self-loue to priuate good, no good can craue,
When life is gone such loue lies dead in graue.

The fruits of loue, which after life do liue,
To grow from loue of common good are seene,
To reape such fruit, whoso his life shall giue,
Though dead, yet liues; his fruit aye waxeth greene,
Of which my life a Mirrour might haue been;
But whose sad Muse my tragedie doth sing,
Or who to light King *Edmunds* deeds doth bring?

Now from my graue, the bed of my long rest
Rous'd vp by Fame, through shades of silent night,
Behold I come obeying her behest,
As mirrours vnto men, to bring to light
My deeds, oft done in my deare countries right:
Heare then (thou sleeping wight) whose mournfull Muse
To sing my storie Memorie doth chuse.

I am the sonne of that vnhappie King
 Hight *Egelred*, whose daies were wrapt in woe,
 And on whose head false Fortune downe did fling,
 Such miserable scath and ouerthrow,
 That he was forc'd his kingdome to forgo;
 For subiects treacherie did him constraine
 To leaue his kingdome vnto bloodie *Swaine*.

To bloodie *Swaine*, who from our Albion shore
 Vnto the Norman Duke to saue his life,
 Forc'd him to flie, whose sister he before
 My mother dead, had made his second wife,
 In hope thereby t'appease domesticke strife,
 And by the aid of Norman yaliance,
 To quell the force of forren enemy.

But hence did rise the ruine of the State,
 And fourth decay of *Albions* Emperie,
 This was the gap, which by decree of fate
 Was open laid for times posteritie,
 Vnto the Norman conquerers victorie;
 For by these fatall nuptials in the end,
 The Norman Duke his title did pretend.

My sire being thus constrain'd by forren force,
 And subiects treason, in such miserie,
 Amongst his Norman friends to seeke remorse
 Of his mishaps, the land meane time did lie
 Groaning beneath the victors tyrannie,
 For nere did captiu'd men sustaine such woes,
 As did the English of the conquering foes.

(O noble England, nurse of my renowne,
 Queene of all Ilands canoped of heauen)
 How was thy towring state then troden downe?
 How were thy sonnes from their sad mother driuen?
 Thy daughters beautie vnto rapine giuen?
 My words, alas, will thy sad heart compell
 To bleed with woe, these woes to heare me tell.

The simple hinde, who with day-labour stroue
 In fruitlesse field to furrow vp his bread,
 Nor for himselfe the earth with paine did proue,
 But for another, whom his labour fed,
 Although in heart he often wisht him dead,
 In euery house Lord Dane did then rule all,
 Whence layfie lozels Lurdanes now we call.

The nuptiall bed, the lodge of chaste delight,
 Was common vs'd in wedlockes foule disdaine,
 Sweet virgins daily forc'd to deeds of night,
 Faire Ladies beautie set to sale for gaine,
 Children made bondslaues, wretched husbands slaine,
 Who to such rufull spoile were iustly giuen
 For their offence against the King of heauen.

Let such, whose peacefull eares from sad affright
 Of warres dread voice the hand of heauen doth close,
 Who lull'd in that dames lap of sweet delight,
 The Queene of Peace do sleepe secure of foes,
 Thinke it humane, to thinke on others woës:
 And in such thoughts fear such like woës to come,
 For their offence ordain'd by *Ioues* iust doome.

The life of State lay stifled in the smoke
 Of blacke despaire, till death tooke life from *Swaine*,
 Then th'English Peeres shooke off the heauie yoke
 Of forren pride, which they did erst sustaine,
 And did recall my father home againe,
 Who did enforce by power of his strong hand
Canute the sonne of *Swaine* to leaue this land.

Then did he seeke to reerect againe
 The ruines of his Crownes collapsed state;
 But he, t'whom at his birth heauen did ordaine
 In all his deeds ineuitable fate
 Of bad euent, euen to his daies last date
 His wishfull hopes in vaine did seeke t'aduance,
 Vpon th'vnsteadie wheele of fickle chance.

For

For ere those sprightfull horse of heauenly breed,
That draw the chariot of the golden Sunne,
Who day by day do vse their swiftest speed
From East to West their yeares full race had runne,
Our fatall foe *Canute* King *Swannus* sonne,
To wretched England made returne againe
From Denmarke shores with many a thousand Dane.

Who taking land at Sandwich in their ire,
Deuoid of pitie in the spoile of good,
Senselesse of humane woes with spoilefull fire
All things did burne, that in their passage stood,
Nor yet suffic'd; but thirsting after blood,
All doom'd to death, none kept for captiue bands,
Were slaine in troopes by their remorselesse hands.

To oppose their powers in field I soone did cite
My fathers subiects from all quarters by;
But when prepar'd we were in field to fight,
Th'vnhappie tidings through our host did flie
Of false Duke *Edrick* and his treacherie,
Who with his troope in depth of darkest night,
Vnto *Canutus* campe did take his flight.

Whereby made weake vnable to withstand
Th'augmented powers of our insulting foe,
We backe return'd with our disabled band,
And to our kingly father we did show
Duke *Edricks* treason, which alas with woe
So wounds his heart, that he expires his breath,
Poore aged King, and ends his woes in death.

He being dead, to me his eldest borne
Was left the reliques of a ruin'd State,
By rage of *Mars* a kingdome rent and torne,
A Diademe by sterne decree of fate
Ordain'd for prize of bloodie warres debate,
Which was the end, for which *Canute* and I
In martiall field did many a battell trie.

O wretched end of glorie thirsting pride!
 O vaine pursuit of Empire and renowne!
 What lot the land of discord doth betide
 But wastfull spoile and all turn'd topsie downe?
 What doe we purchase but a carefull Crowne?
 A Crowne of care, the cause of froward strife,
 The cause for which I lost my loued life.

For after that against th'inuading foe
 Six bloodie battailes I had fought in field,
 I that in warre away did victor goe,
 On whom (O England) thou thy hopes didst build,
 Vanquish't in peace to death was forc'd to yeeld;
 The chance of warre my chance could not apall,
 But trust in traytors wrought my wretched fall.

When as the Crowne my head did first adorne,
 These thoughts vnto my selfe, I thus did frane:
 Vnto my selfe I am not onlie borne,
 My countrie deare the cheefest part doth claime,
 Who to my care now kneeles and craues the same,
 To saue the remnant of her ruin'd soile
 From cruell foes that threat her vtter spoile.

The thought of this did spirit bold inspire,
 And smart of wounds receiu'd from foes of late
 Did with swift furie feather my desire,
 Which of it self by natures gift did hate
 To linger time, deferring vtmost fate
 In doubtfull chance of battaile to be tride,
 For which I was furnam'd, hight *Ironside*.

This fire of expedition in affaires
 And height of resolution t'vndergoe,
 Compar'd to strength of limbes and restless cares,
 Redoubled in my thoughts t'oppugne the foe,
 And yeeld releefe to England in her woe,
 Did touch *Cannus* hart with feare, though bent
 To trie his fortunes in the warres euent.

Distracted thus with doubt, in any place
By doubtfull fight t'ingage his hopefull fate,
False *Edrick* hoping for to purchase grace,
Who for his treason to my fire of late,
Had run in danger of my deadlie hate,
Did plot the downfall of mine Emperie,
And in the end did act my tragedie.

From Prince *Canutus* campe in dead of night,
Like the Greekes subtile *Synon*, to effect
His wicked plot, to vs he tooke his flight,
And at our feet himselfe he did proiect,
And spake, as if his thoughts had no respect
To his owne life; for he with craftie wile
Of seeming sorrow thus did me beguile.

O noble Prince, quoth he, loe I am come
As guiltie to my selfe, and do require
To suffer shamefull death by righteous doome
From thine owne mouth, against whose royall fire
And gainst thy selfe I did of late conspire:
Pronounce then death, a doome more sweet to mee,
Then aged dayes in loathed life can bee.

Ay me the dayes, on you I may exclaime,
In which to foule defame my life I lent:
Alas, the nights, that testifie my shame,
Your secret treasons I too late repent:
O wrongfull world, that made my thoughts consent;
Nor dayes, nor nights, nor world in future time,
But will for aye record my gracelesse crime.

In vaine mine eyes, that shame yee do lament,
Wich follows me where euer I doe wone,
In vaine my sighs, in vaine yee now are sent
From wofull hart to waile my trespassse done:
For should I liue, foule shame how shall I shun?
Then welcome death, ti's death must end my woe,
Vnto my graue my greefe with me will goe.

This said, he wept and I began relent
 And take remorse on his calamitie,
 His hoarie head did moue me to lament
 His wretched state, whom I from miserie
 Restor'd againe to former dignitie :
 For I whose thoughts nere double dealing knew,
 Did also thinke his thoughts vnfain'd and true.

He being restor'd againe to liue in grace,
 Did cloake beneath the vaile of loyaltie,
 Th'intent of treason and did maske the face
 Of foule deceit with fawning flatterie,
 Till time-borne truth did shew his treacherie,
 For many a field and many a dreadfull fight
 His treason shew'd, which time did bring to light.

The scourge of peacefull pride, the god of warre,
 The prodigue spender of sweet plenties store
 Did ride about our coast in iron carre,
 Whose thundring wheelles like *Neptunes* dreaded rore,
 Were heard to rattle on our Albion shore,
 So long, vntill the pale-fac'd Queene of night
 Had twelue times borrow'd of her brothers light.

In six fierce battels fought in martiall field,
 Fortune my sword with conquest did renowne,
 Six times *Canute* ore-match'd in fight did yeeld
 And fled away, by froward fate cast downe,
 Leauing to me the hope of Englands Crowne :
 Whose hopes my sword had smothered in the dust,
 If I to traytors words had giuen no trust.

For after that, I had with foule affright
 Dispers'd the bold *Canutus* mightie host,
 That had begirt my loyall London hight,
 Lest any breathing space might haue been lost,
 I follow'd him vnto that rockie coast,
 Ouer whose mountaine tops the daies great guide,
 The golden Sunne appeares each morning tide.

And

And there where *Medway* with his siluer streames
Runs gliding downe the lowlie dales of Kent,
Vntill he meetes his elder brother *Thames*,
Vpon a hill I pight my warlike tent,
Expecting how the foes, that night stood bent,
If till the morne they did determine stay,
Or daunted with late foile would flie away.

The night we past in quiet sleepes repose,
And when the bright-cheekt Ladie of the light
Tir'd with nights toyle from *Tythons* bed arose,
And in her saffron-coloured robe bedight
With her approach brought vse to mortall fight,
We troopt our men in *Mars* his best array,
Vpon the foes in field to giue th'assay.

The foes stood firme vpon the sandie ground,
Shaking their deadlie darts with countnance proud:
Then did the trump the song of battaile sound,
And Danish kettle drums did beate alowd,
While euerie one in midst of martiall crowd
Insatiate in reuenge vndaunted stood,
Imbruing their bold hands in humane blood.

While thus oppos'd both parts in fight did stand,
Hopefull of conquest, on the right side wing
Of all the host, nere to the slimie strand,
Where the sweet herbes by *Medwaies* streames do spring,
The cries of wounded so'uldiers high did ring,
For there *Canute* did charge with violent sway
Of his horse troopes, in hope to win the day.

But to repress the fire and quench the flame
Of his hot courage, with a troope of horse
I rusht amongst his men with loud exclame,
Whom with fierce furie in our winged course
We did so charge, that we did soone inforce
Their faint retire, which we did swift pursue,
Vntill with open flight from field they flew.

Rr

Then

Then were the Kentish vales imbru'd in blood,
 Then death was set on foote and thousands fell,
 The brackish waues of *Medganaras* flood
 With slaughtered bodies' boue the bankes did swell,
 Whose blushing streames the fight far of did tell
 Painting the bankes with crimson in the way,
 As they did glide into the Ocean sea.

Here heauen did smile on me with gracious looke,
 And Fortune put faire conquest in my hand,
 On bald'occasion hold I might haue tooke
 And thence-forth freed the subiects of my land
 From seruile yoke of forraine Kings command;
 But what we purpose heauen doth still decree,
 In vaine we wish what heauen wils not to bee.

The treacherous Duke, the faithlesse man at armes,
 Ignoble *Edrick* thus did counsell mee;
 (My Liege) quoth he, we hazard now more harmes
 In pursuit of the flying enemye,
 Then earst we did before the victorie,
 Tis best we sound retreat and fall to spoile,
 Of these dead foes vpon the sandie soile.

Your men, though bold, yet wearied with the fight,
 Be faint, and fortune may the foes so grace,
 That they constrain'd with desperate feare from flight
 To backward death againe to turne their face,
 May charge our troopes disordered in the chace;
 Distraction heartens feare in desperate deeds,
 Constraint in coward thoughts rash valor breeds.

This did he speake desparing hope to come
 For Prince *Canute*, if we pursu'd the chace:
 Some did approue his counsell sound, and some
 Did vrge against the same, yet found it grace
 With those both rightlie wise and best in place;
 By whose aduice retreat I did command,
 Losing the chance, then put into my hand.

Thus did Troyes helme-deckt *Hector*, when in chace
He had the Greeks vpon Scamanders plaine,
And made them house their heads with deep disgrace
In their owne fleet; whom then hee could haue slaine
And burnt their ships, which did their hopes containe:
But then being crost by lucklesse destinie
He did omit the profferd victorie.

Thus did Romes scourge, the famous *Hanniball*,
For when he might with his victorious powers
Haue made that towne beneath his sword to fall,
And leueld with the ground her high topt towers,
Then did he let passe those auspicious howers,
In which with ease he might haue queld the foe,
Who after wrought his and his countries woe.

Securefull thoughts do foster fond delay,
Bewitching hopes breed carelesnesse of minde,
Occasion set on wing flies fast away,
Whose backe once turn'd no hold fast can we finde,
Her feet are swift, bald is her head behinde,
Who so hath hold and after lets her goe,
Doth lose the lot, which Fortune did bestowe.

Euen as a fire supprest, if yet remaine
A sparke not quite extinct, whence growes a flame,
Wil soone resume his former strength againe;
Euen so *Canutus* power, which I did tame,
And with one blow might then haue queld the same,
Resum'd proud strength, which little time did yeeld,
And oft times after brau'd me in the field.

The bainfull st battaile we did euer fight,
At Scorsan was, in fruitfull Worstershire,
Where vnto both the hostes in open sight
Duke *Edricks* treason plainly did appeare,
Which in his hart gainst me he still did beare:
The heart once tainted with foule treasons staine,
Possess'd with guile, seldome proues true againe.

Two dayes in field we stood in doubtfull fight,
 And after mutuall wounds with equall fate,
 Both parts were parted by approching night:
 But in the next dayes fight this traytors hate
 Did shew it selfe, for seeing the foes in state
 Of strength declin'd, he fought by treacherie
 To giue the day vnto the enemye.

In midst of martiall throng my folk t'excite,
 As I did stand in skirmish gainst the foe,
 A man of armes there was, which *Osmeare* hight,
 So like to mee, that scarce you could him know,
 By whom this traytor fought to worke vs woe.
 For as in fight he stood without all dread,
 False *Edrick* vndiscern'd did strike him dead.

Whose liuelesse lims in endlesse sleepe fast bound,
 After he had despoil'd and headlesse made,
 He tooke himselfe vnto an higher ground,
 And picking *Osmeares* head vpon his blade,
 He held the same on high and thus he said;
 Flie(wretched countrimen) your King is dead,
 The day is lost, see here King *Edmunds* head.

The suddaine horror of this vncouth fight
 With suddaine fright my folke did so dismay,
 That they which were not in that part of fight
 Where with my launce and sword I did display
 Th'extreamest of my strength to win the day,
 Away had fled and lost the victorie,
 Had I not heard of *Edricks* treacherie.

With speed on top of an adioyning hill,
 My selfe I did conuey, where I in fight
 Of all my host thus spake with voice most shrill:
 Fellowes in armes, quoth I, let not this flight
 Of traytors practise your bold thoughts affright;
 Behold yet free from deaths captiuitie,
 I liue to be reueng'd on th'enemye.

This said, each one which had begun to flie
Turn'd head againe, and stoutly kept his place,
Then rushing with exclames on th'emie,
Eager with furie of their late disgrace,
They gaue the charge so fiercely on the face
Of th'aduerse force, that by their violent might,
They brake the rankes and turn'd their foes to flight.

With whom the Mercian Duke fled fast away,
The traytor *Edrick* hopelesse now of grace,
Who wing'd with feare of his decreed decay,
Outstript our pursuit, yet with greedie chace
We did pursue, vntill the day gaue place
T'approching night, whose wished presence gaue
Time to the foes themselues from death to saue

Canute being fled, did slacke no breathing space,
Once more to trie the chance of doubtfull fight;
But gathered his disperfed powers apace,
With whom I by a place, which Dearehurst hight,
In sea-side bordering Glostershire should fight,
Where I with resolution did intend
In single fight this spoilefull warre to end.

When on the fishie Seuernes bordering costs
Oppos'd for fight, the battels ranged were,
A noble Knight confronting both the hosts,
Did boldly in the midst aduance his speare,
At which both armies did from fight forbear,
For straight my men I staid, because I knew
His purpose then, which thus he did pursue.

(Yee glory-thirsting sonnes of *Mars*) said he,
To what I speake, with good aduice giue care,
Let not my words by you contemned be,
If any loue to humane good ye beare,
Yee will esteeme my exhortations deare,
If either part my counsell shall refuse,
No good can happen in these warres we vse.

Not th'haplesse fate, which followes hostile warre;
 Nor terrible euent of bloodie fight,
 Nor spoiles, that spring from contumelious iarre,
 Nor woes produc'd from strife for Lordly right,
 To you (my countrimen) need I recite,
 For woe alas, this land can testifie
 The rauinous rage of *Mars* his tyrannie.

Pitie the teares of this our mother Ile,
 Whose fame which 'bout the world once shone as bright
 As *Phæbus* shine, now dim'd, alas the while,
 With clouds of carefull strife, hath lost her light,
 That to behold her in this wretched plight,
 Like sorowes image drown'd in waues of woe,
 Would make the hardest flint with teares to flow.

Her fertile wombe, which goodly fruit did beare,
 Now barren made, wars stormie breath hath blasted,
 Her buds of gayesome youth, which whilome were
 the flowers of Chiualrie, haue headlong hasted
 Their timelesse end, while she in woe hath wasted,
 And we the cause, we wretches, that delight
 By wicked warre to worke her more despight.

O noble Princes, let not warres blacke hand
 Put out for aye the shine of Englands light,
 About whose right, both in contention stand,
 But combate for it in a single fight,
 And he that conquers, his be it by right;
 Faure conquests gift is in the hand of heau'n,
 Which vnto truth, for truths owne sake is giuen.

He hauing said, forthwith I forth did step,
 And cast my brazen gauntlet on the plaine,
 To which *Canute* with courage bold did lep
 And tooke it vp, casting in deepe disdaine
 His rich grau'd-gauntlet on the ground againe,
 Which I accepted and propos'd the day,
 When we in fight each other should assay.

For battell was design'd a plot of ground
Within a little Ile, which Olney hight,
Whom Seuerne with his armes incircleth round,
Where we as combatants in single fight
Should d'araine bettell in both armies fight,
While they assigned were by our command,
On th'other side of Seuerns streame to stand.

The day of fight being come and order giuen,
Through either host to euery seuerall band
To keepe their stand, my souldiers vp to heau'n
Did cast their eyes, beseeching *Ioue* to stand
By me in fight, and grace my powerfull hand
With conquest 'gainst *Canute*, by whom cast downe,
They did expect the rise of my renowne.

As they thus prai'd, I arm'd me for the fight,
And being mounted on a sprightfull steed,
When twixt both armies I appear'd in fight,
My terrible aspect did terror breed
Vnto the aduerse part, but hope did feed
My souldiers fight to see my goodly grace,
My stout demeanor, and my stately pace.

As *Priams Hector* on the barren plaine,
Manag'd his horse before the walles of Troy,
When he in single battell did maintaine
Troyes right 'gainst *Telamon*, who did imploy
All his best strength bold *Hector* to destroy,
So on my steed I trotted to and fro,
Waiting th'approth of my expected foe:

Who came at length all arm'd in seemely wise
Into the lists, and when the trumpe did sound,
Our steeds as swift as birds of wings in skies,
Their course did run, and we with speares sharpe ground
Did fiercely meete, each other to confound,
In which swift course our shattered speares did flie,
Like feathers borne by winde into the skie.

As two fierce buls fights twixt an heard of kiné,
 Whose violence doth increase, when in their fight
 The crimson blood doth from their wounds decline,
 So wounds giuen equally in doubtfull fight,
 Our eager thoughts did to reuenge excite,
 The anguish arm'd our armes with strength to strike
 And made vs both incounter lion-like.

On horsback first the fight we did maintaine,
 And when our horse did faile, dismounting straight
 On foote the fight we did begin againe,
 In which my foes haut courage gan't abate,
 I with my sword laid on such wounds of weight,
 That his faint knees did stoope at euerie blow,
 And in the fight did stagger to and fro.

Who tir'd with toile and fearing least my sword
 Should beare away the palme of victorie,
 Thus spake to me; Forbeare quoth he (braue Lord)
 This doubtfull fight, and let vs both agree
 To ioyne our harts and hands in amitie,
 Least that our swords each other do destroy,
 Leauing this land for others to inioy.

Right well thou knowst the chance of victorie
 Vncertaine is, and though the Crowne thou claime
 As due to thee and thy posteritie,
 So (noble Prince) I in my fathers name
 As my inheritance do craue the same:
 In one consent then let vs both agree
 That Englands bounds twixt vs may parted bee.

Let not the inward hands of dogged hate
 Teare thy great minde, but supple it with grace
 Of heauenlie loue, let loue end our debate,
 Which if in thought thou trulie canst imbrace,
 Then in my hart thou hast a brothers place,
 To which all-seeing *Ioue* I witnesse call,
 Who is the supream souereigne of vs all.

To this I paufde a while, but at the length
 Conceauing well the combats doubtfull chance,
 (*Canute*) said I, since God hath given thee strength
 In fight to trie the manage of my lance
 And slaughtering sword without thy lifes mischance,
 I thinke right well his will likewise to bee,
 That in my kingdome thou haue part with me

This said, our swords we sheath'd in th'armies fight,
 And with kinde armes each other did embrace;
 Happie it seem'd to those, that did delight
 In happie peace, to see such loue take place
 Twixt two such mortall foes in so short space;
 But haplesse I that did accord thereto,
 Th'euent whereof did breed my after weew

The traytor *Edrick* preordainde by fate
 To act my fall, whom for his treacherie
 I daylie did pursue with deadlie hate,
 Did instigate his sonne by villanie
 With impious hands to act my tragedie,
 Who to impietie by nature free,
 After this tragick sort did murther mee.

Vpon a time, when in the Muses bower,
 Englands Parnassus, famous Oxford hight
 Was my abode; there in that fatall houre,
 When as expedient vse did me excite
 To do the deed of nature requisite,
 Vnto the draught as was my wont I went
 Vnto my natures vse to yeeld content.

Where loe, the sonne of this false Duke did lie
 Hid in the vault to further his intent
 With weapon arm'd; for on the draught while I
 Secure did sit, with fatall instrument
 This villane gor'd my bodies fundament,
 And there to death his due I timelesse gaue,
 At *Glastenburie* I was laid in graue.

Thus

Thus after twice sixe months, and as much space,
 As from the time the swallow leaues her nest,
 Till *Phæbus* haue the Lion in full chace,
 With th'angrie dog, that from his burning brest
 Breaths mortall plagues, hot feauers and vnrest :
 When I had raig'n'd I lost my life and crowne,
 With which our English name lost her renowne.

Thus hast thou heard the sad Catastrophe,
 And fatall period of my life and raigne,
 In which thou seest, that where false treacherie
 Hath toucht the heart with her foule fingers staine,
 There seldome constant truth returns againe,
 Which that it may to future times be knowne,
 Forget not what was said, when I am gone.

THE

THE LAMENTABLE LIFE AND DEATH OF PRINCE ALFRED, BRO- ther to King *Edmund Ironside.*



By death of this braue Prince, quoth *Memorie,*
 The English lost both fame and libertie,
 Too cruell were inexorable fates,
 On him so swiftly t' execute their hates;
 Yet with his brother Alfreds wofull end
 For tragicke act, his death may not contend,
 Who liues an exile all his infancie
 With his deare uncle, Duke of Normandie,
 Whence he in riper yeares recall'd againe,
 Returning is betray'd, and on the plaine
 By Guilford towne his friends betray'd by night,
 Are tith'd to death by Godwin, that false Knight,
 The Prince is sent to Elie, where his eyne
 Being both put out, with hunger he doth pine,
 Till th' instruments of Harrolds tyrannie
 Do butcher him with barbarous crueltie,
 Who is the next in course, that must commend
 To thee, the maner of his wofull end;
 Let Fame then call his mournefull ghost to tell
 The woes and uncount death, which him befell.

Another

Another Argument.

*Prince Alfred summon'd, tells to Memorie
His life, his death, and Godwins treacherie.*



Of all the sonnes of men, vnhappy fate
With spight pursues the borne of high degree,
Where tyrant wrong vsurpes the chaire of State
The baser subiect sits from danger free,
Wofull it is of royall birth to bee,
Of which my woes a witnesse may remaine,
Such tragicke woes no Prince did ere sustaine.

Vp then (thou saddest of the sacred nine)
Cause of sad sorow, neuer hadst thou more,
Vp (ruffull ghosts and shew some dolefull signe
Of heauie griefe) powre out your teares in store,
Cause of sad sorow neuer had yee more:
And (thou) the pen-man of my historie
Prepare sad verse for my sad tragedie.

I am that *Alfred*, famous *Edmunds* brother,
Who in the time of my minoritie
Was by Queene *Emma* our beloued mother,
Sent to mine vncle Duke of Normandie,
There to remaine safe from the enemie,
While heere at home against the sonne of *Swaine*,
My brother *Edmund* battell did maintaine.

Who

Who being slaine, as thou before did'st heare,
By treacherous *Edricke* and his bloodie sonne,
They for their fact a guerdon due did beare;
For whereas praise by it they thought t'haue wonne
Of King *Canute*, they both to death were done,
Whose hands with blood, whose hearts with treason floe,
Seldome in peace vnto the graue do goe.

Canute being seated on the English throne
By ioynt consent of the nobilitie,
To sit sole Monarch in the same alone,
Did daily seeke by wisdomes policie,
T'establish it to his posteritie,
While I, and *Edward* hight my elder brother,
Did liue in exile with our wofull mother.

Meane time *Canute*, th'vsurper of our right,
Hug'd in the armes of peace and finding none,
That could oppose themselves against his might,
After all stormes of warre were ouerblowne,
By blood gan tyrant-like t'vsurpe the throne;
For without cause the royall blood he spilt
Of *Edmunds* brother *Edwin*, void of guilt.

King *Edmunds* sonnes, those faultlesse infants twaine,
Edmund and *Edward* by his sterne decree,
Were sent vnto the Norway King hight *Swaine*,
He being design'd to act their death; but hee
Lamenting their mishaps, did set them free,
And sent them both vnto th'Hungarian King,
Who kept them safe beneath his soueraigne wing.

Canute being freed from doubtfull feare of those,
That to the Diademe might make iust claime,
To peacefull pleasure did his thoughts dispose,
And gan to thinke, how with some royall dame,
He in chaste bed might amplifie his name,
No sonne he had t'enioy this wretched soile,
But *Harrold* basely borne of beauties spoile.

Vpon our Mother he did cast his loue,
 On whose dislike of loue we both did build
 Our future hopes, but she, alas, to proue
 The weakenesse of her sexe, as prompt to yeeld,
 Leauing vs both, whom she from harme should sheeld,
 Did cast her wauering thoughts vpon *Canute*,
 And in the end did grant his vniust suit.

(O) who doth know the wandring eye, that feeds
 Th'vnstedfast fancie of weake womens heart,
 Constant in nought, but in inconstant deeds,
 In weaknesse strong, as if the soules best part
 Compos'd were by fond loues artlesse art:
 Alas, that faithlesse faults should so excell,
 Where faultlesse faith with reason ought to dwell.

She bath'd in blisse, while we lay drown'd in woe,
 She grew in pride, while we did pine away,
 She soft embrac'd in th'armes of our false foe,
 Did smile at our mishaps, while day by day
 We did expect our loued liues decay;
 For fatall ti's to Princes royall borne,
 Where tyrants browes the garland doth adorne.

So long with her *Canute* she liu'd in loue,
 Till with loues fruit her wombe to wex begun,
 Which being brought to light, a sonne did proue:
 But when that twice nine times the golden sun
 In heauens bright Zodiack through the signes had run,
 The clouds of care began the dolefull night,
 Which did eclipse the shine of her delight.

Then the deare daies of her dread Lord were done,
 The stroke of death no mortall may withstand,
 The kingdome *Harrold* his ignoble sonne,
 The bastard did aspire, by whose command
 Our wretched mother was exil'd the land,
 And in despight despoil'd of all that store,
 Which her *Canute* had giuen to her before.

But

But deaths cold touch so soone did close mine eies,
That I beheld not my sad mothers woes,
The base vsurper did my death deuise
Before her fall, in Court soone finding those,
Whom he to act my tragicke murther chose :
The Courts of Kings with Sycophants do swarme,
Tyrants do want no instruments of harme.

An English Earle there was, which *Godwin* hight,
Whose name about the world report did blaze,
A man of wicked wit, in Fortunes sight
So highly grac'd, that he himselfe did raise
To be the greatest Peere in those our daies,
The King was only then a King by name,
While he perform'd the office of the same.

And in the ruffe of his felicitie
Prickt with ambition, he began disdain
His bastard Lords vsurp'd authoritie,
Plotting by priuate counsels, how to gaine
Th'emperiall garland after him to raigne,
Greatnesse in sway of State giues wings t'aspire,
Aduancement feeds ambition with desire.

In broken sleepes he did consume the night,
While his liege Lord lay lull'd in th'armes of shame,
Hope of a kingdome was his sole delight,
While *Harrold* senselesse of all Kingly fame,
To idle ease himselfe did only frame,
Which set th'insulting *Godwins* hopes on wing,
Whence woe is me, my woes did after spring.

My brother and my selfe, alas, the while,
Vnto his hopes to make the passage free,
Were markt for death, nor could our sad exile
Suffice hard fate, my wofull tragedie
Must be the subiect of his treacherie,
We were the obiects of proud *Godwins* frowne,
We only stood betwixt him and the crowne.

T'effect his purpose, he did soone excite
 The tyrant King, whose actions he did sway,
 To thinke, that while mine eyes beheld heau'ns light,
 He liu'd in reach of danger day by day,
 His safetie liu'd vpon my liues decay;
 For I, he said, being of an haughtie spirit,
 Would seeke by might my fathers right t'inherit.

The bastard King to bloodie deeds inclin'd,
 To rob me of my life stood fully bent:
 Letters forthwith by messengers design'd,
 Forged by wicked wits for their intent,
 In our Queene mothers name to me were sent,
 Which I accepted as vnfain'd and true,
 The tenor of the which doth heere ensue.

Emma, but only Englands Queene in name,
Edward and *Alfred*, her two sonnes doth greet
 From Englands chiefeſt Peeres, who do reclaime
 You both from exile, and do thinke it meet,
 That you in Normandie should rigge some fleet,
 And crosse the seas your fathers right to claime,
 They all will be assistant in the same.

Strike the hard Steele, while yet the fire is in,
 slip not occasion put into your hand,
 The tyrant *Harrold* daily seekes to win
 The Peeres vnto his aid, who yet will stand
 In your defence, and hazard life and land:
 Then come with speed, for warre we will prepare,
 The way is plaine, the time doth proffer faire.

This in effect their letters testifie,
 Which did my forward thoughts so much excite,
 That though my brother then in Hungarie
 Were absent farre, yet to obtaine our right,
 I tooke the seas with many a Norman Knight;
 But cursed be that voyage euermoe
 Whose end did end my life with bitter woe.

Woe worth the ground, where grew the towring mast,
Whose sailes did beare vs through the waters rore,
Woe worth the winde, that blew the banefull blast,
Woe worth the waue, whose surge so swiftlie bore
My tragick barke to Englands fatall shore,
Woe worth the mast, the sailes, winde, waues and all,
That causelesse did conspire poore *Alfredes* fall.

Why were not they by cruell fates assign'd
To giue that due to death? which death did craue,
On ragged rockes O why did I not finde
A milder death? why was the darksome waue
Vpon my way not made my bodies graue?
Ah why? why did they let my forward feete
Once touch the shore such cruell death to meete?

After our ships had brought vs to the shore
And giuen vs vp as captiues to the land,
At Guilford downe, a place so call'd of yore,
A fatall place to me, did *Godwin* stand
To entertaine me and my Norman band,
Who with the shew of true fidelitie
Did maske the face of his false treacherie.

He did imbrace me round with treasons armes,
And fawnd vpon me with a villaines smile,
His lookes were blith to hide his purposde harmes,
His words, which graced were with sugred stile,
Made musike in mine eares, and to beguile
Suspitions self a solemne vow he made
Against all aduerse power my part to aide.

At Guilford he gaue counsell as a friend
To make abode with all my companie,
For there hee said my fauorites did intend
To meete me with their powers, who would applie
Their best indeuours 'gainst mine enemy:
In which being confident, with ioynt consent
Of all my friends, I vnto Guilford went.

There did the chorus to proud *Godwins* play
 First tell the sequele of my miserie,
 There first appear'd the plot of my decay,
 There the sad scene of my black tragedie
 Was first begun by *Godwins* treacherie,
 And there my friends took hands in death and led
 The tragick daunce, which I did after tread.

When vnto Guilford with my troope I came,
Godwin of purpose did augment our traine,
 And for one place could not containe the same,
 Lodging in diuers Inns he did ordaine,
 Which might twice tenne or thirtie men containe,
 Which he before with *Harrold* did deuise,
 The better to effect his enterprise.

Plentie, the childe of peace, in euerie house
 Did furnish out the tables with her store,
Lyons fruitfull cup with full carowse
 Went round about, mirth stood at euerie doore,
 The oliue branch deceitfull treason bore,
 Vsing the voice of peace which sweet did sound,
 To vs at feast that were, in solace drown'd.

The greedie gorge repleat with plentious feast,
 Besots the sense and duls the spritfull minde,
 Th' infeeble braine with strength of wine oppress,
 Losing all quick conceit, soone waxed blinde,
 The depth of *Godwins* plots we could not finde:
 Deceit workes surest, where the wit before
 Hath weakned been by plenties feastfull store.

This fatall banquet, that did then forerun
 The day that death put many soules to flight,
 To soone did end, too soone the golden sunne
 Fell to the Ocean, and the dismall night
 Came vp from seas to work my soule despight,
 The woe which chearefull day before did hide
 To end our cheare, the night too soone descrie.

When in my naked bed my limbes were laid
And I enchaind in deepest sleepe did lie,
The rufull clamors of my friends betray'd
Did ring about mine eares; with whose sad crie
I rose from sleepe, and from my bed did flie:
But by the armed men and doores fast made,
My weapons gone, I knew I was betrayd.

Then did I looke, when death would at the doore
Come in, to sease my life with violent hand;
My chamber shooke, my hart gan tremble sore,
And as in horror I did silent stand,
Vp flew the doores, in rusht an armed band,
Who laid rude hands on me in spightfull hate,
Without respect vnto my princelie state.

But when *Anrora* left her *Tythons* bed,
And through each part of heau'n disperst her light,
My Norman friends fast bound in bands were led
To Guilford downe, to whom in dolefull plight
None gaue releefe, false *Godwin* tooke delight
With sight of their sad death his eyes to feed;
Such sight would cause the hardest hart to bleed.

By casting lots they were ordain'd for death;
Often, still nine did beare the bitter fate,
And in strange torture did expire their breath;
The tenth reseru'd did liue in wretched state
Of bondage, till the day of finall date:
And thus six hundred vnto death being done,
All faithfull friends did my sad fall forerun.

My friends thus slain, through couert shades of night,
That none to my abode might priuie be,
Conuey'd I was to th' Ile of *Elie* hight,
There to abide, till *Harrold* did decree,
What kinde of death from thrall should set me free:
Where I with care consum'd for death did call,
Vntill a fate farre worse then death did fall.

Then cause thy Muse with me to mourne her fill,
 And all yee nightlie birds, that do appeare,
 As gaskly signes, shrieke out your deadlie ill,
 Let all that wofull is and voide of cheere,
 That may augment my dole, to me draw neere,
 And helpe me with their vncouth companie
 To tune the song of my sad tragedie.

Despoild by foes of all my Princelie state,
 And lockt in dungeon deepe from sight of heauen,
 Sweete dame delight, with whom I liu'd of late,
 Farre from my sad abode away was driuen,
 And carefull sorrow for companion giuen :
 The youthfull spring of my delight was done,
 And winters state now in my youth begun.

And with the winter of my woes begun
 The frostie seasons winter bore apart,
 Whose vnkinde cold did through my bodie run,
 While gnawing hunger to increase my smart,
 For want of foode did feed vpon my hart:
 Thus I with cold and hunger long foreworne,
 Did nought but mourning pine and pining mourne.

My greene of youth with griefes sad sighes was blasted,
 The sap of my life blood began decay,
 My flesh through fast and euill fare was wasted,
 My hart did faint, my strength did fleete awaie;
 Ah God that death oft wish't so long did stay,
 Why did not fates preuent my bloodie foes,
 And with keene knife in death cut of my woes?

My woes, alas, as yet were to begin;
 For though my foes were priuie to my cries,
 Yet could my rufull plaints no pitie winne,
 To take from me at length they did deuise,
 The last of all my comforts, both mine eyes :
 Ah cruell foes, too cruell were ye bent,
 Why could my death to you not yeeld content?

When first the instruments of *Harrolds* ire
Did come prepar'd to rob me of my sight,
Hoping that death, which I did long desire,
Had then been sent to me, the last despight
That can be done to man in wretched plight;
These words I spake to moue remorse of mind,
While teares in plentie downe my cheeks declin'd.

Thrice happie men, if ye the tidings bring
Of happie death my dolefull daies to end,
From whose long houres my lasting death doth spring,
This last request to you I do commend,
That pitying my sad plaints, you may befriend
My wretched soule with quicke dispatch in death,
And not with torture, when I yeeld my breath.

Behold this bodie pin'd away with woe,
This starued carkas in such rufull plight,
That who, alas, can poore Prince *Alfred* know,
These cheekes, whilome so full of fresh delight,
Now waxed pale and wan, are dri'd vp quite
For want of dew; yet dew'd with sad supplies
Of mournfull teares still flowing from mine eies.

Yeeld then, ô yeeld some comfort in this case,
And do not yee augment my deadly smart,
Ile hug sweet death, and with kind armes embrace
His grizly shape, and wooe him with his dart
To end my woes, by wounding my poore hart,
Only make ye dispatch when ye begin,
And heau'ns impute it not to you for sin.

This did I speake, supposing they were come,
With violent hands to make my life the prize
Of wished death; but by more grieuous doome,
I first adiudged was to lose mine eies:
For while that vnto heau'n with pitious cries
Vpon their crueltie I did complaine,
They rest me of my sight with bitter paine.

Thenceforth, as caytife cast in dungeon deepe,
 Where with fresh griefe my hart did hourelly bleed,
 As *Philomel* that spends her time of sleepe
 In mournfull tunes recording his misdeed,
 Whose lust in wastefull woods her shame did breede,
 Nights endlesse houres till death did end the same,
 Against my foes I wasted in exlame.

Famine, the childe of want did feast my soule,
 And in my brest her hungrie arrow steepe;
 The black nights shreeking bird, the ghastlie oule
 With balefull notes in waking woe did keepe
 My greeued soule, when nature craued sleepe,
 With whose shrill shreekes my plaints did beare a part,
 And kept true time with sighes from sorrowing hart.

Sorrow and griefe with waste of teares drawne drie
 Suppli'd the place, where eyes did once remaine,
 Whose want of teares my hart did still supplie
 With drops of blood, fresh bleeding with the paine
 Of wounding griefe which it did long sustaine,
 Of which impatient to despaire being driuen,
 Cursing my birth, I thus did crie to heauen.

Woe worth the wombe, which nature did inforce
 To bring me forth and leaue me in neglect:
 Woe worth the starre, that did direct my course,
 If anie starre the course of life direct:
 Woe worth the houre, which did my birth detect;
 Woe to you all, that did conspire with foes
 To drowne my better dayes in bitter woes.

Why do I liue? ah why liue I the space
 Of half a day in this my mournfull mew?
 Why doth grim death so often shew his face?
 The woefull waste in me why doth he view
 Of natures worke; and yet not craue his due?
 Why do I liue, yet daylie die with paine?
 Why do I die, yet daylie liue againe?

To you therefore ye heau'ns, whose cheerefull face
With mortall eyes I neuer more shall see,
To you and all your powers I crie for grace;
Let me, ah let me now no longer be,
But by swift death from foes do set me free;
My dayes be ouer long, for death I crie,
End then my dayes (O God) and let me die.

Wanting the salue of patience, wherewithall
To cure the sore of sorrow growne so rife
In my grieu'd hart, thus forc'd I was to call
For death to launch the wound with his sharpe knife,
Which griefe had festerd in my loathed life;
Who in his horrid shape himselfe did show
To me poore wretch with too much paine and woe.

For death at last with such vnkinde constraint
Did force my soule from th'house of her vnrest,
That neuer Prince had cause of more complaint;
Natures vnkindest children will detest
My deaths vnkindnesse, and the flintest brest
Wil learne t'expire sad sighes with sorrows breath,
To heare me tell the manner of my death.

From thence, wherein grim darknesse I did dwell
I forth was fetch't, and by my foes that been
First stript I was, and then (O woe to tell)
My wombe was opened with a rasor keene,
With paine of which downe sinking I did weene,
That then my gasping ghost would haue expir'd
The breath of life, which I so oft desir'd.

But after grievous groane, when as my sprite
With feeling sense reuiued was againe,
My sterne tormentors seeming to delite
In this their bloodie game, while I in vaine
Did beg dispatch of my tormenting paine,
With vnremorsefull hands againe began
T'inflct more woes on me most woefull man :

At that smart wound, which in my wombe they made,
 One of my intrailes ends they forth did take,
 Which, out alas, (that ere it should be said
 Of any Prince) they fasten to a stake,
 And with sharpe needles (yet my ghost doth quake
 To thinke on it) my tender sides they wound
 About the stake to make me go around.

With painfull wounds they wound me in each part,
 When still I stood to ease me of such woe,
 Yet worse then painfull wounds increast my smart
 As oft as I about the stake did go,
 Then in this pitious plight, what should I do?
 Deaths touch I felt; yet by my foes made blind,
 The readie way to death I could not find.

At length my soule vnable to withstand
 Th'afflictions of my foes, in heart made stout
 With torment of my wounds, I hand in hand
 Went on with death that deadly stake about,
 Vntill my bowels being winded out,
 With death I fell, and in that fall did find
 An end of woe, an end of grieve of mind.

Men light of credence warned be by me,
 To deeme no profer'd friendship firme and sure,
 Till truth haue triall made, for flatterie
 Makes fained loue the fittest cloake t'obscure
 Falschood from truth, which practise puts in vre,
 Of which, that henceforth I a Mirrour bee,
 My storie told, I leaue it vnto thee.

THE

THE TREACHE- ROVS LIFE AND IN- FAMOVS DEATH OF GODWIN, Earle of Kent.



THe banefull plot of Godwins treacherie,
And Alfreds rufull end, quoth *Memorie*,
With doubt may shake a weake believing mind,
Which to resolve, no better prooffe I find
Then Godwins selfe, who in his turne shall tell
After Prince Alfreds death, what him befell,
How he in seruice of Canute his King,
In forren warres himselfe in grace did bring,
How he in state did rise, with what increase
Of noble issue, heau'n his house did blesse,
His life produc'd to length of many yeares,
Foure Kings he serues, in Edwards daies appears
His treason t' Alfred, till that time conceal'd,
Which by the hand of heau'n is then reueal'd,
His oath, his periurie, bread stops his breath,
Heau'n plagues his issue for Prince Alfreds death,
The truth of which, that we at large may heare,
Let Fames trumpe cause his guiltie ghost t' appeare.

Another argument.

Godwin as guiltie tels th' ambitious ayme
Of his desire, first cause of all his shame.



Aire fall the steps, that happily do end
 Their course begun in vertues painfull race,
 Many begin that steepie hill t' ascend,
 Where vertue dwels; but few do find such grace,
 As not to faint, ere they attaine that place,
 To tread the path of praise I first begunne,
 But lost true praise, which I did weene t' haue wonne.

Ambition tooke me by the haplesse hand,
 And with delight led me another way,
 Both blood and treason in my way did stand,
 Which heau'n with vengeance failes not to repay,
 Although reuenge of men escape they may:
 Of which that I a Mirrour be, giue eare,
 And in thy mind my fatall storie beare.

I am that *Godwin*, sometimes Earle of Kent,
 Who with King *Harrold* did conspire to shed
 Prince *Alfreds* blood, which I too late repent:
 For whereas I vpon the glorious bed
 Of spotlesse honor, might haue laid my bed,
 This one blacke deed of my false treacherie,
 Doth brand my name with spot of infamie.

If from that way, my steps had neuer strai'd;
Which in my youthfull daies I first did tread,
My famous acts, which now are all decaid,
Had liu'd in lines of gold, and in the stead
Of foule defame, with praise had crown'd my head;
But partiall fame lets passe our deeds of praise,
Our worser deeds she keeps for future daies.

When bold *Canutus*, that victorious King,
Ore Danes and English did in triumph raigne,
Desire did set my youthfull thoughts on wing
In pursuit of renowne, which to attaine,
From pleasures idle bed I did refraine,
Ease duls the sprite, each drop of fond delight
Allaies the thirst, which glorie doth excite,

About this time we being secure of warre,
Fame by report did giue to vnderstand,
That the bold Vandale threatned to infere,
Such strong inuasion both by seas and land
Vpon the Danes, that all the force of hand,
That they for warre could make, would scarce suffice
To giue repulse vnto their enemies.

Which when *Canute* did heare, his Danish force
He mustred vp, and I inspir'd by fame,
Troopt vp my Kentish friends, both foot and horse,
With whom deckt in braue armes and skill'd in frame
Of varied fight, vnto *Canute* I came,
With whom to Denmarke I design'd did goe,
Conductor of the English gainst the foe.

The seas we launcht, but long we had not wair'd
Vpon the deepe, when all our ships did scatter,
Proud *Nereus* soyn'd, the sea lookt blacke and rau'd,
The billowes rude rouz'd into hills of water,
Cusse after cusse the earths Greene bankes did batter,
Which with their force pur scattered name bore
In great distresse about the Norway shore,

Toft to and fro, the storme at length ore-blown,
 We did arriue vpon the Danish coast,
 VVhere, in the field the Vandale dreadlesse growen
 Their valours to auouch, did vaunt and boast
 Of spoiles and captiues in their conquering host,
 Twixt whom and vs the fight had then begun,
 Had night, to part the fray, not twixt vs run.

The night, that giues each deathlesse creature rest,
 In chaines of darknesse all the earth did bind,
 And in our tents, each one as seem'd him best,
 Did passe the time; but in my labouring mind
 Nor rest, nor sleepe could entertainment find,
 Care kept me waking, how I best might bring
 My selfe in credit with *Canute* the King.

The time, I thought, did fit occasion yeeld,
 The foes with fond neglect of vs at shore
 Did sleepe secure, dispread about the field,
 Their guard flight kept, their men were wearied sore
 VVith hunting after spoile the day before,
 VVhom to *Canute* vnknowne could we confound,
 Our names I thought, would euer be renown'd.

These thoughts, but newly borne in my great mind,
 By secret messengers I did conuent,
 The English Chiefetaines all, whom I did find
 In heart so well inclin'd, that all were bent
 VVith readie hands to strengthen my intent,
 And in each point their minds to mine did frame
 For this affaire, all thirsting after fame.

Our English quarter, which did vtmost lie
 VVe vndescr'd, drew forth, and on our way
 VVith silence we did passe, the windes blew high,
 And night her darksome wings did wide display,
 Left th' aduerse scout our purpose might bewray:
 So forth we went, and gain'd with good euent,
 The drowfie Vandales vtmost regiment.

The outward watch, and courts of guard being slaine,
Through all their rankes by slaughter making way,
We did at length their fatall tents attaine,
In which, as in neglect they sleeping lay,
Without respect all went the common way,
That leads to death, as well the noble kind
As the ignoble, were in death confin'd.

Then was th'alarm giuen, and euery where
The foes with fearefull shouts did pierce the skie,
Heere one affrighted silent stands, and there
Another dreading death doth mercie crie,
Heere one cries stand, another there bids flie,
In euery place deaths terrour did abound,
And all on heapes our foes we did confound.

At length, troopt vp in haste the foes made head,
Twixt whom and vs ensu'd a deadly fight,
Grim death in darknesse hid, did bring more dread
With his approach, the foes through sable night
Their friends from foes could not discern aright,
In which distresse vnable long to shield
Their campe from spoile, they fled and left the field.

Darknesse suborn'd their flight, and did preuent
Our purpos'd pursuit for th'intended chase,
Their campe laid waste, we found in euery tent
Rich spoile and captiues, men of no meane place,
With more renowne our deed of worth to grace,
Of which *Canute* our King did nothing know,
Vntill the mornings light our deeds did show.

For when in East *Aurora* did appeare,
Canute intending to begin the fight,
When he of our supposed flight did heare,
In rage he vow'd reuenge for such despight,
And forth in furie marcht: but when in sight
The Vandales campe appear'd despoil'd with fire,
And all their host dispers'd, he gan admire.

The Danes, in troopes all gathered, stood amaz'd
 To see through what great dangers we had run,
 Vpon the slaughtered Vandales wounds they gaz'd,
 Vpon the Captiues and the rich spoiles wonne,
 Applauding all with praise, what we had done,
 The King himselfe in heaping praise on praise,
 The worth of this our deed on high did raise.

The good successe of this high conquest won,
 My name in credit with the Dane did bring;
 And to encrease this honor new begun
 In th'horrid warre betwixt the Norway King
 And Prince *Canute*, of which the world did ring,
 I by my deeds vpon the Norway coast,
 Did saue *Canutus* and his fainting host.

When *Olaus* and *Ulf* those brothers stout,
 With their Norwegians in a dangerous fight,
 Against *Canute* successfully had fought,
 I with my English souldiers in his fight
 Regain'd againe, what he had lost by flight,
 And forc'd proud *Olaus* to flie the field,
 Who to our King his Crowne did after yeeld.

Grac'd in all warre affaires without mischance,
 With King *Canute* in such great grace I came,
 That he, my name and fortunes to aduance,
 His sister gaue to me for wife, whose name
 Hight *Thira* faire, a Ladie of great fame,
 Whom I with earnest suite did often proue,
 And in the end obtain'd her for my loue.

Thus with auspicious looks the heau'ns beheld,
 The new borne infant of my towring state,
 Which growing vp, with proud ambition swell'd,
 Flattering it selfe with hope of happier fate,
 Which to obtaine I long did lie in wait,
 And left at length true honors path to tread,
 To trace the footing which ambition led.

When

When death did end *Canutus* life and raigne,
 I standing in contention, t'whom the right
 Of Englands vnswai'd Empire should remaine,
Canutes base sonne, ambitious *Harrold* hight,
 Did step into the throne in my despight,
 Being backt by diuers Peeres, that sought to clime
 By his support in this new change of time.

'Gainst whom I stood with fained loyaltie
 To those two Princes, sonnes of *Egelred*,
 The true borne heires to Englands Emperie;
 In which affaire, had Fortune false not fled
 And turn'd her backe, the Crowne had grac'd my hed:
 For had I gain'd the garland in their name,
 Neither of them should haue enioy'd the same.

But al-seeing heau'n, that did my drift perceiue,
 To take effect would not permit the same,
 Those strong built holds I was constrain'd to leaue,
 In which defiance I did first proclame,
 Against the bastard in Prince *Alfreds* name:
 Wherefore my oath I vnto *Harrold* past,
 To be true Liegeman, while my life did last.

Yet did not this my mounting thoughts beat downe,
 Nor quell the pride of my aspiring mind,
 My heart still aim'd at Englands royall Crowne,
 Aspiring hope did th'eies of reason blind,
 To all impietie I was inclin'd,
 Of which Prince *Alfred*, whom would I had neuer
 Betray'd to death, a Mirrour liues for euer.

The maner of whose death I shame to tell,
 Such was the cruell torment of the same,
 And such the noble vertues, that did dwell
 In th'heart of that sweet Prince, whose liuing name
 To all posteritie records my shame,
 The more his vertues were, whose blood I spilt,
 Remorselesse wretch, the greater was my guilt.

Curst be the gracelesse hearts vnswayed pride,
 Which tempted me to act so foule a deed,
 Why as at first did not faire vertue guide
 My steps in path of praise? why in her steed,
 All grace abolisht, did foule vice succeed?
 With State and greatnesse, vertue seldome dwels,
 State fosters pride, pride all good grace expels.

After the murder of this guiltlesse man,
 Long time I flourisht with prosperitie,
 In slothfull *Harrolds* daies my house began
 With many valiant sonnes to multiplie,
 Who after came to great authoritie,
 Of whom hereafter I intend to tell,
 Hearken meane while what vnto me befell.

Hearken ye glory-thirsting men, and heare
 Iudgement of wreakful wrath powr'd downe by *Ioue*
 On me, and on my house, that all may feare,
 Aspiring honors height those plots to proue,
 To which vaine pride the heart doth often moue,
 Of which, both I, and all my progenie,
 May Mirrours be to all posteritie.

When *Harrold* had, the tearme of three yeares space,
 Vpon the English throne borne supream sway,
 He dying left a name of foule disgrace,
 To obtaine true fame, he neuer gaue th' assay,
 His idle life in sloth did fleet away:
 In houres of ease, who euer spends his daies
 To future time, leaues seldome any praise.

Vpon the throne, his brother did succeed
 Prince *Hardiknute*, *Canutus* lawfull sonne,
 Whom I did feare, lest for my bloodie deed
 By his edict, I should to death be done,
 Which I in lawfull triall could not shun,
 To muredred *Alfred* he was borne halfe brother,
 Got by *Canute* on *Emma* his Queene mother.

Yet I being right expert in euery thing,
Which did pertaine to subtile policie,
Both tooke a solemne oth before the King,
That I from guilt of *Alfreds* blood was free,
With which his friends had often charged mee;
And also, that mine oth might fauour finde,
With golden gifts I did corrupt his minde.

If that the powre of gold doe conquer Kings,
Corrupts the noble, and deceaues the wise,
Subdues the valiant; yea the brother brings
To sell his brothers blood for golden prize,
Wherewith to glut his greedie avarice:
No maruell then, if that my gold did bring
This fained oth in credit with the King.

Of *Hardiknute* this fauour I did finde,
I liu'd in grace and great felicitie,
To me the rule of all things hee resign'd,
He onely kept his Kinglie dignitie,
All things were swaid by my authoritie:
But after two yeares space, by suddaine death
In midst of mirth, he lost his vitall breath.

Being at a feast vpon a solemne day,
At Lambeth house, within the Bishops place,
With cup in hand his life did fleet away,
To ground he fell and did cold death imbrace,
Leauing few friends to waile his woefull case:
In loue of drinke he liu'd, in drinke he dide;
Such drunken death oft drunkards doe betide.

Prince *Edward*, *Alfreds* brother, he being dead,
Was left the lawfull heire vnto the Crowne,
Which I did claime as due from *Edgelred*,
And on his seeming foes I seem'd to frowne,
That sought with violent hands to pluck him downe:
For well I did perceiue, he being King,
To good effect my purpose I should bring.

Zealous he was, and did so much delight
 In sacred precepts of pure sanctitie,
 That farre more fit he seem'd in all mens sight,
 To liue religious in a Friarie,
 Then sway the scepter of a monarchie:
 Yet seing the right did vnto him pertaine,
 He was permitted ouer vs to reigne.

Vpon whose minde more pliable to yeeld
 To rule of others, then to rule alone,
 The hope of future fortune I did build,
 And after him, vnknowne to anie one,
 I laid my plot to step into the throne;
 For vnto him my daughter I did wed,
 Twixt whom I knew would be a barren bed.

Although the choycest eye could not select
 A Virgin with more sweets of beautie fild;
 Yet for in hart he iustlie did suspect
 His brother *Alfreds* blood by me was spild,
 Her beautie with delight he nere beheld,
 My dreaded power, which might haue dangerous beene
 To his estate, was cause he made her Queene.

Whereby in future time my valiant sonne,
 My *Harrold* stout a title did pretend
 Vnto the Crowne, who by his valor wonne
 High credit with the King, who in the end
 So far to him his fauour did extend,
 That after his decease, he did ordaine
 The Crowne and Kingdome should to him remaine.

Thus did I sit in top of Fortunes wheele,
 Knit to the royall blood of Englands Crowne,
 Till death did strike, mischance I nere did feele,
 Fortune at my successe did neuer frowne,
 Who in the hight of pride pluckes manie downe:
 Dreadlesse I liu'd, being dreaded still of all,
 Fearing no lucklesse chance, that might befall.

Beneath

Beneath the sway of my securefull power
I from the King my guilt did long conceale
Of *Alfreds* death, vntill that fatall houre,
When fate appointed did my soule appeale,
And in my death my bloodie deed reueale:
Blood for due vengeance neuer calls in vaine,
Heau'n will reuenge, when w^eremisse remaine.

Once sitting at the table with the King,
My sonne, whose office was the cup to beare,
By chance did stumble, as he did it bring,
And lightlie did himself againe vpreare,
At which by me these speeches spoken were;
Ha ha my Liege, said I, see how one brother
In time of need can well sustaine the other.

To which the King return'd this sterne replie
With browes contract, signes of his angric minde,
Most true it is, said he, and so should I
My louing brother *Alfred* liuing finde
To helpe me now, but for thy self vnkinde.
With which neere toucht; yet all distrust to shun,
Bread streight I took, and thus my oth begun.

This bread (quoth I) I neuer wish to take
Downe through this throat into my hollow chest,
But choaking me, God grant, that it may make
My death a scandall, to my soule vnblest,
Which heau'n henceforth for euer may detest,
If I your brother *Alfred* did betray,
Or gaue consent to take his life away.

No sooner had I spoke, and taken bread,
But of the heauens, my wish I did obtaine,
Vnto the ground I instantlie fell dead,
While yet the bread did in my throate remaine,
Through which to passe the breath did striue in vaine:
In death did heau'n correct my villanie,
In death did vengeance iustlie seise on mee.

Which in my suddaine downefall tooke not end,
 This dreadfull iudgement could not satisfie
 The wrath of righteous *Ioue*, who did intend
 The extirpation of my progenie,
 In the reuenge of *Alfreds* tragedie,
 With seu'n sonnes done to death, all valiant men,
 My name did vade, as it had neuer ben.

My eldest sonne, hight *Swaine*, in his rash moode
 With rage incen't, with his vnhappie hand,
 Did beast-like spill his vncle *Byorns* blood,
 For which a pilgrim to the holie land
 He was inioynd by Churches strict command;
 Where rouing Saracens vpon the way,
 With murther did his vncles death repay.

The next was *Harrold*, who in *Edwards* reigne,
 After my death grew famous in this land,
 Manie great victories he did obtaine
 Against the Welsh, who with rebellious hand
 Against the King themselues did prouddie band;
 For which in name and fame he was renown'd,
 And by the King with manie merits crown'd.

But the third brother did thereat enuie,
Tostie by name, a man of mickle pride,
 Which when his brother *Harrold* did espie,
 His angrie hart did swell, and rage did guide
 That reason, which doth man and beast diuide;
 For on a time inrag'd with angers sting,
 They fell at ods in presence of the King:

VVhere *Harrold* caught young *Tostie* by the haire,
 And with his fist did smite him on the face;
 But by well-wishing friends they parted were:
 Yet *Tostie* in his minde for such disgrace
 Did vowe reuenge in more conuenient place,
 And forthwith from the Court with angrie looke,
 To *Harrolds* house his readie way he tooke:

VVhere

Where when he came, the seruants hee did finde
Preparing all things for the Kings repaire,
On whom he wreak'd the vengeance of his minde;
For not a man his wrathfull sword did spare,
In his reuenge they all alike did share:
Yet could not this his furies heat asswage,
Their limmes he hew'd in peeces in his rage.

Which he amongst the hogsheds of pure wine,
Vessels of ale and cydar did bestow,
And in the lomes of meath, and tubs of brine,
And other sorts of liquor he did throw
Heads, legs, and armes, whence yet warme blood did flow:
Then sent he word, that at his brothers house
The King should find good store of poudered sowce.

For which offence, he was exile the land,
And *Harrold* after *Edward* as his right
The crowne did claime, gainst whom no peere did stand:
Yet *Tostie* did the Norway King excite,
In battaile gainst his brother for to fight,
In which by *Harrold* vpon Stamford plaine,
Both *Tostie* and the Norway King were slaine.

Stout *Harrold* in the field his deaths wound tooke,
With this two bretheren *Girth* and *Leowin*,
At Battaile abbey gainst the Norman Duke;
For in iust iudgement then did heau'n begin
To plague this land for my detested sinne,
Which from that time twice thirtie yeares and foure,
With Norman bondage was oppressed fore.

Thus by decree of fate without remorse
By the keene sword fise sonnes to deaths doome past,
The sixt in riding on a head-strong horse
Into the siluer Thames dark deepe was cast,
In which his soule the panges of death did taste;
The seuenth and last was in close prison kept,
Vntill in death the conquering Norman slept.

Yet heere heau'ns heauie iudgement did not end,
 My wretched mother, though forworne and old,
 Vntimely fell, who, while she liu'd, did send
 Yong Dames to Denmarke, where for gaine of gold,
 Their virgin beauties vnto lust were sold,
 For which offence, to all the world a wonder,
 She stricken was from heau'n by horrid thunder.

And that on earth, my shame might neuer die,
 The seas proud waues haue ouerrun my lands,
 VVhich did of yore by Sandwich hauen lie,
 VVhere now bound vp in *Neptunes* watrie bands,
 They at this day are called *Godwin* sands,
 And since are made of pasture-springing-ground,
 A dangerous gulfe, the sea-man to confound.

Thus for Prince *Alfreds* blood, which I did shed,
Ioue in the tempest of his wrathfull mood,
 Powr'd downe his wreake vpon my wretched hed:
 Of all foule ils most aduerse vnto good,
 Vengeance pursues the blushing sinne of blood,
 Blood out of earth with cries importunes heau'n
 To grant reuenge, yntill reuenge be giuen.

Vnto a sinfull wight, though time do seeme
 With wings of waste his shame away to wipe,
 Although the King of heau'n secure he deeme;
 Yet when his sore of sinne is waxen ripe,
 Of his smart scourge he feesles the bitter stripe,
 The truth whereof, that I may testifie,
 Amongst thy Mirrours, place my tragedie.

THE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ROBERT

SURNAMED CURTHOSE,
Duke of Normandie.



When Ioue, said *Memorie*, for Normans slaine
Through Godwins treason upon Guilford plaine,
From English birth his wreake would not reuoke,
But made it stoope to conquering Williams yoke:
In that sad time, that noble Prince I find
Most worthie of record, that Norman blind,
The stout Duke Robert, who in th' hopefull spring
Of his greene youth, rebels against the King,
His hopes deluded sets his heart on fire,
He fights successfully against his fire,
Is absent, when his father leaues to line,
Who to his second sonne the Crowne doth giue,
The Duke returnes, finds Rufus on the throne,
Both rise in armies, but gold doth make th' attone,
Robert to Palestine with Godfrey goes,
Wins fame in field against the Pagan foes,
Hearing of Rufus death, he thence returnes,
Finds Henrie King, with indignation burnes,
Meets him in field to wreake it with his sword,
But Peeres on either part make them accord,
After in peace they liue like brethren,
The Dukes kind nature wronged by the Queene,
Againe he armes him to reuenge his wrong,
Fights with the King, whose part he finds too strong,

In fight is taken and to Cardiffe sent,
 Where long captin'd, in seeking to preuent
 The fate of loathed thrall by secret flight,
 He taken is, and is depriv'd of sight,
 And after with long life in thrall opprest,
 He pines away with hunger and vnrest,
 Whose Princely ghost let Fame from graue vpraise
 To make those deeds a Mirrour for our daies.

Another argument.

The Norman Prince tels Fame, how he was borne
 To be a King, yet dies a Duke forlorne.



IN that great booke of Ioues decrees in heau'n,
 Compil'd ere time had any wings to moue,
 The wofull wight, to whom blacke fate is giuen,
 To cancell it in vaine doth after proue,
 No change of time can change the will of Ioue,
 What power so potent is, that can controule
 The first decree that he did there inrole.

Let Fortune hold a crowne about thy head,
 And at it with wits best direction aime,
 Rise to it royally from honors bed,
 Iustly deserue it for thy deeds of fame;
 Yet shall thy carefull brow nere beare the same,
 If thou in that star-text of euery thing
 Foredoom'd for fate, be not inrol'd a King.

Of which that thou a lasting Mirror haue,
Behold me heere a wretched Prince of yore,
To whom true birth a crowne and kingdome gaue,
Whom vertue did enrich with all her store
Of goodly gifts, to make me fit therefore,
Of which depriu'd by destinies decree,
Woe and alas was only left to mee.

Behold this feeble bodie pin'd away
With hungers waste, which once so stoutly bore
Our Sauours badge in many a bold assay;
Behold the place where eyes haue stood before,
Now filled vp with blacke congealed gore;
Behold blind *Beauchampe* Duke of Normandie,
New crept from graue to tell his tragedie.

A Prince I was borne of the Norman blood,
To that victorious King the eldest sonne,
Who with his Normans, like a furious flood
From Southerne seas did England ouerrun,
And to his heires the golden garland wonne,
Though heau'ns and Fortune neuer would agree,
That of the same I should possessor bee.

When Fortunes gentle hand had set the crowne
Vpon his happie head, when all assaies
Of his bold foes in field were beaten downe,
To me his eldest borne my state to raise,
The Norman Dukedome with such long delaies
Assigned was, that I being set on fire
For such protract, turn'd rebell 'gainst my fire.

Like lustie *Phaeton*, that gaue th' assay,
To guide the head-strong horses of the sunne,
Pust vp with pride to seeke his owne decay,
Gainst conquering *William* his rebellious sonne,
Taspire the Dukedome violently begun,
And fier'd with heat of gaisome youth did venter,
With warlike troopes the Noman coast to enter.

The false French *Philip* dreading euerie houre,
 The towring state of my vnconquer'd fire,
 Gaue life to my attempt, and sent a powre
 Of tall strong men, as fuell for the fire
 Of my ambition, lest I should retire,
 And faint in pursuit of the warre begun,
 Betwixt my fire and me his gracelesse sonne.

As th' hungrie flame growen powerfull by degrees,
 And flying on wings of winde throughout a wood,
 With thirstie tongue lickes vp the leaue trees,
 Or as the rising of some stormie flood;
 So blinded with neglect of humane good,
 My natiue Normandie I did inuade,
 Making her soile the spoile of *Mars* his blade.

To whose distresse the wrathfull Conqueror came
 Through seas rough waues, wilde furie was his guide,
 Cursing my birth, gainst me he did exclame,
 And in reuenge affection set aside,
 He vow'd to scourge my most vnnaturall pride,
 Setting his second birth yong *Rufus* hight,
 Before me in his loue, and in my right.

At Archenbraie, both battels first did braue
 Each other with proud proffer for the fight,
 There th' ensignes with the wanton winde did waue,
 The plume-deckt helmes with gold all horrid bright,
 With pale reflection glitter'd in the light,
 And 'bout both hosts in troopes the horsemen stood
 Like loftie cedars in a thicke-set wood.

When as the trumpe the banefull blast begunne,
 In clamorous noise we clos'd on either side,
 Brother 'gainst brother, father 'gainst the sonne
 Themselues oppos'd, nature in fight deff'd
 Euen natures selfe, the sun in heau'n did hide
 His glorious head, denying vs his light,
 As lothing to behold so strange a sight.

The soules of mortall men were put to flight,
Blacke deeds of death each one did vndergo,
Need boldned cowards, hope gaue wings to might,
And made each one his best strength to bestow,
To purchase fame by downfall of his foe,
Death set on foot ran round about the field,
Whole troopes of men t'her conquering stroke did yeeld.

In th'heate of fight, I caus'd a troope of horse
To breake vpon the rereward of the foe,
Who brauely gaue the charge, and with such force
Their fainting troopes in heapes did ouerthrow,
That they their rankes were forced to forgo,
Whom I well mounted on a tall strong steed,
To the maine battell did pursue with speed:

Where vnder th'ensigne of his royall armes,
T'encounter with the King it was my chance,
Who bent with his owne hands to wreake his harmes,
Did fiercely charge me with his well-aim'd lance,
'Gainst whom vnknowne my selfe I did aduance,
And in my winged course with staffe in rest,
I gaue the charge vpon his royall brest.

But heau'n did calme false Fortunes threatfull brow,
And did auert the point of my sharpe speare;
Yet by his ribs the flesh it vp did plow,
And running through his arme made blood appeare,
The stubborne staffe the King to ground did beare,
Who falling from his horse in mind dismai'd,
Vnto his men aloud did call for aid:

The voice descri'd my error, and with speed
I downe dismounting to my royall fire,
Did take him vp, and for my gracelesse deed
His pardon vpon my knee, I did require,
Pleading mistake t'appease his Kingly ire,
Whom I remounted, and from field conuey'd,
Left danger should his noble life invade.

Meane time the horse troopes, who by me design'd
 Gaue charge vpon the flankers of the foe,
 So beat the field about, that conquest shin'd
 Vpon our helmes, slaughter and ouerthrow
 On the' aduerse part inforc't such workes of foe,
 That all by flight sought fastie, none durst stay,
Rufus disgrac'd, and wounded went his way.

Conquest in triumph on my brow did stand,
 Fame did renoune my sword in euerie place,
 Fortune with fame did ioyne her helping hand
 With my displeased fire to winne me grace,
 T'whom nature pleaded my vnhappie case,
 And forc't him yeeld (that both in loue might liue)
 What reason would, and rage denide to giue.

Restor'd to grace like *Saturns* god-like sonne,
 To England I returned with the King,
 Where *Malcome* in his absence had orerun
 The North from Tuuidale, where Tweed doth spring,
 Vnto the Tine, whose streames such profit bring
 Vnto that towne, which on her bankes doth stand,
 Now call'd Newcastle built by my command.

T'oppose the furie of th'inuading foe,
 The King my late tri'de valor did imploy,
 The Tine with waisting waues did seeme to woe
 My swift accesse, to saue her from th'annoy
 Of her proud foes, who dayliedid destroy
 The Towres and townes, which did themselues enranke
 About her streames, vpon the pleasant banke.

Where with my troopes, when I appeard in sight
 Beneath the Kinglie lyon marching on
 Towards Tuuidale, to seeke the foes for fight,
Malcolme retirde beyond the Tweede, and none
 In Englands bounds durst stay to looke vpon
 Our angrie host, for peace the foemen su'd,
 Which for the common good I did conclude.

But

But leaue I now, to speake of blessed daies,
In which I liu'd true subiect to my King,
Leaue we a while to memorize the praise
Of my best deeds, thy Muse againe must sing
My rebell pride, whence worse effects did spring,
Mischiefe now tracts each step, that I do tread,
Vnlookt for plagues falles downe vpon my head.

Suppose thou seeft me on the German coast,
Clad in rebellious armes against my fire,
Trooping vp men, to make a compleat host,
Waging th'vnwilling mind with golden hire,
And hope of spoile, to furnish my desire :
Bent once againe, vnto my fire vnknowne,
To claime the Norman Dukedome, as mine owne.

But ere my wicked sword I could vnsheath,
Vpon the bed of fraile mortalitie
Lies conquering *William*, in the armes of death,
T'whom enuious fame in his extremitie,
Brings tidings of his sonnes impietie,
Debatefull enuie, finding once the thing
That breeds our shame, sets euill newes on wing.

Could enuie find a darker cloud of shame,
Wherewith t'obscure the shine of my renowne ?
Could fate for future woes more fitly frame
The houres of time, to cause the Conqueror frowne,
Then when in death, he should dispose the crowne ?
Enuie, fate, time and all things else agree,
To crosse that man, t'whom Fortune crosse wil bee.

The sickly King my fire, whose daies were done,
Thinking my course did threaten sure decay
To the rich trophie of his conquest wonne,
What nature gaue to me, did giue away,
To set the State vpon a surer stay :
For leauing life, he left by his decree
His Crowne to *Rufus*, and his curse to mee.

Tell me ambition, whence hadst thou that might,
 To stirre vp nature in bold *Beauchamps* brest
 Gainst God, 'gainst King, 'gainst natures selfe to fight,
 Enacting by my hand such deeds vnblest,
 From the first motion of my minds vnrest?
 From hope of rule, and Empires blind desire,
 Thou hadst that power to make me first aspire.

Reason strooke blind euen from my youths first spring
 With fond-bewitching hope in state to clime,
 That hope made frustrate by the powerfull King,
 Did but prefigure out for future time,
 Th'vnfortunate effects of my foule crime,
 The losse of Crowne, the losse of all my right,
 The losse of freedome and my bodies sight.

Scarce had the hand of vnimpeached death,
 Clos'd vp the eyes of Englands conquering King;
 But Fame, whose listning eares feeles euery breath
 Of whispering rumour, set her selfe on wing,
 And ouer seas to vs did tidings bring,
 That our dread fire was to his graue gone downe,
 And vnto *Rufus* had bequeath'd his Crowne.

Heart-swolne with furie to reuenge such wrongs,
 And claime the priuiledge then almost lost,
 Which vnto birth by natures gift belongs,
 Lest *Rufus* pride in my disgrace might boast,
 My quarrell strengthned with a mightie hoast,
 I did arriue on Englands Southerne shore,
 Gainst whose white rocks the British billowes rore,

The English Peeres abhorring *Rufus* pride,
 Expecting a more milde command,
 Both by affection and by dutie tide
 T'aduance my cause, each with his armed band,
 Gainst *Rufus* powers in field did stoutly stand,
 Whose wilder nature knowne in former daies,
 Now many friends to my attempt did raise,

Th'vncon-

Th'vnconquered Kentish in the English East
 With that stout Bishop *Odo*, first made head,
 The actiue people, coasting on the West,
 Marcht beneath *Mombraies* ensigne proudly spread,
 The Northerne rout the valiant *Bygod* lead,
 And the bold Britaines fauouring my right,
 Were troopt by braue *Mountgomerie* valiant Knight.

Th'vsurping King seeing such sterne stormes to frowne,
 On the first spring of his ambitious raigne,
 Fearing the fall of his new-borne renowne,
 Sought by insinuating words to gaine,
 What by the sword he could not now maintaine,
 His golden gifts with many faire sweet words,
 Did turne the edge of our reuengefull swords.

He did not seeke t'vsurpe the Crowne by might,
 Such pride his loyall heart did nere inuade,
 He knew my Senior birth did claime that right,
 He, we being absent, tooke in hand, he said,
 In our behalfe the Scepter then vnswai'd,
 The which, since now, he did the same enioy,
 He crau'd to hold of vs, as our Vice-roy.

His gifts still flowing from him in excesse,
 Did giue full power to euery mouing word;
 And that in me he might all doubts suppress
 Of fraudulent deceit, he did accord
 That he of me, as of his supream Lord,
 Should hold the Crowne, and yearely I should claime
 Three thousand markes, as tribute for the same.

Fraternall loue so well her powers appli'd,
 To end these iarres begun betwixt vs twaine,
 That he constrain'd t'appease his wonted pride,
 And I respecting glorie more then gaine,
 Did reunite our selues in loue againe:
 The frowne of *Mars* did bring his stomacke downe,
 And golden gifts did calme our marriall frowne.

Farre from the fruitfull Albions peacefull shoare,
 For th'Easterne world thy Muse thou now must wing,
 Who in her flight a loftie pitch must soare,
 Of those stout pilgrims in high straine to sing,
 Which th'holy Hermit did to *Salem* bring,
 Imploring aid of Princes in the West,
 Against the Pagans bloodie acts in th'East.

I as a partner in that great affaire,
 With my support that iourney to vphold,
 My wants with store to furnish, did not spare
 My Norman Dukedome, which for summes of gold
 Till my returne the King did morgag'd hold.
 Gold doth mens thoughts to high attempts prepare,
 And ouergilds the danger of the warre.

Hearken how fame vpon the Norman coast
 With her shrill trumpe from kingdomes far away,
 Summons vnto an head my warlike host,
 Behold the sackfull troopes in braue array,
 Beneath my ensignes for this bold assay,
 Who martiall'd by my hand, with ample traine,
 Do crowne the vtmost bankes of Belgike Seine,

Behold the English famous for his bow,
 Sharpning his angrie arrowes for the field,
 The Scot with his long pike his cunning show,
 The Britaine big-bon'd-bold, nor borne to yeeld,
 Addressing brauely both his sword and sheeld,
 See how the Norman manageth his horse,
 The Irish shakes his dart with manly force.

As wak'd from sleepe, with Christians wofull cries,
 Bound by the Saracen in captiue bands,
 And often blushing at the late surprise
 Of those milke-hony-flowing holy lands,
 Now made the spoile of Pagans conquering hands,
 Hence did we march with heau'ns great King for guide
 Into the East, to beate downe Pagans pride.

Inglorious

Inglorious age, made drunke with dregs of peace,
 Heere iustly may I taxe thy peacefull time,
 Heere must our Muses warlike song surcease,
 A carping straine, a more inuectiue rime,
 Doth best besit the nature of thy crime :
 Looke backe at vs, mourne thine owne want of praise
 And glorious deeds, to glorifie thy daies.

Say glorie, say, hath peacefull follie furl'd
 Thy flag of honor, li'st thou dead in graue,
 With great *Heroes* of the elder world,
 Who led vs ouer *Hellespontus* waue
 Beneath his badge, whose blood the world did saue :
 Arise, arise, call forth the Christian man,
 Against the house of tyrant *Ottoman*.

Hearke how *Thessalian* woods records the cries
 Of captiu'd Greekes vpon *Peneus* shore,
 Behold how sacred *Salem* wasted lies,
 See, see, how *Sion* mournes, where *Saints* of yore
 Did in sweet Hymnes the King of heauen adore,
 Behold that blessed land, the cursed seat,
 Where raignes th' *Arabian Turkish Mahomet*.

O warlike nation, where is now that name,
 Which th' *English* sword did graue on *Acons* wall,
 Why do your valours sleepe, vp, vp for shame,
 Let not your countries ancient glorie fall,
 Go free poore Christians from proud Pagans thrall,
 Redeeme his sepulchre, who did redeeme
 The world from death, with blood of such esteeme.

Transport thou now thy Muse to *Bosphorus* brim,
 Ouer whose waues from *Iuno* ieaious dame,
 To *Asian* meades of yore did *Io* swim,
 From whom transform'd the streame then tooke his name,
 And since that time hath still retain'd the same,
 Ouer whose waues as we did waft our host,
 Much Christian blood we'gainst the *Bulgar* lost.

642 *Robert surnamed Curtbofe*

Hence did we march to *Helle* *Pontus* flood,
Where *Helle*, with yong *Phrixus*, put to flight
By stepdams rage, of which in feare they stood,
Flying, alas, and falling with affright,
Into the waue sunke downe in *Phrixus* fight:
Yet still to liue, in leauing her deare breath,
She left her name to *Pontus* at her death.

The coast we tooke, where once *Abydos* stood,
Whence nak'd *Leander* wasted by the light
Of *Heros* loue, so often swom the flood,
Till *Helle* rauisht with so sweet a sight,
Enuying *Heros* hap, in her despight
Into the deepe her deare *Leander* drew,
Where to his loue he figh'd his last adew.

There on the plaines, where Troyes sad ruines stand,
Whence *Agamemnons* troopes haue often run
To shun the furie of great *Hectors* hand,
Against the Pagan many deeds were done
Beneath our standard of *Ioues* powerfull sonne,
There all the host as towards Nice we past,
With spoilefull hands laid all the countrie wast.

The Noble citie Nice, so strongly wall'd,
We with our conquering host begirted round,
Her gates we wonne, her turrets tops we scall'd,
Her towring walles we equall'd with the ground,
And all her pride did in the fire confound;
Amongst whose spoiles great *Solymans* faire make,
With her deare children we did captiue take.

Then did stout *Heraclea* stoope her pride
And seeing the Niceans yeeld, did yeeld with them,
From thence to Tarsus we our host did guide,
Fast by the bankes of of *Cydus*, whose sweet streame
Did seeme t' inuite vs to that stratageme,
Wafting vs with flow waters sliding downe
From mountaine Taurus, vnto Tarsus towne.

Where

Where when we came with spr'ite infus'd from heauen,
We through the walles did force our dreadfull way,
The mightie towne into our hands was giuen,
The captiue foes in pitifull dismay,
With teares bemoan'd the imminent decay
Of their strong walles, which *Persens* so renown'd
Had long before erected from the ground.

Thence our triumphant standards we aduance
To Syria-ward with *Godfrey* for our guide,
Where on the way with seruice of my lance
In many a fight against the aduerse side,
I with fresh strength our fainting host suppli'd,
And forc'd the *Pagan Pyrrus* from the field,
Who fled, and made faire Antioch wals his shield.

Whom we pursu'd, and by the siluer streames
Of swift *Orontes*, where the King of light
Vpon our armes did cast his golden beames,
Our troopes did tracke the foe-men, turn'd to flight,
Till Antioch towers shot vp themselues in fight,
Whose pride we menac'd with victorious armes,
And shooke it in long siege with loud alarmes.

Nine times the pale-fac'd Queene of peacefull night,
Did lose that siluer lustre in her wane,
Which she receiu'd from *Phæbus* cheerefull light,
And nine times did her brothers light againe
Renuë that losse, which she did erst sustaine,
VVhile Antioch walles our armie did enclose,
And stood in daily skirmish with the foes.

In the ninth month, vpon the topfull brow
Of the towne-gate, the flag of truce did waue,
The *Captaine Pyrrus* haughtie heart did bow,
The citie stoopt her pride, and for to saue
Her selfe from spoile, her gates wide open gaue,
VVhose wealth, as due reward of our long toile
To th' vniuersall host, was giuen for spoile.

644 Robert surnamed Curthose

Should I assay to tell each conquest wonne,
Which at that time the Christian host did crowne,
Or bring to light each high atchieuement done,
Before we could attaine that sacred towne,
Which Gods sonnes sepulchre doth so renowne,
Our Muse, though willing all at large to show,
Yet were too weake, such taske to vndergo.

See how the Persian fronts vs in the field,
Vnder the sway of whose huge horse-arm'd host,
The earth with bowing backe doth seeme to yeeld,
Whose troopes in number infinite doth boast
Our swift decay, ere we do crosse their coast,
Hemming vs round, in hope t'enrich their hands,
With noble conquest on our conquering bands,

With shouts, and war-like instruments loud sound,
Hid all in clouds of smoake they toward vs came,
In fearefull fight vpon the groaning ground
Both hosts incounter'd, glorie did enflame
Both bent to fight, both greedie after fame,
Standerd' gainst standerd stood, and band' gainst band,
Troope clos'd with troope, men singl'd hand to hand.

Corbona hight, a Persian farre renown'd,
Chargeth our host with all his troopes of horse,
Stiffe stands each regiment, no ranke giues ground,
Power beats backe power, and force repelleth force,
The foes repell'd doth often shift their course,
Oft charging and recharging euery ward,
Where they do find the rankes most vnprepar'd.

Then thicke as haile from aires darke regiment,
When in blacke clouds a tempest raues in skie,
Steele-headed shafts from th'English bowes are sent,
Threatning the armed men as they do flie,
With singing slaughter, thicke prepar'd on high,
Who in their flight, though some fall short of wounds,
Yet some againe both men and horse confounds.

Here th'angrie courser chaf't with deadlie sting
Of wounding shaft, for verie paine and woe
Doth stampe, doth plunge, and vp from ground doth fling,
Doth snuffe, doth puffe, doth boggle, snore and blow,
Till from his back his rider he doth throw ;
Then ranging through their host with sinewie shankes
He wounds his friends, disturbing all their rankes.

There one with shaft infixed in his brest,
As the stalke stoopes his top orecharg'd with seed,
Hangs downe his head; another here opprest
With feare of death, forsakes his wounded steed,
Each place throughout the field our eyes did feed
With ruine of the foes dispred on ground,
Gasping for breath with many a bleeding wound.

Great *Ioue* the God of conquest, who from harme
Did garde our host in euerie such assay,
Did through the cloudes stretch out his mightie arme,
And on the foes did powre downe swift decay,
Slaughtering their men on heapes, few fled away;
Twice fiftie thousand dead in field did fall,
With stout *Corbona* their cheife Generall.

Here could I tell the sack, which did decline
The pride of *Salem*, whose high walles withstood
Our fierce assaults twice fiftene dayes and nine,
How euerie street polluted with the blood
Of Pagans slaine, did seeme a crimson flood;
How Egypts Soldan did before vs fall,
Whom to these warrs, this towne distrest did call.

But back to England we must turne our eye,
From whence, since first to Palestine Leame,
Fiue times bright *Pisces* in the azure skie
Had in their ycelie course outrun the *Ram*,
Whose iust returne againe begins the same,
Where in our absence let vs vjew in State,
What changes haue ben wrought by time and fate.

646 *Robert surnamed Curthosa*

Our brother *Rufus* with vnrighteous hand,
Swaying the scepter in the English throne,
Did so oppresse the people of his land,
That, when he left to liue, he then left none,
That would as friends his suddaine death bemoane:

He in that forrest did deaths cup carowse,
Which fatall was vnto the conquerors house.

A goodlie place, that forrest once had ben,
Where manie a towne and manie a temple stood,
Made sacred with the prayers of holie men,
All which without respect to common good,
My father did conuert into a wood,
Intitling it New Forrest, and for game,
Did after keepe wild beasts within the same.

Which stir'd the stormefull wrath of heauens great Ki
Who seeing his temples equald with the ground,
And where his Priests sweet Pæans once did sing,
And oft with thankfull prayers his altars crownd,
Hearing the crie of th' hunter and his hound,
Did in that place punish th' impietic
Vpon my fire, in his posteritie.

His second sonne, my brother *Richard* hight,
A hopefull youth, whom natures hand had stor'd
With sweetes of youth, as he, for his delight,
Did range this wood, was through the bodie gor'd
By sauage beasts, whose death my fire deplor'd
With bitter teares; yet could not quench the fire
Of *Ioues* fierce wrath, so moued was his ire.

Rufus, his third borne sonne, in that same wood,
When he had strook an Hart, that fled his sight,
Was by another crost, where as he stood,
At whom one *Tirrill* call'd, a Norman Knight,
A shaft let flie, which in the lucklesse flight
Missing the Deere, and glancing on the ground,
Vpon the brest, the King to death did wound.

He

He dead, yong *Henrie* for his learning skill
Surnamed *Beauclerk*, did aspire the crowne,
And wonne the English peeres vnto his will;
Fortune once more vpon my state did frowne,
And from ambitious throne did keepe mee downe,
Mocking my hopes, denying mee command,
VVhen she had put a scepter in my hand.

After the conquest of Ierusalem,
The Princes did amongst themselues accord,
To crowne my temples with the diademe,
That my abode might in distresse afford
Comfort t'all Christians gainst the heathen sword:
But tidings of my brother *Rufus* fall,
From Palestine to England me did call.

That sword renownd with fall of Pagan foes
I now did brandish gainst my brothers brest,
That sheeld, which did the Persian off oppose
In skirmish in the field, was now addrest
Against my friends, to worke mine owne vnrest:
And all mine ensignes sam'd in forraine fight
At Winchester did waue in *Henries* sight.

• Where, close to swords in fight we would haue stood
Had not our friends foreseene the future harmes
Of our debate, who tendring eithers good,
To calme the tempest of warres threatfull stormes,
First caus'd vs lay aside our angrie armes,
Then counsell'd *Henrie* to such coucnants yeeld,
As *Rufus* did, when he the State did weeld.

As he, while he did liue, for Englands crowne,
Inioyned was by general States decree
Three thousand markes each yeare to pay me downe,
So *Henrie*, younger borne by birth, then he,
To like conditions thenceforth should agree,
To which we both consenting did depart,
One from the other seeming please in hart.

But hooded with the shew of outward loue,
 Beguiling my simplicitie of mind,
 He in the end a deadly foe did proue,
 In my franke brest by nature too too kind,
 A cunning way to catch me he did find :
 Into the best minds pliable to good,
 Deceit soone enters maskt in truths plaine hood.

His Queene, a woman sweetly tongu'd and faire,
 By whom the King at his desire did aime,
 With speech so affable did so insnare
 My princely pliant thoughts, that in the same,
 She could impresse, what forme she pleas'd to frame ;
 So free was I, that what her heart could craue,
 As was my wont, with prodigie hand I gaue.

The tribute due for Englands Emperie,
 At her request I freely gaue away,
 Whereby my title and my dignitie
 I lost, in that I could not then gain-say
 A Queenes request, proud *Henrie* had his prey :
 A womans power to proue my power but vaine,
 What I had done, did soone vndoe againe.

Wanting in after times necessitie,
 Those golden sinewes of my Dukedomes State,
 To strengthen my much weakned royaltie,
 I gaue the King words of despitefull hate,
 And for reuenge tooke armes ; but froward fate
 VVith clouds of shame did now eclipse the shine
 Of all my conquests, won in Palestine.

Ore the seas narrow brest from Englands coast
 To Normandie my furious brother came,
 Gainst whom, my cause being good with my small host,
 Before the fort of Tenerchbray by name ;
 Though fewer farre, in battels bloodie frame
 VVe did aduance, where though *Mortaigne* and I
 So stoutly fought, our folke the field did flie.

Vpon

Vpon that day, when fortie yeares before,
My fire to conquer England gaue th' assay,
In which he first set foot on Englands shore,
The King and I did meet in battell ray,
In which, alas, we Normans lost the day:
For on that day the Normans England won,
Was Normandie by English men overrun.

Where, though false Fortune turn'd her treacherous face,
And then began to worke our future woe,
Though dreadfull *Pallas* did denie vs grace,
And 'gainst our side her selfe in field did show,
Yet did we scorne, as scar'd, to flie the foe,
Mortaigne and I 'gainst them alone did fight,
Till multitudes did ouermatch our might.

Let *Pallas* cease to sing of armes oppos'd,
Sorow must be the subiect of her song,
In stead of greaues with golden buttons clos'd,
In which she marcht amidst our martiall throng,
Now in sad straine, while we relate our wrong,
She in the sock the tragicke dance must lead,
Whose dolefull measures, we captiu'd do tread.

Thy Muse, that in warres bloodie hew was sent
To Palestine, must now in blacke be found,
Each word with heauie fall she must accent,
Each symphonie must yeeld a dolefull sound,
Each measure with a captiue band be bound,
And euery couples sad catastrophe,
Double the woes of our captiuitie,

Now Normandies great Duke in *Henries* hand
Vpon the rouling billowes running high,
Is caried captiue from his natie land,
To which oft turning backe his heauie eie,
It seemes a farre to follow him and crie,
Adew, deare Lord, adew, who neuer more
With one steps touch shall grace my fandie shore.

With

650 *Robert surnamed Curthose*

VWith grieve arriu'd on Cardiffes rockie coast,
 VWhere Seuerne first meets *Nereus* waue brood,
 Through whose blacke waues faire *Sabrine*s guiltlesse ghost,
 T'Elizium bankes did passe the fatall flood,
 In whose defence King *Locrine* lost his blood,
 The tyrant King, in dread what might befall,
 Did confine me within the castle wall.

As bird in cage debarr'd the vse of wings,
 Her captiu'd life as natures chieftest wrong,
 In dolefull dittie sadly fits and sings,
 And mournes her thrall'd libertie so long,
 Till breath be spent in many a sithfull song:
 So heere captiu'd I many daies did spend
 In forowes plaint, till death my daies did end.

VWhere as a prisoner, though I did remaine;
 Yet did my brother grant this libertie,
 To quell the common speech, which did complaine
 On my distresse, and on his tyrannie,
 That in his parkes and forrests ioyning by,
 VWhen I did please I to and fro might goe,
 VWhich in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as *Aurora* bright
 Began to scale heau'ns steepie battlement,
 And to the world disclose her cheerefull light,
 As was my wont, I with my keeper went
 To put away my sorowes discontent:
 Thereby to ease me of my captiue care,
 And solace my sad thoughts in th'open aire.

Wandring through forrest wide, at length we gaine
 A steepe cloud-kissing rocke, whose horned crowne
 With proud imperiall looke beholds the maine,
 Where Seuerns dangerous waues run roling downe
 From th'Holmes into the seas, by Cardiffe towne,
 Whose quicke deuouring sands so dangerous been
 To those, that wander *Amphytrites* greene,

As there we stood, the countrie round we ey'd
To view the workmanship of natures hand,
There stood a mountaine, from whose weeping side
A brooke breakes forth into the low-lying land,
Here lies a plaine, and there a wood doth stand,
Here pastures, meades, corne-fields, a vale do crowne,
A castle here shootes vp, and there a towne.

Here one with angle ore a siluer streame
With banefull baite the nibling fish doth feed,
There in a plow'd-land with his painefull teame,
The plowman sweates, in hope for labors meed
To get the earth with childe of *Ceres* seed,
Heere sits a goatheard on a craggie rock,
And there in shade a shepherd with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect
Might yeeld content vnto a carefull eye;
Yet downe the rock descending in neglect
Of such delight, the sunne now mounting high
I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,
Where we reposde vs on a greene wood side,
Afront the which a siluer streame did glide.

There dwelt sweet *Philomel*, who neuer more
May bide th'abode of mans societie,
Lest that some sterner *Terens* then before,
Who cropt the flower of her virginitie,
Gainst her should plot some second villanie;
Whose dolefull tunes to minde did cause me call
The woefull storie of her former fall.

The Redbreast, who in bush fast by did stand
As partner of her woes, his part did plie,
For that the gifts, with which *Autumnus* hand
Had grac'd the earth, by winters wrath should die,
From whose cold cheekes bleake blasts began to flie,
Which made me think vpon my summer past
And winters woes, which all my life should last.

My

My keeper with compassion mou'd to see,
 How griefes impulsions in my brest did beate,
 Thus silence broke, would God (my Lord) quoth he,
 This pleasant land, which natures hand hath set
 Before your eyes, might cause you to forget
 Your discontent, the obiect of the eye
 Oft times giues ease to woes, which inward lie.

Behold vpon that mountaines top so steepe,
 Which seemes to pierce the cloudes and kisse the skie,
 How the gray shepheard driues his flock of sheepe
 Downe to the vale, and how on rockes fast by
 The goates frisk to and fro for iollitie;
 Giue eare likewise vnto these birds sweet songs,
 And let them cause you to forget your wrongs.

To this I made replie: Fond man, said I,
 What vnder heau'n can slack th'increasing woe,
 Which in my griued hart doth hidden lie?
 Of choice delight what obiect canst thou show,
 But from the sight of it fresh griefe doth grow?
 What thou didst whilome point at to behold,
 The same the summe of sorrow doth infold.

That gray coat shepheard, whom from farre we see,
 I liken vnto thee, and those his sheepe
 Vnto my wretched self compar'd may bee:
 And though that carefull pastor will not sleepe,
 When he from rauenous wolues his flock should keepe;
 Yet here alas, in thrall thou keepest mee,
 Vntill that wolfe my brother hungrie bee.

Those shaghair'd goates vpon the craggie hill,
 Which thou didst shew, see how they friske and play,
 And euerie where doe run about at will;
 Yea when the lion marks them for his prey,
 They ouer hils and rockes can flie away:
 But when that lion self shall follow me
 To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee?

Those sweet-voic'd birds, whose aires thou dost commend,
To which the echoing woods returns replie,
Though thee they please, yet me they do offend:
For when I see, how they do mount on hie,
Wauing their out-strecht wings at libertie;
Then do I thinke, how bird-like in a cage
My life I leade, and grieve can neuer swage.

Heere sighes broke off my speech, and that in mind
I vndisturb'd might in that place bemone,
The lot adiudg'd to me by fates vnkind,
I did command my keeper to be gone,
And there to leaue me to my selfe alone,
Who doubting nothing what I would assay,
Left me, as was his wont, and went his way.

He being gone, I wandring to and fro,
Began t' imagine how I might preuent
My wretched thrall, doom'd endlesse by my foe,
T' attempt all danger I stood fully bent,
Finding the meanes to perfect my intent,
Which at the last I found, alas, the while,
Since fawning Fortune did my hopes beguile.

Alone long wandring through the desert wood
Farre from the castle, I did chance t' espie,
Whereas a lustie gelding grasing stood,
Whom straight I backt, and did for freedome flie
Through vnknowne waies, that none might me descric:
But what is hid from heau'n, or who can shun
Gods firme edict, by which all things are done?

In swift careire, as I did heedlesse passe,
And through a meadow greene did make my way,
In midst of which a muddie quauemire was,
Into the same my horse did fall, and lay
Vp to the bellie, which my flight did stay,
Where striuing, as I was from thence t' haue past,
They that pursu'd me, found me sticking fast.

To Cardiffe thence they bore me backe againe,
 As one whom frowning Fortune did despise,
 And to the King of me they did complaine,
 VVho with himselfe did tyrant-like deuise,
 That I for this offence should lose mine eies :
 VVhich when he tooke, what did he leaue behind,
 But woe in captiue bands to leade the blind ?

My bodie thus the darke some caue was made,
 In which my soule abode, as it had been
 Confin'd to dwell in house of endlesse shade,
 The windowes shut, no light could enter in,
 The light put out no comfort could be scene;
 And lest thus blind, I seeke to flie my foes,
 Both soule and bodie Cardiffe doth inclose.

Bidding farewell vnto the world for euer,
 There in my chamber, as a forlorne guest,
 My wretched selfe I wilfully did seuer
 From all resort, where with long night oppress
 (For day did shun the place of mine vnrest)
 To yeeld griefe passage, after sad sighes giuen,
 Thus oft I call'd with hands vp-lift to heau'n.

Thou powerfull God, whose champion I haue been
 Fiue could bleake winters, both by day and night
 In field against the cursed Saracen,
 Although I seeme forgotten in thy sight,
 Yet now behold me heere a wofull wight :
 And seeing I liue in such calamitie,
 Send death to end my dolefull miserie.

Can I distinguish day from darke some night ?
 Or do I know the seasons of the yeare ?
 Know I when spring deckes earth with sweet delight,
 When summers sun glads earth with his bright cleare,
 Or when in woods *Autumnus* fruits appeare ?
 O no, of nought but winter can I tell,
 Whom by his boystrous blasts, I know right well.

Where

VWhere is become that azure concavite,
That doth so many wonders rare insold?
VWhere all the host of starres so infinite?
Where daies great monarch drawne in carre of gold?
Where nights bright queene, so beautious to behold?
O still, they do remaine in heau'ns faire frame,
Although I neuer more shall see the same.

VWhere now the valley greene, and mountaine bare,
The riuer, Forrest, wood, and crystall springs,
The Hauke, the Hound, the Hinde, the swift-foot Hare,
The Lutes sweet straine, the voice, that sweetly sings,
And Princely sports in courts of mightie Kings?
VWhere now are these? O let not memorie
VWith thought of these augment my miserie.

Heere do I sit in shades of darkenesse grim,
VWhile others walke in light at libertie,
Heere I in waues of wofull teares do swim,
Condoling my vnhappy miserie,
VWhile others laugh, and sing for iollitie:
Send then, O God, send death for my reliefe,
Too heauie is the burthen of my griefe.

Thus many times with bitter plaint and mone,
To vtter woes in words I did assay,
VVitnesse ye wastefull walles, whose flintie stone
Haue euen dropt teares, to heare me night and day,
VWith pitious voice lament mine owne decay,
Oft wishing death, which sorow in the end,
And *Henries* vnkind scoffe did timelesse send.

For as he should vpon a solemne day
Make triall of a scarlet vestiment,
The cape being strait, the which he did assay
To put vpon his head, by chance did rent,
VWhich with this scornefull scoffe to me he sent,
Vnto our brother beare the same, said he,
We know he hath a sharper head then we.

The garment being brought, the rent I found,
 At which my troubled thoughts so grieued were,
 That many doubts did in the same abound,
 Which made me aske of him, that did it beare,
 If any one before the same did weare;
 Who told me of the Kings disdainfull scorne,
 And how by chance the same by him was torne.

Affliction bleeding fresh at this wide wound,
 My heart griefes burthen could no longer beare,
 But downe I cast my selfe vpon the ground,
 Where I with wretched hands, the hoarie heare
 From off my aged head, alas, did teare,
 And when my tongue was free, against my foe
 I forc'd it vtter forth these words of woe.

Woe, woe is me, that I was euer borne
 Of halfe so many yeares to liue the space,
 And in the end to liue my brothers scorne,
 Yea trebble woe to me, since such disgrace,
 Doth in despite my former deeds deface;
 Then perish all my deeds, be neuer seene,
 Die fame with shame, as it had neuer beene.

Could not disdainfull *Henrie* be content,
 Into his hands my Kingdome to surprise,
 Could not my thraldome cause him to relent,
 North'vn sustained losse of both mine eyes
 His rage'gainst me his brother yet suffice?
 But must he thus my Princely state abuse,
 And as an almesman his owne brother vse?

Why haue yee then, ah why haue yee thus long,
 Ye vnremorsefull fates produc'd that thread
 Of loathed life, by life to lengthen wrong?
 Why clip ye not my clew? why am I fed
 With breath of life, and yet in life am dead?
 Curst be such fate, and curst that fatall hower,
 When first begot, I came within your power.

Hardned with griefe, in spight of death to die,
Thenceforth as loathing life I stopt mine eares,
When hungrie food for appetite did crie :
And while with hunger nature slowly weares,
My food was sighes, my drinke griefes mournfull teares,
Famine at length did blow the banefull breath,
Whose bitter blast did strike my soule with death.

Euen as the naked woods, whose greene is lost,
Clad all in hoare, their ruth do seeme to show,
In teares turn'd t' yficles by wintrie frost ;
So I my head made white with age and woe,
While from th' eyes organs teares downe drizeling flow,
When as I did perceiue approching death,
Thus tooke my last farewell with fainting breath.

Adiew the daies, that did my dole prolong,
Adiew the nights, that vexed me so soe,
Adiew false Fortune, cause of all my wrong,
Who laughes to scorne the fame I won of yore,
Adiew ô wrongfull world for euermore,
Ye that conspir'd my sorowes to renew
Both daies, nights, fortune, world and all adew.

These hands to thee (ô God) that for a gift,
Thine owne deare Sonne for sin to death did yeeld,
These hands, I say, to thee I now do list,
Which once did beare thy badge in brazen shield,
Against the Pagan foes in many a field,
Beseeching thee, from whom all mercies flowes,
To grant such grace, as death may end my woes.

Twice fortie yeares and more, my daies haue ben,
And twice fiftene the Ram his race hath runne,
Since first, ô Cardiffe, as in darke some den,
Within thy walles mew'd vp from sight of Sunne,
Forlorne, to mourne my fortunes I begunne :
Then pitie take, ô God, on th' aged blind,
Death now begins my captiue bands t' vbind.

658 Robert surnamed Curthose, &c.

Leade on, leade on, vnto that heau'nly place,
Where in eternall blisse my soule must dwell,
Flie faith before, sue penitence for grace,
Backe, backe, my grieve, and vnto *Henrie* tell,
Beauchampe is dead, Cardiffe adew, farewell;
This said, I downe did sinke into my bed,
In which my soule did leaue the bodie dead.

Thus hast thou heard the Normans blind Duke tell
His fame in forren parts, the wretched wracke
Of his renowne, and cause for which he fell.
The Iudge of heau'n to punish is not slacke,
Where men do cast heau'ns gifts behind their backe:
Of which let my sad life in Cardiffe lead,
A lasting Mirrour be, though I be dead.

THE

THE MEMORABLE LIFE AND DEATH OF King RICHARD the first, surnamed *Cœur de Lion.*



THis Prince, quoth *Memorie*, did live too long,
 At his sterne brothers hands to beare such wrong,
 Which yet reuenged was by Gods owne hand,
 Upon himselfe, his children, and his land.
 Two sonnes he had, of daughters also twaine,
 Of which three drown'd, were swallow'd in the maine,
 The fourth a daughter was, which Maud by name,
 Of whom Plantagenets two Houses came:
 Duke Gefferie of Anion noble Knight,
 Upon this Maud begate that worthie wight,
 Duke Henrie, second King that bore that name,
 Though second to no King in deeds of Fame,
 Who yong, yet forc'd th' vsurper Stephen in fight
 To leaue to him the crowne, his due by right.
 He in chaste bed begot three sonnes and one,
 Hight Henrie, Richard, Gefferie, and Iohn:
 Mongst whom that Richard when both Henries dide,
 On Englands throne did sit as supreme guide,
 Since Williams conquest, only he of Kings
 His host in person gainst the Pagan brings,
 He sackes Messina, beats the Cypriotes bold,
 Captines their barbarous King in gyues of gold,
 Takes Acons towers, is of the French enuide,
 And left forlorne, yet after quells the pride

King Richard the first.

Of Saladine in field, after whose flight
 He makes all Syria subiect to his might:
 Prince Iohn rebels, the valiant King is sold
 To captiue bands, and bought againe for gold;
 At his returne he crownes himselfe againe,
 And is by traytors hand vntimely slaine:
 The truth of which that we exactly heare,
 Fame spund thy trumpe, and cause his ghost t' appeare.

Another Argument.

Fames siluer trumpes farre-flying sound, doth make
 King Richard Cœur de Lions Ghost t' awake.



He wrath of heau'n doth most pursue those men
 With secret iudgement of disaster fate,
 That gainst their parents haue rebellious ben,
 Nature displeas'd at such vnkindly hate
 Against it selfe, it selfe doth aggrauate,
 Causing the starres at such abortiue birth,
 With bad aspects to frowne vpon the earth.

Seldome such cursed insects, in our kind
 Escape the scourge of hatefull destinie,
 Vnhappie chance in iudgement is assign'd
 Till death, to follow such impietie,
 Which to the world my life might testifie,
 If any in this age with painefull pen,
 Had made the same a Mirrour vnto men.

Why

Why should the glorie of so great a King
Be darkned by obliuions cloudie frowne?
Why should this age as loathing euery thing
Of th'elder world, my Trophies all cast downe,
And let my deeds in waues of silence drowne?
As if twixt best and worst no ods there were,
When both alike are laid vpon the bere.

Long hauing slept, and now rouz'd vp by Fame
That keepes the due reward of doing well,
In hope thy pen will helpe to raise my name
Out of obliuions den where it did dwell,
In course I come my stories truth to tell,
That by the praise, or dispraise of my name,
Others may make a Mirrour of the same.

Of noble *Henrie*, second of that name,
The second sonne I am of sonnes twice two,
Yet second vnto none in worthie fame,
If yeelded were to me my praises due,
As may appeare by that which shall ensue:
First *Richard* call'd, first true borne English King,
That wore the crowne since Normans conquering.

In large discourse to light I will not bring,
The obloquie of that now loathed crime,
In stubborne youth against my Lord and King,
Blushing, I wish all such records of time
In darknesse dead, and wrapped vp in slime:
Yet seeing that truth bids hide no part of blame,
I will in brieife blaze out mine owne defame.

My fathers browes with prints of age replete,
Fortune that erst did smile, began to frowne,
Abus'd by flatterie and his owne conceat,
As bent with wilfull hands to hasten downe
The Statefull dignitie of his renowne:
His eldest borne he made his fellow King,
From whose ambition his distresse did spring.

Yong *Henrie* sharing equall dignitie,
 And hauing set one foot within the throne,
 Pust vp with pride to make a Monarchie
 Of his new State, he would be King alone,
 A partner in the crowne he would haue none :
 Which pride of mind with bad aduice borne higher,
 Caus'd him rebell against his royall fire.

To strengthen his ambition yet but yong,
 The false French King in person did support
 His part in field; and to be yet more strong,
 The Scot and Flemming he did both exhort
 With them gainst aged *Henrie* to consort,
 To whom both I and *Geoferie* my brother
 Did giue consent, excited by our mother.

Not one of vs whom natures band did bind
 With due alleageance to our sire and King,
 Did vnto natures selfe not proue vnkind,
 Yet could not power preuaile, nor enuies sting
 Against our sire, whom heau'n did helpe to bring
 Our stubborne neckes againe beneath his yoke,
 Our knees did stoope to his victorious stroke.

Oft did we threaten ruine to his State,
 His Norman Dukedome with warres wastefull spoile
 We did deface, and sought to set debate
 Twixt him and his; yet after all our toile,
 At his weake hands we did receiue the foile:
 So iust is heau'n to patron right gainst wrong,
 And guard the weake with strength against the strong.

To future time the King to leaue report
 Of our rebellion and his long vnrest,
 Did cause to be depainted in his Court
 A Pellican, who breeds beneath his brest
 Foure yong with tender care in his warme nest,
 Of which three waxing strong, vnkindly rise
 And pecke his brest, the fourth peckes out his eyes.

By the three first, he did decipher forth,
Geffrie, my selfe, and *Henrie* his first sonne;
The fourth was stubborn *Iohn* his yongest birth,
Of whom when he was likewise left alone,
He beat his manly brest with age fore done,
And ending grieffe in death, to vs vnkind,
My selfe and *Iohn*, he left his curse behind.

The sinne that drew these plagues vpon his head,
Was wanton lust and loose lasciuious life,
Burnt with desire, he left his lawfull bed,
For which the ielous *Queene* his angrie wife,
Twixt him and vs stirr'd vp debatefull strife:
Mischiefe pursues the steps that false do proue,
In the firme couenant of finlesse loue.

Vnhappie we, his gracelesse sonnes that were
The rods of heau'ns reuenge for his misdeed,
Did the reward of our rebellion beare,
In vs our fathers curse, the plaguefull meed
Of disobedience after did succeed,
The rods, with which *Ioue* executes his ire,
He oft in iudgement casts into the fire.

When *Henrie* crown'd a King in royall throne
And made in state coequall with our fire,
Attempting oft the soueraignetie alone
In sway of scepter, which he did aspire,
And yet could neuer compasse his desire:
With indignation at his fortunes crost,
Being stricken to the heart his health he lost.

And seeing in sicknesse with repentant eies,
The vglie shape of sinne, heart-freez'd with cold,
Of deathspale terror, he for mercie cries,
And begs but this, that he may but behold
Our fathers face, ere he be wrapt in mould;
Which last request our father him deni'd,
Doubting deceit in death when *Henrie* di'd.

My yonger brother Britaines *Gefferie*,
 A partner with vs in rebellious pride,
 To pay iust paines for his disloyaltie
 Vnto our father, bruized on the side
 With fall from off his horse, vntimely dide,
 In youth cut off, as most vnworthie life,
 That with his father liu'd in rebell strife.

This vengeance for such disobedient sin,
 Vnto my brethren as in mercie sent,
 Might to my future deeds haue caueats bin;
 But I in heart too stubborne to relent,
 And proud Prince *Iohn* did once againe consent,
 To lift rebellious hands against our fire,
 In his last daies when age did rest require.

The French Kings power we did support in field,
 And did in armes the aged King constraîne
 To such dishonor'd tearmes of truce to yeeld,
 That he in heart vnable to sustaine
 The grieve of such disgrace, with sorow flaine,
 In those last words which dying he did breath,
 To vs his curse most iustly did bequeath.

After his death, to shew that grieve and shame
 Of my misdeeds, did put his soule to flight,
 His cold dead corps as I beheld the same,
 Streaming out blood did shew the great despight,
 That it conceiu'd at my detested sight,
 Which forc'd griefes drops to dew my manly face,
 Tought at the heart with shame of such disgrace.

Thus hauing blaz'd out those vnnaturall crimes,
 The wicked brood of my degenerate pride,
 I will no longer vilifie thy rimes :
 Thou now to tell what after did betide
 Vnto the house of Fame, thy Muse must guide,
 And mount her thoughts to th'highest pitch of glorie,
 In lostie straine to sing my golden storie.

No sooner was the kingdomes scepter seene
In my right royall hand, but that in mind
Transform'd I was from what I once had beene,
And turn'd my back to fore-past shame; heau'n shin'd
Vpon my head, thoughts only now enclin'd
To actions of true praise did heau'n aspire,
Forren affaires gaue wings to my desire.

For absolution for my trespasse done
Against my fire, when I did vnderstand
How *Saladine*, the Pagan Prince, had wonne
The sacred Salem and the holy land,
Which Christian Princes did of late command;
The Christian badge I bore vpon my brest,
And did direct my iorney towards the East.

The ablest men through my large Emperie,
That I could chuse for this so great affare,
From England, Guien, Poyctou and Normandie,
From Britaine and from Anioudid prepare
Themselues in best habilliments of warre,
T'insue their fathers steps, and gaine againe
What they had wonne, and we could not retaine.

Report from Rome did tidings daily bring,
Who stood in scare of th'Heathens bold assay,
How mightie *Saladine* the Pagan King,
Had proudly purpos'd Palestines decay,
To glut the gulse of his vnsaciate pray,
Wishing vs hasten to the Christian aid,
Who ouer matcht with power, were much dismay'd.

The warre-god rouz'd with ratling drummes alarme,
Rose vp and left his louely lemmans bed,
Himselfe he for the field did brauely arme,
Tooke vp his mightie launce, and boldly led
Our battels forth, with crosse-fam'd ensignes spred,
On which as marching we infixt our eies,
We hastned on to meet our enemies.

Leauing

666 *King Richard the first.*

Leauing my kingdomes state beneath the sway
 Offoure estates, in peace to keepe the same,
 I crost the seas and tooke my readie way
 To Lyons that French towne; where when I came
 The King I met, then *Philip* call'd by name,
 Who for this great affaire had vow'd to goe
 With his support against the common foe.

Our armies being ioyn'd, we marched on,
 Where that strong bridge that ouerlookes the waue
 Of Rhodanus, beneath our feet did grone,
 And brake, where many, whom no helpe could saue,
 In that blacke strugling streame did find their graue;
 At which dismai'd, to part we did agree,
 And after both to meet in Scicilie.

From hence ore aged *Tythons* purple bed,
 For Scicilie thy Muse must take her flight
 To mount Pelorus, on whose loftie head,
 Let her insift and view our nauall might
 Afloat vpon those seas, so faire a sight,
 King *Philip* on the shore with his French powers
 Did then admire from off Messanaes towers;

There do behold my men in thickest throng,
 Scaling Messanaes walles, and beating downe
 The citie gates in wreake of that foule wrong
 Done gainst vs all by that iniurious towne,
 Who with first conquest did our sword renowne:
 Vpon whose walles our banners we did pight,
 Which did the false French *Philip* much despight.

In spight of hate the cause we did protect
 Of our Queene sister, *Ioan* of Scicilie,
 Whose husband dead, Prince *Tancred* late elect
 To sway the scepter of that Emperie,
 Did with vnfit repulse her due denie,
 Till now at length he by our power compell'd,
 Did yeeld her dowrie, which he long withheld.

Keeping the feast of his natiuitie,
Whose birth true peace t'all humane soules did bring,
In *Tancred's* Court, there first the treacherie
Of faithlesse *Philip*, that ignoble King,
Did shew it it selfe; who did intend to bring
All my designements for the Christian aid,
To ill effect by plots which he had laid.

The stout Scicilian King he did excite
T'invade my campe, and that he might not faile,
He wisht him take th'aduantage of the night;
And lest my dreaded night his mind might quaile,
He with his power would helpe him to assaile;
So much did he maligne my names renowne,
Which all true noble hearts with praise did crowne.

But I that did preferre a royall minde
Before base thoughts of griping auarice,
And Prince-like did with bounties hands strike blinde
The eyes of enuie in mine enemies,
Did finde such grace, that none could preiudice
My name or state, but euen amongst my foes
I found such friends as would the same disclose.

Tancred that did admire the royalties,
That in my Kingly brest did make repose,
Could not conceale the French-mans treacherie;
But with a Kingly sp'rit disdaining those,
That traytors were, this treason did disclose:
Seldome base treacherie it selfe can seat
On the high pitch of Kingly bred conceat.

Philip disgrac'd, did launch into the deepe,
Being bound for Acon that besieged towne,
Where leauing him, thy Muse her course must keepe
Vnto that land, whose name did first renowne
The Queene of loue, and her first altars crowne;
Whence she may safely see how *Neptune* raues,
And wrackes my ships in the Pamphilian waues.

When

When launcht vpon the seas my ships were seene,
 From the Scicilian shore with that sweet Maid,
Nauares faire Berengaria, my new Queene :
Neptune as if he did intend t'haue pray'd
 On my late chosen loue, began t' inuade
 My blacke flectes wooden walles, which he did batter
 With bounding billowes of his rough rouz'd water.

Tempestuous winds, whose swelling cheekes did draw
 The louring clouds full burthened with blacke showers,
 Flew on the waues, which breaking with the flaw,
 Foaming white froth, did rise like loftie towers,
 In roring traine, trooping vp all their powers,
 Darknesse did hide the chearefull face of heau'n,
 Our ships disperst, were each from other driuen.

T'encrease our feare, and make the night more grimme,
 Through heau'ns thicke clouds pale lightning still did flie,
 Whose dazeling flash our mazed sight did dimme,
 While the worlds soueraigne in the thickned skie,
 Aboue our heads did thunder horrible,
 From whence his darts with sulphurie flash he threw,
 Which brimstone-like did sauour as it flew.

The seas did swell, and proudly braue the heau'n,
 The windes did bellow and the billowes rore,
 Many tall ships with gust of tempest driuen,
 To saue themselues from spoile, all desperate bore
 Vnto the hauens of the Cyprian shore,
 Vpon whose strand the barbarous Cypriotes stood
 T'encrease their woes that did escape the flood.

Of those whose barkes did perish in the deepe,
 Some hauing gain'd the shore with life halfe drown'd,
 They tooke, whom as their captiues they did keepe,
 And some by swimming hauing footing found,
 Coming on shore with death they did confound :
 Which when I heard, the storme once blowen away,
 Such wrong with iust reuenge I did repay.

The depth of danger we did vndergo
 To gaine the shore, such ods there was in fight;
 Yet at the last our foes their backes did show,
 And left the shore to vs, but after flight
Isakius their stout King resum'g sp'rit,
 Troopt vp his people, summon'd far and neare,
 And threatned fight when day light should appear.

But to preuent his threats, before the day
 His treasure, standard, horse and royall armes
 In field we tooke, from whence he fled away
 Despoil'd and naked, fearing th'horrid harmes,
 Which through his tents did ring with our alarmes;
 That night, whose next daies light did promise faire
 Vnto his hopes, did end them in despaire.

Heere could I tell the conquest and rich spoile,
 Which for those wrongs, that we did erst sustaine,
 My souldiers made on Cyprus fruitfull soile;
 How false *Isakius* yeelding did remaine
 With me in hold, and fled away againe,
 Whom after taken for his trespassse past,
 In giues of gold I then did shackle fast.

But deeds of more import are to be told,
 Thy Muse must launch with vs from Cyprus shore,
 That on the surging seas she may behold
 Prince *Salphadines* huge barke, whose bosome bore
 Such furniture for warre, sent to restore
 The weakned strength of Acon almost lost,
 Then round besieged by the Christian host.

Salphadine the
 brother of *Sal-*
ladine.

To whom like floting *Delos* on the wave
 We gaue the chase, till turning backe from flight,
 With all her fights set vp she did vs braue,
 And fifteene hundred men all arm'd for fight,
 Vpon her deckes did shew themselves in fight,
 Whom in our gallies thronging in thicke croud,
 My souldiers did assaile with clamours loud.

Of

Oft times with valour the repulse they gaue
 To vs, that sought to boord their ship and scale
 Her wooden walles, so high aboue the waue,
 Till from our bowes, shafts thicke as winters haile,
 Their stoutest hearts with deadly wounds did quaile,
 Who shrinking from the fight my men did boord,
 And in their furie did not spare the sword.

Then did appeare the ruine of the foe,
 Gasping for breath in vaine, sweet life they craue,
 The blood of wounded men did streaming flow
 Into the flood, and heere and there it gaue
 A crimson colour to the siluer waue :
 Whereby through th'English fleet each little boat
 In Pagan blood triumphantly did float.

With that great monster barke two hundred men
 Reseru'd from death, in triumph we did scower
 The seas; to Acons siege begirted then
 By all the Christian host, from whose watch-tower
 The foe-men viewing my approaching power,
 And hearing of my deed vpon the deepe,
 No longer did intend the towne to keepe.

Yet after my arriue they being fed
 With lingring hope, did change their first intent,
 Gainst vs the towne did proudly beare her hed:
 For hearing of a priuate conuoy sent,
 With fresh supplie for their prouision spent,
 Though faint for food, yet they did after sheeld
 Their walles with stout defence and would not yeeld.

To frustrate Acons hopes of such supplies,
 And with some high aduenture to renowne
 Our English name, finding by my espies
 The passage where the carriages came downe,
 From Babylon to that distressed towne;
 I with a band of choice selected men,
 Departed from the Christian host vnseene.

From vnder couert of a thicke-set groue,
On the Carauan first the charge we gaue,
Three thousand burthened Camels in a droue
We from the conuoy tooke, who for to saue
The rest from spoile, at first aloofe did waue,
But when we towards them made, though more they were
In number farre, they tooke the wings of feare.

With many a thousand mule, and many a beast
Of other burthen, we return'd with speed
Vnto the Christian host, where we did feast
Vpon the prey; the towne of this our deed
Inform'd by fame, and forc'd by hungrie need,
Her gates did open of her owne accord,
To saue her sonnes from warres reuengefull sword.

Heere must thy willing Muse desist to tell
Our happie hopefull conquests in the East,
Cauils breake forth, enuie rouz'd vp from hell,
Creepes into false King *Philips* cankred brest,
Who with old hate of my good hap possessest,
Doth by his plots the Austrian Duke excite,
To ioyne with him to worke vs all despight.

As still th'infection of this foule disease,
Contagious venome in their breasts did breed,
So my names greatnesse daily did encrease,
While they on spleene nere satisfied did feed,
Fortune still grac'd me with some glorious deed:
Vertue enui'd shines brighter, like the Sun,
Which breakes through clouds, with which it was orerun.

With enuious eyes, impatient to behold
The golden beames of my sun-shine like fame,
Philip with Austrian Duke hight *Leopald*,
Without respect vnto our Sauours name,
The cause for which to Palestine we came;
Seeming heart-sicke, did thence depart away,
Hoping to leaue me to the foes for pray.

He

He gone, the hand of heau'n that doth dispose
 The course of things, did beare before my brest
 The shield of safetie gainst our Pagan foes;
 With my small troope their powers in field suppress,
 The bordring Christian held his right in rest;
 No crosse euent while I did there abide,
 In honor'd deeds of armes did me betide.

If thou desire those famous acts to know,
 Mount *Perseus* horse, to Ioppa take thy way,
 Which at this time that fatall stone can show,
 To which the Virgin faire *Andromeda*
 In bands was bound, to be the monsters pray;
 There on that rocke thy Muse may sit and see
 Those deeds of fame, that then were done by mee.

Affur can speake my praise, before whose wall
 Great *Saladine* with all his Heathnish host,
 In battell did beneath mine ensignes fall,
 Who in my passage seeking to haue crost
 My way to Ioppa, on that salt sea coast,
 Fought from noone-tide vntill the setting Sun,
 And then did flie, the field we Christians won.

In fortie yeares before the Saracen
 Such losse did not sustaine in Palestine,
 Nor in one battell lost so many men;
 The towring state of mightie *Saladine*
 In this fight shaken, daily did decline:
 That ancient kingdome of the Syrian land
 Did fall from him, and was at our command.

From wel-wall'd Ascalon, that ancient towne
 The Pagans fled with all their golden good,
 Darus did stoope her pride, Affur came downe
 Vpon her knees, Ioppa the port that stood
 Vpon the Syrian shore, before the flood
 With generall deluge did the world overspread,
 Did beare the Christian badge vpon her head.

To follow Fortune brauely marching on;
Who with auspicious looke did seeme to smile,
We did direct our course to Babylon;
But she false Ladie did my hopes beguile,
And forc'd me with mine armie to recoile:
Fame ouer seas on her vnluckie wing
Sad tidings from the West to vs did bring.

Backe backe to England with a grieued heart,
Leauing these blest affaires of th' holy one
Of Israel, we must with grieve depart:
Philip my foe excites my brother *Iohn*
In my long absence to aspire the throne;
My Englands rockie bounds ring with alarmes
Of factious traytors, *Iohn* is vp in armes.

Warn'd by report, my course I did direct
For Englands bounds. But heere thy Muse must know
My fathers curse began to take effect;
Heau'n seem'd to frowne, the sea became my foe,
And earth conspir'd to worke my greater woe;
By seas darke waues and froward winds from heau'n,
Vnto my foes at shore I vp was giuen.

By tempest driuen, from danger to be free,
I made hard shipwracke on the Istrian strand,
Depriu'd of all my traine, excepting three,
Enforc'd I was to make my way by land
Through Austria, to Vienna, that doth stand
Vpon Danubius bankes, that Dukedomes feat,
The bulwarke now gainst Turkish *Mahumer*.

There being descri'd vnto mine ancient foe
The Austrian Duke, I was giuen vp for pray;
Who like himselfe, himselfe to me did show,
Bearing in mind the malice of that day,
When I at Acon for his proud assay,
In taking for his lodging in the towne
The Palace vp, I cast his ensignes downe.

Yet with this Duke not long was my abode :
 For when report of my captiuitie
 Was newly set on wing, and flown abroad,
Henrie then Emperour of Germanie,
 Forgetfull of Emperiall royaltie,
 Of that false Duke that had me fast in hold,
 Greedie of prey, did purchase me for gold.

Vpon that man, whom Fortune doth begin
 To leaue forlorne, who will not seeme to frowne ?
 When he is sunken vp vnto the chin
 In waues of sad distresse, all thrust him downe,
 And suffer him in wretchednesse to drowne :
 They that did enuie my great State before,
 Did wish such State might nere betide me more.

Ambitious *Iohn*, and *Phillip* that false King,
 Taking the time to perfect their intent,
 To *Henrie* did a golden message wing,
 In hope if he to set me free was bent,
 Such purpose with corruption to preuent :
 Which when with terror stricken I did heare,
 No hope I had, no comfort did appeare.

Ignoble age branded with this foule crime,
 This blemish thou canst neuer wipe away;
 When true record shall tell to future time,
 How most vniust the Christian did repay
 His backe returne, that did through death assay,
 Gainst Paganisme t' aduance the Christian name,
 Euen children shall vpbraid thee with the same.

In tempest of this trouble long being tost,
 Sore grieu'd in mind for my captiuitie,
 At length compounding with my greedie host
 Th' Emperour *Henrie*, hight of Germanie,
 With ransome to redeeme my libertie ;
 An hundred thousand pounds I did agree
 To giue to him before I could be free.

Now is my iourney fet on foot againe
For my deare England ; now false *Philip* stormes,
Now *John* repents, and feare doth him constraîne,
In peace to lay downe his rebellious armes,
And by our mother seeke to shun those harmes
Approching on ; t'whom I in reuerence
Of her estate, gaue pardon for his offence.

In England safe arriu'd, the people greet
My glad returne with bright bone-fires and bels,
My royall London in each seuerall street,
By her large gifts and golden glorie tels
Within her walles what faithfull subiects dwels ;
And I in hope that heau'n would blesse my reigne
With better fortunes, crown'd my selfe againe.

But on the swift wings of reuenge for France,
Hasten thy Muse to Vernuile that strong towne,
There see French *Philip* flie before my lance,
And at Vandosine how his armes cast downe,
He flies, and leaues vs treasure and renowne :
Of which two flights, this age doth since that time
To his disgrace record a shamefull rime.

Disgrac'd, he calls the Britons to his aide,
With their yong *Arthur* sonne of *Gefferie*
My brother dead, for which with wrathfull blade
I entred his rich Dukedome Britanie,
And vengeance tooke for his disloyaltie ;
Whence, when my wreake was past, I did aduance
With ensignes spread into the bounds of France:

Where heau'n did blesse me with such fate in fight,
That *Philip* in each field I did repell :
Let *Gamages* and *Vernon* speake his flight,
And at another time let *Gyfors* tell,
How flying from *Curseiles*, with his horse he fell
Into the waues of *Geth*, the bridge brake downe,
Whom mongst his men the streame did almost drowne,

Repulst with shame, he casting in his mind,
 With rags of honor, how to patch the rent
 In his wide wounded name, this shift did find;
 Out of the greatnesse of his mind he sent
 This challenge bold; If I durst giue consent,
 That fīue for him in field should hazard life,
 Against fīue men of mine to end our strife.

To this bold offer I did gladly yeeld,
 Yet interposing this condition,
 That he as chiefest champion in the field,
 Should mongst the fīue vpon his part make one,
 Gainst me on th' aduerse part to fight alone;
 From which, without respect vnto a name,
 Mongst men renown'd he did reuolt with shame.

Yet was a truce concluded twixt vs both,
 To which with willing minde I did encline,
 For that I then had bound my selfe by oath
 Once more to shape my course for Palestine,
 T'employ my valour gainst great *Saladine*:
 But what I did decree, death soone preuents,
 Heau'n beares the chiefest stroke in our intents.

Thy Muse must now put on a mourning weed,
 Death doth begin to shew his ghastly face,
 With sad teares mourner-like let her proceed,
 To Chalus Cheuerell that fatall place,
 Where death with his cold armes did me embrace;
 There let her stand, and on that townes strong wall
 Behold the manner of my haplesse fall.

My treasure spent by my long warres with France,
 And gainst the Pagan for the East parts bound,
 I was inform'd that in my land by chance
 A British Vicount, *Widdomer*, had found
 A wealthie treasure hidden vnder ground;
 For whom when I had sent, he guiltie fled
 To Chalus Cheuerell to hide his head:

Whom

Whom I did follow, hastned on by fate,
And did besiege the towne, where in mine ire
For such indignitie against my State,
I made my vowes thence neuer to retire,
Vntill I should obtaine my iust desire:
Three daies with fierce assault I did assaile,
But all in vaine, my power could not preuaile.

The towne so strongly situated was,
And the stout foes imboldned by the same,
That of our powers they did little passe:
Whose stubborne pride of strength that I might tame,
I chose a Captaine, *Marchades* by name,
To walke with me, and view that fatall towne,
Where t'vndermine her walles and cast them downe.

Each step I treade doth hasten on my end,
And leads to death vnthought vpon, vnscene;
For as with eyes infixt I did attend
The townes foundation, loe an arrow keene
Sent from the towne wall, wounded me betweene
The necke and shoulder with his venom'd poynt,
Iust in the natiue closure of the ioynt.

Deepe was the wound and full of deadly paine,
Yet did it not my mightie minde appall,
Before the towne in siege I did remaine,
Vntill her people did for mercie call,
And prostrate at my feet did humblie fall:
Whom when the raging souldiers in their ire
Would haue deuour'd, I spar'd from spoile and fire.

But death doth hasten my vntimely end,
The wound looks blacke, the poison doth appeare
In his effects, and bids me to commend
My soule to God; my friends who held me deare,
All round about me stand with heauie cheare:
And when I knew that breath began to vade,
I call'd for him that had my life betray'd.

Vnto the man before me brought, whose name
Bertram de Gord'an was, these words I spake,
 What iust offence, quoth I, did cause thee ayme
 At my deare life? or wherefore didst thou take
 Me for thy marke, and in thy ayme forsake
 Hight *Marchades* my friend that by me stood,
 When thou didst shoot thy shaft to shed my blood?

The man with courage turn'd this stout replie:
 Because, said he, thou in thy warres didst kill
 My father and my brethren, therefore I
 Did vow in my reuenge thy blood to spill;
 Which since I haue attain'd and haue my will,
 What do I care though all thy friends do weepe,
 Seeing that mine shall not vnreuenged sleepe?

I did admire that his sterne words were such,
 And yet forgauē his fact, and gaue command
 That none amongst my friends with violent touch
 On him should after lay offense hand;
 And that he might not in their danger stand,
 I gaue him twentie crownes to beare him thence,
 From those that seem'd to threaten his offence.

Thus with my chiefeſt foe my peace I made,
 And when I sensible felt natures waste,
 To friends about me such like words I said:
 Quoth I, come neere, and since all hope is past
 Of longer life, whose line long cannot last,
 Attend my words, and witnesse after death,
 What in my will I to the world bequeath.

To *Iohn* my brother I resigne my crowne;
Arthur is French and rebell to the State:
 Seeke not with wilfull hands to hasten downe
 What I haue built by future times debate:
 Factions will grow, and I foresee the fate,
 The wofull fate that England will betide
 When I am gone, that did enrich her pride.

Not long thy King, deare England, can I be,
Deaths cold begins into my heart to creepe,
No more thy fame can be aduanc'd by me,
To *Iohn* the Prince I tender thee to keepe,
When I with death haue laid me downe to sleepe :
Thus death when I ten yeares had been a King,
T'vntimely end my life and reigne did bring.

My deeds I did atchieue with much vnrest,
Death with blacke period did my deare life close,
In prime of age approuing heau'ns behest,
Which seldome doth allot long life to those
That to their parents proue rebellious foes :
Of which that I may testimony giue,
Let *Cœur de Lion* in remembrance liue.

THE VNFORTVNATE

LIFE AND DEATH OF

King IOHN.



THis Prince to future time, quoth Memorie,
 Remaines a Mirrour of true charitie,
 Who at his death that traytour did forgine,
 Whose bloodie hand did him of life deprive:
 But Marchades for vengeance did suruiue,
 The traytour taken he did fley aline.
 Now to the next, whom vp from graue we bring,
 Prince Iohn the brother of the late dead King:
 He takes the crowne as due to him of gift,
 At whose good fortunes many hands do lift.
 Philip beyond the seas innades his lands;
 Arthur in Aniou with his British bands,
 Pursues the aged mother of the King,
 Who to there scue all his povers doth bring;
 Takes Arthur captiue, and for his disdain
 Sends him to Rouen Castle, whence againe
 He nere returnes: wonders in heaⁿ are scene,
 Treason amongst the Peeres, the wrathfull spleene
 Twixt Romes proud Innocent and stout King Iohn.
 The French afresh innade, the King finds none
 To take his part: the Irish do rebell;
 The Welch breake forth, both whom he doth compell
 To stoop their pride: the curse of Innocent,
 Against whose pride the King stands stiffely bent.
 Philips huge Naxie doth on England frowne,
 The King vnto the Legate yeelds his crowne:

*The Lords rebell, the King is left forlorne,
Abus'd, renil'd, and made his peoples scorne:
Seekes th' aid of strangers, and in his fierce ire,
Flies ore the kingdome like a flaming fire.
The Barons flie from him, and seek: to bring
The French Prince Lewis in, to make him King;
He lands in Kent, London receiues his traine,
From th' haplesse King all fals away againe;
The French mens pride the English sore opprest,
King Iohns reuenge, poore Englands woes encreast:
In midst of hope t' expell his enemies,
The Wretched King at Swynsted poysoned dies.
All which, since many writers in his daies,
Of very malice writ in his dispraise;
That we may heare, let Fame with Summons call
His Princely ghost, to tell his tragicke fall.*

Another Argument.

*Fame calls King Iohn; his griened ghost doth wake,
Comes vp from graue, and heere his turne doth take.*



*Discord the daughter of dissension,
Home-hel-hatcht furie with bewitching charmes,
Doth sooner ruine Casars royall throne,
Then all the imminent inuading harmes,
That can inferred be by forren armes:*

*Where people hate, and where the Prince doth frowne,
What might builds vp, dissension soone puls downe.*

Of

Of which I once that sway'd this scepter State,
 Vniustly wrong'd by Peeres, vnkindly sold
 To wretched fortune by my subiects hate,
 A Mirror might haue been in lines of gold,
 If to this age my storie truth had told:
 But th'vnkind age presents to iudgements eye
 My shame at large, but let my praise go by.

To whom shall I my many wrongs complaine?
 Since false traditions of those enuious times,
 Inuented by my foes, do yet remaine,
 Liuing to euery eye in forged rimes,
 As matter for the sceane obiecting crimes
 Vnto my charge, which firme in censure stands,
 Though nere enacted by my guiltlesse hands.

The long concealed grieve of discontent,
 Which for such vniust scandall I sustaine,
 Vp from the graue my griued ghost hath sent,
 On such sterne people iustly to complaine,
 That vilifie my praise with lips prophane,
 Speaking what then the superstitious wits
 Vnto this age recorded haue in writs.

Could not the enuie of that age be quell'd
 With my last houres vntimely tragedie?
 Could not these burning veines with poison swell'd,
 Their deadly hate against me satisfie?
 O no, in death their malice will not die:
 For which now summon'd by the trumpe of Fame,
 I gladly come to put away such shame.

My royall birth *Plantagenet* can show,
 Stout *Cœur de Lions* life declares the same,
 Who was the second sonne as thou dost know,
 Vnto King *Henrie* second of that name,
 Who grew so great in wealth, in strength and fame,
 His yongest sonne I was, by name hight *Iohn*,
 Next after *Richard* seated on the throne.

Thy lines with spot of that disloyaltie
Against my fire, Ile not defile againe,
Nor will I tell that false conspiracie
Against my brother *Richard*, to obtaine
From him his life, his kingdome, and his raigne :
For he at large doth in his tragedie,
Declare the manner of my treacherie.

Ambitious ayme at greatnesse in the State,
Most incident to men of mightie mind,
At first did bring me in my brothers hate ;
Yet in the end such fauour I did find,
That he to me, though I so most vnkind
Did oft times seeke the fall of his renowne,
Forgaue my fact, and gaue to me his crowne.

With free consent of all this kingdomes Peeres,
Aduanc'd I was to all the royalties
Of my late brother dead, and thrice three yeeres
Inthron'd I was, before my haplesse eies
Were made beholders of those miseries,
Which in deep waues of woe did England drowne,
And brought confusion to my State and Crowne.

In my first rise vnto the kingdomes State,
False France did frowne, and stirred vp the fire
Conceal'd in ashes of our ancient hate,
The yong Duke *Arthur*, as he did require,
Gainst vs rebell'd and did with him conspire ;
Both stretching forth their enuious hands, to crop
My new growen greene vpon our Cedars top.

On the swift whirlewinde of tempestuous warre,
Into Touraine and Aniou th' vtmost bound
Of this our Empire, then inlarg'd so farre,
They furiously did breake, where what they found
In my defence, they laid it waste on ground ;
Of which the Duke proclaim'd himselfe the Lord,
And sought to obtaine it by the threatfull sword.

Warres fearefull earthquake shaking more and more,
 The state of Aniou, I did vnderstand,
 How th' aged Queene my mother *Elinor*,
 Besieged was by *Arthur* with strong hand,
 Within a tower; which on that coast did stand :
 Who sore opprest, and in her mind dismai'd,
 In such distresse did call me to her aid.

Incens'd to heare my nephewes vnkind deed
 Gainst her now in her age, that gaue him breath :
 As dutie bound me, on the wings of speed
 I hastned to the rescue, to vnsheath
 My angrie sword, whose edge did threaten death ;
 A filiall loue to rescue her from harmes,
 Both day and night did make me march in armes.

Before the foes of my approach did heare,
 Such expedition thither I did make,
 That at their backes my ensignes did appeare ;
 At which dismai'd, their siege they did forsake,
 And most did vnto flight themselues betake :
 Of whom were many slaine that stood in fight,
Arthur ynhurt was taken in his flight.

T'whom brought captiu'd before me, thus I spake :
 Cofin, quoth I, what madnesse was that same,
 That moued you these warres to vndertake?
 Why do you thus your royall friends defame,
 In bearing armes in false King *Philips* name?
 Preferre you him in your esteeme more deare,
 Then me, that am to you in blood so neare?

For shame that French mans company forsake,
 Let not his counsell tempt you any more ;
 Turne vnto me, so shall I euer take
 Your cause as mine, and you againe restore
 Vnto my wonted fauour as before :
 With gentle speech thus did I him entreat;
 But thus he made replie with many a threat.

Tyrant, said he, thou dost detaine my right,
 I am, thou knowest, true heire to Englands Crowne :
 Though vniust fortune in this lucklesse fight
 Looke blithe on thee, and on my State do frowne,
 Heau'n may againe aduance what now is downe :
 My friends be free, though I in bands be bound,
 That will not rest vntill thou be vncrown'd.

The arrogant deliuerie of this speech,
 Vnto th'impeachment of our royall right,
 Did in our former loue make such a breach,
 That with contracted brow for such despight,
 We did in rage command him from our fight,
 And did this cruell paine on him impose,
 That he for such offence his eyes should lose.

But when such readie instruments of ill,
 Who for reward act any villanie,
 To Rouen castle came t'effect my will;
Hubert de Bourgh a man of valiancie,
 That then had *Arthur* in his custodie,
 Withstood their purpose, and his part did take,
 Saying, that I those words in furie spake.

The heate of anger cool'd, conscience began
 In th'eare to whisper how I had offended,
 And when I heard how *Hubert* valiant man,
 Preuented had what I in rage intended,
 As reason would, his courage I commended :
 Yet after this by *Arthurs* haplesse woes,
 I did incurre the scandall of my foes.

Close kept in Rouen castle by that Knight,
 Whose wals his steps from starting thence did bound,
 Casting in mind how to escape by flight,
 At last vnfortunate a way he found
 To climbe the wall, that did begirt him round ;
 A forward mind impatient to sustaine,
 The losse of freedome did procure his baine.

Haste prickt him forward to redeeme the time,
 Greedie desire his freedome to regaine,
 About the castle walles did cause him clime;
 From whence as enuious fate did first ordaine,
 He downe did fall into the riuer Seyne:
 Whose waues against that castle wals did swell,
 Where to the world he breath'd his last farewell.

He dead, vnto my charge false *Philip* laid
 That in his blood I had imbru'd my hands,
 And in reuenge thereof did craue the aid
 Of many Princes, who with warlike bands
 Did in their rage depopulate my lands:
 T'whose distresse with aid I could not come,
 Worse fortunes did befall me heere at home.

Mischiefe on mischief fals t'encrease my woes,
 At home my faithlesse Barons do rebell,
 The Irish rise, the Welch turn'd treacherous foes,
 And enuie, lest this monster I should quell
 Of many heads, her selfe comes vp from hell,
 And stirres vp Rome to ioyne her hands with hate;
 No King did fall beneath so hard a fate.

The heau'ns foretold such things before their time,
 Before my haplesse hand that cup did take,
 In whose blacke deadly wine my death did swim,
 Th'whole aggregate of heau'n did seeme to shake,
 Sad signes on earth my tragicke fall forespake:
 Seldome such fatall deeds of death are done,
 But prodigies do their euent foretun.

Before the founder of that famous tower,
 Which ouer looks our Thames siluer cleare,
 Did in the Senate meet his liues late hower,
 Horrid ostents and accents full of feare,
 To many Roman eyes did oft appeare,
 The graues did open, and the dead did rise,
 Filling the streets with lamentable cries.

Before stout *Brutus* that proud Roman Lord,
Whose bloodie hand strooke mightie *Cesar* dead,
With fatall blade his owne deare bodie gor'd,
Strange apparitions, full of feare and dread
Foretold his heart blood should ere long be shead:
Dead *Cesars* ghost spake to him in his tent,
The night before his tragicke deaths euent.

Before proud *Commodus* that Roman King,
With violent poyson did the combate trie,
Heau'n many wonders vnto light did bring,
And many dreadfull meteors blaz'd in skie,
Flames of bright fire out of the earth did flie,
Before he tooke that fatall cup of wine,
Of faithlesse *Martia* his false Concubine.

Before those mischiefes then were set abroch,
Which did infect the peace of my estate,
Before that lucklesse houre did then approch,
In which that desperate villan did await
With deadly wassaile to abridge my fate:
Heau'n did behold the earth with heauie cheare,
And plaguefull meteors did in both appeare.

Fiue moones were in heau'ns concaue nightly seene,
As if that heau'n vpon our state below,
Foreseeing our harmes compassionate had been,
And had foresent them with their shine to show
To purblind England her approaching woe:
Who not being warn'd by them of future harmes,
Was after wakened by tempestuous stormes.

The earthquake-making God, to warne vs all,
With violent hand shooke earths foundation,
And from his thickned clouds in stormes let fall
Such showers of ycie bals, that vnto none
In former times the like had ere been knowne:
For every hailestone of such thicknesse was,
That it in compasse did foure inches passe.

Fire making rupture through the earth did breake,
 And burned many a towne and steeple high,
 Ghosts in high-waies were often heard to speake,
 And spirits in shapes of birds in darksome skie,
 With fire in their beakes about did flie ;

Wherewith they did afflict much scath and woe
 Vpon the countrie, flying to and fro.

O stubborne England, that with such foresigne
 From future euill couldst not warned bee ;
 When heau'n and earth destruction did diuine,
 For thy rebellious sinne to fall on thee,
 Why didst thou close thy eyes and would'st not see ?
 When God did thunder iudgement in thine eare,
 Why wert thou deafe, as if thou would'st not heare ?

For pitie reade thy ruine, drawing nigh,
 Vpon the crysell battlements of heauen,
 Where grau'd in golden letters to each eie,
 Thou maiest behold thy wretched kingdome giuen
 Into a strangers hand ; thy sad King driven
 To flie from thee forlorne and leaue his State,
 Sold to misfortune by his subiects hate.

Let times blacke hand blot out the memorie
 Of that vile age, and let it not be said
 That *John* did euer guide this Emperie,
 That future time with shame may not vpbraide
 This nations name, by whom I was betraid,
 And say that subiects yet did neuer bring
 Such grieuous wrongs vpon a wretched King.

To guide thy Muse, that she the cause may know
 Whence first these euils in the State did spring,
 To blood-built Rome, our Albions ancient foe,
 Nurse of all factions, let her take swift wing,
 That when this wofull storie she shall sing,
 She truly may define the Roman hate,
 Which first did broch these mischiefes in our State.

When

When as our Englands Metropolitan
Leauing his life, had left at emptie chaire,
I did elect a right religious man,
Who with the best might in those daies compare,
For habitude to manage that affaire;
In whose behalfe at Rome I did entreate,
That he might be installed in that seate.

Great Rome then in the ruffe of all her pride,
Deiects my suite with proud contempt, and chose
Langton, a man vnfit that place to guide,
On which such trust in State we did repose,
Since he was nurst in France amongst our foes;
And might in time, bearing such rule in State,
Vnto my fortunes worke vnluckie fate.

For this with Romes proud Priest thus I contend,
Thinke not, said I, that I that right will yeeld,
On which my royaltie doth sole depend,
The same in spight of hate I trust to shield,
While I shall liue this scepters state to wield:
No power on earth in my despight shall place
A stranger in my Realme to my disgrace.

If my decreed election may not stand,
I vow by heau'n, henceforth I will restraine
Those passages to Rome out of this land,
Which you hereafter will repent in vaine,
Since by the same you haue no little gaine:
For what need we to Rome a gadding go,
Since many learned men this land can show?

Hence grew the hate that after did ensue,
Heaping on wrongs vpon my griued head:
Romes *Innocent* when he these lines did view,
Kindled with wrath, on raging furie fed,
Which through his brest a deadly venom spred:
Whose breath did soone infect our subiects blood,
And bred a plague vnto the generall good.

Thinking it shame to his pompaticke State,
 To winke at my contempt of his command,
 With lips prophane, big swolne with eager hate,
 He breaths his curse gainst me, and gainst my land,
 To last so long as I his will withstand;
 And lockes vp all Church gates by his great word,
 Forbidding vs acesse vnto the Lord.

Thou proud vsurper of our *Peters* key,
 Behold thy sinne, and blush at thy foule shame,
 Why didst thou locke the gate that leads the way
 Vnto the holy place? why didst thou name
 Thy selfe the rocke on whom that power that came
 To saue the world, his sacred Church should found,
 And yet didst cast it then vnto the ground?

My people frightned with the roaring threat
 Of wrathfull Bulles to England daily sent,
 Their due alleageance to their Lord forget;
 Th'inglorious Peeres, as if the gouernment
 Had been transferr'd from *Iohn* to *Innocent*,
 Did shrinke from me, and would not by me stand,
 For th'impeacht priuiledge of our free land.

Yet could all this not stoope my noble hart,
 The rebell Priests, that did at his command
 Pronounce his curse prophane, did feelee the smart
 Of their offence, and from my furious hand
 To escape my vow'd reuenge, did flie the land,
 Leauing their sweet possessions for a pray,
 Which to my friends I freely gaue away.

After this curse it seem'd my blisse begun:
 For when the stubborne Irish did rebell,
 Meth witnesse be of my atchieuements done;
 And let cold Snowdens barren mountaines tell,
 How the rebellious Welch my hand did quell:
 No wofull fate befell me at this season,
 Till my false Peeres began to practise treason.

Infected with this curse, and hauing lost
 My wonted loue, they did with Rome consent:
 For as to Wales I marched with my host,
 The Scottish King their malice to preuent,
 Did send me letters of their whole intent,
 How they were bent, if I did forward goe,
 To kill me, or betray me to my foe.

Perplex in mind, thenceforth I stood in feare
 Of ruine threatned to my life and State:
 France did oppresse me, and the Welch did beare
 Rebellious armes: but such was my hard fate,
 None could oppose them through my Barons hate:
 Yet I, on whom mine owne no mercie haue,
 In their distresse to straungers comfort gaue.

To me with care opprest, the Scottish King
 Letters did send full fraught with lines of woe,
 Which vnto me his sonne the Prince did bring,
 By which he moued me, though once my foe,
 On his oppressed age remorse to show:
 For his base subiects gainst him did arise,
 And for his age his person did despise.

A mightie host with speed I did prepare,
 With which enrag'd, I into Scotland went,
 Where, in that warre my sword but few did spare,
 That gainst their aged King their powers had bent,
 To take from him his crowne and gouernment:
Guthred mac William cause of all this strife,
 Did with a traytors death shut vp his life.

But let vs turne vs backe from Scotlands bounds,
 At home to view th' effects of Roman hate:
 There see how *Innocent* inflicts fresh wounds
 Vpon the mangled bodie of our State,
 Who since that no old mischiefe could abate
 The spirit inuincible of my great mind,
 To make me stoope, new mischiefes now did find.

By power of his vsurpt authoritie,
 He did absolue all subiects in my land,
 That by alleageance were oblig'd to me;
 Then would he put into King *Philips* hand,
 The crowne and royall scepter of this land;
 If he from hence could me expell by might,
 Or take my life away by treacherous flight.

Thou that dost ride vpon the backes of Kings,
 Yet feines to walke the steps of our deare Lord,
 Thou that dost make a cloake of holy things
 To hide thy shame, and leau'st the sacred word,
 T'oppose the Lords anointed with the sword:
 Is this the path that th'holy one did passe?
 When he to *Cesar* gaue, what *Cesars* was.

How canst thou wash thy hands of these foule crimes,
 When thou didst make this kingdomes crowne my shame?
 Let not posteritie in future times,
 Impute this fact to Englands *Iohn* for blame,
 That Rome did force him stoope to such defame:
 Since mine owne friends with all the world did frowne,
 Before proud Rome could cause me yeeld my crowne.

See on the seas where France her way doth take,
 To plucke me from my throne by force of hand:
 See how my faithlesse Barons me forsake,
 And rather readie be themselves to band
 Against their Prince, then in his quarrell stand:
 Yea see my household folke do me forgoe,
 And lift vp rebell hands to helpe my foe.

The stiffe-neckt Priests the subiect to excite
 Against his King, a prophet did procure,
 Who by the skill of his propheticke sight,
 Of peace to come the people should assure,
 And that as King I should not long endure:
 To which th'vnconstant people credit gaue,
 Whose minds in State do alterations craue.

In this distresse, in vaine I striue to stand
 Against th'approching shame which I lament,
 Besieged round with feare on euery hand,
 Not knowing how such mischiefe to preuent,
Pandulph the Legate comes from *Innocent*,
 To know if yet th'effects of his proud frowne,
 Had in such dangers brought my stomack downe.

O vnkind England now behold and see
 Thy wronged King forlorne, and forc'd by feare
 To yeeld his crowne vpon his bended knee.
 O deepe disgrace, that any Prince can beare,
 O that such pride in Prelates euer were:
Pandulph in signe that I my finnes repent,
 Receiues my crowne giu'n vp to *Innocent*.

Remitting former faults with gracious doome,
 And hauing kept my crowne for fise daies space,
 As made contributorie vnto Rome,
 The same againe he on my head did place,
 And with my former title did me grace:
 To the French King likewise with speed he went,
 Charging him leaue his course for England bent.

But he in hope the Diademe to gaine,
 Would not desist: but with a nauie came
 Of twice foure hundred ships vpon the maine;
 Whose powers t'oppose, proud *Pandulph* did proclame,
 That all men should in *Innocentius* name
 Lift vp their hands, & avert those threatned harmes,
 Whereby the shores were stuf with men of armes.

Fiue hundred saile well man'd against the foes;
 I launcht into the seas with them to fight;
 And for the Generall of the fight I chose
 My bastard brother, *William Longespée* hight,
 Of those our troublous times the brauest Knight,
 Who at this time his valiancie did show,
 In this sea-fight against th'invading foe.

Gainst whom they fought with such successfull hands,
 That on our side the conquest did remaine :
Philip disgrac'd with his dismembred bands,
 Vnto his home returned backe againe,
 There to recure the losse he did sustaine :
 While I in vaine do seeke to heale my State,
 All rent and torne by mutinous debate.

Out of the ruines of my countries woe,
 What I to raise did carefull hands applie,
 My rebell Barons downe againe did throw;
 To take aduantage, while my miserie
 Is yet but fresh, they me in field defie,
 For that to their demands I gaue no care,
 Which to mine honor preiudiciall were.

By friends forlorne, they forced me by might
 To yeeld to them, to my disgrace and shame :
 The thought of which, and of that great despight
 Done by *Romes Innocent*, did so inflame
 My heart with furie, that I did exclaim
 Vpon my fates that did my daies prolong,
 In which I was ordain'd to indure such wrong.

Of mine owne seruants left all desolate,
 But seuen in number did with me remaine,
 Pursu'd by most disloyall peoples hate;
 Oft with meane food my life I did sustaine,
 Left they by poyson should procure my bane :
 And for my safetie with those few approued,
 In strange disguise I to and fro remoued.

In this distresse into the Ile of Wight
 My selfe in secret wise I did conuey,
 Where while I did remaine, in my despight
 Each slaue, whose heart my name could once affray,
 With barbarous taunts vpon the same did play :
 Some call'd me fisherman, some rousing thiefe,
 That fled the land, at seas to find reliefe.

Such wrongs with patience I did seeme to beare,
Dissembling wrath in my reuengefull mind,
To such reports I seem'd to giue no eare :
But still did lie, as vnto peace inclin'd,
Till I fit opportunitie did find :

For in the end when I return'd againe,
For such contempt they paid me double paine.

Receiuing aid from friends beyond the seas,
Like to a tempest stooping downe from heau'n,
With spoilefull hands my kingdome I did sease,
All in my furie were to slaughter giuen,
My Barons into flight with terror driuen ;
Fled from my face, and sought their heads to hide
For their misdeeds, in field none durst abide.

They all vnable to withstand my might,
Not with submission milde did mercie craue:
To do to me and mine the more despight,
To France they sent, desiring for to haue
Prince *Lewis* to their King, to whom they gaue
Their promise to aduance him to the crowne,
And as a tyrant King to cast me downe.

King *Philip* fostering malice in his mind,
And gainst me such aduantage hauing found,
Though no pretence of title he could find,
Whereon his purpos'd enterprise to ground :
Yet stretcht he out his arme our State to wound,
And take from me and my posteritie,
Our diademe and Kingly royaltie.

For his proud sonne Prince *Lewis* he did send,
With many a troope and many a warlike band,
Whose wisht accesse my Barons did attend,
With all their troopes vpon the Kentish strand,
Where with his host French *Lewis* first tooke land ;
Whence with those traytors he to London went,
Which in this treason did with them consent.

Then did begin my former miserie,
 For those, in whom chiefe trust I did repose,
 Those stranger souldiers all from me did flie,
 Except some few, that did lament my woes,
 And Douer castle kept against my foes,
 Vnto whose trust I did the same betake,
 All other seeming friends did me forsake.

But see the iudgement of almightie *Ioue*,
 On the disloyall people of this land :
 The conquering French, whose nature is to proue,
 Insulting ouer whom they beare command,
 Now being Lords of all, with heauie hand
 The English people did begin t'oppresse,
 Who could not helpe themselues in this distresse.

Thus did the King of heau'n iust vengeance take
 On them, for their vniust disloyaltie :
 My part he did not vtterly forsake,
 But in the end did force my foes to flie,
 And leaue the crowne to my posteritie ;
 For he did chuse out one amongst the foe,
 To be our enemies chiefe ouerthrow.

There was a noble minded man of France,
 Vicount of Melum, and a French man borne,
 Who falling sicke did waile the sad mischance
 Of th'English, iustly made false Fortunes scorne,
 That thus had left their King to liue forlorne :
 Yea with remorse his conscience it did sting,
 To see the subiect so oppresse the King.

When death in him began his due to take,
 He for my nobles secretly did send,
 To whom with fainting voice these words he spake :
 My friends, quoth he, vnto my words attend,
 Which shall ere long for euermore haue end ;
 Attend I say, conscience bids me impart
 The things that now lie heauie on my hart.

Woe to the wretched people of this land,
Which do their Soueraigne Lord and King forsake :
Woe to your selues, that for your King should stand,
Of whom a scorne vnto the world ye make;
And woe vnto your children for your sake :
Yea woe to England euermore shall be,
Vnlesse with speed ye seeke some remedie.

Lewis our Prince of late hath deeply sworne,
And with him sixteene Earles and Barons more,
That ye, that now haue left your King forlorne,
Shall die the death, or else exil'd deplore
Your case in forren parts for euermore :
Then let each Peere with speed draw forth his sword,
To helpe himselfe and his distressed Lord.

If conscience cause me to bemoane the chance
Of this so braue a King, which ye possesse,
To whom I am a stranger borne in France ;
Yea once his foe, though now as ye may gesse,
I as a friend bewaile his sad distresse;
How then should ye that are his Liegemen borne,
For this his sad mishap with sorow mourne ?

Affist him then as dutie doth you bind,
Pitie your selues and your posteritie :
And keepe what I haue spoken in your mind,
Of which no more to you I can descric ;
For now my heart doth faile and I must die.

*Adieu pourtant, Adieu à chascun amy.
Adieu ie dis ma vie ce fini.*

My Peeres forewarned of such treacherie,
And with remorse viewing their natie lands
Betrai'd to spoile by their disloyaltie,
Did cast in mind how they with helping hands
Might best restore themselves from captiue bands ;
And hoping now my grace againe to win,
From *Lewis* to decline they did begin.

Vpon

Vpon th'insulting French to powre my spleene,
 Throughout my kingdomes bounds I did proclaime,
 That all my subiects that had wronged been
 By forren foes, if vnto me they came
 With minds for fight, I would reuenge the same:
 Whereby with speed came many a worthie wight
 Vnder my standard gainst the French to fight.

Like raging storme blowne out of *Boreas* mouth,
 With violent furie I did force my way,
 From East to West, from North vnto the South
 Destroying all things, that before vs lay;
 Which did our aduersaries so dismay,
 That none durst stand t'oppose vs in the field,
 But readie way vnto our will did yeeld.

Had proud Prince *Lewis* met with me in fight,
 Our quarrell by the dint of sword to trie,
 Soone should I haue obtain'd my kingdomes right,
 And made th'vsurping Prince from hence to flie,
 Who did support my Peeres disloyaltie:
 But treason stretched out her deadly hand,
 Who twixt the French and my reuenge did stand.

In Swinsted Abbie witnesse of my wrong,
 A Monke there was, the worker of my bane,
 Who heard me vow that if I liued long,
 Through England I would raise the price of graine;
 To plague my subiects for their proud disdain:
 Which was the cause, as fates did first decree,
 For which this villan Monke did poyson mee.

To vent the poisoned thoughts of his false brest,
 Loe all alone in dead time of the night,
 When euery one had laid him downe to rest,
 When aire was hush't, when from the welkin-bright
 The golden stars did cast a glimmering light,
 He forth did walke into a garden by,
 For to effect his wicked treacherie.

There

There as this villan wandred to and fro,
To find some weed that had the power t'expell
The vitall spirit, or any aduerse foe
To humane life, some kind of serpent fell,
Or any thing that did with poyson swell:
At last an vglie toad he haplesse found,
Big swolne with poyson crawling on the ground:

With which full glad he did returne againe,
And to his chamber secretly did goe,
Where with his pen-knife he did pricke and paine
The lothsome toade, from whom the blood did floe,
By which the wicked Monke did worke my woe:
For poison which the toade did vomit vp,
With wine he mixed in a fatall cup.

With which to me he came, and thus he spake,
(My Liege) said he, a cup of wine I bring,
Of which if that your Grace a taste will take,
It will abate the edge of sorowes sting,
Which deeply seemes to wound my griued King;
With it to Englands health I will begin,
Whose woes for euermore be drown'd herein.

Thus did this villan drinke, and dranke his last,
And after vnto me the cup he gaue,
Of which misdeeming nought, I straight did taste,
Which done, not all the world my life could saue,
So deadly was it tempered by the slaue;
Th'effects whereof before my death were knowne,
Which came to passe immediatly thereon.

For when the raging venome had disspread
It selfe throughout my bodie by the veines,
My blood did boile, my heart began to dread,
My bodie swell'd, and when no hope remains
Of any helpe to remedie such paines:
I for the Monke did call to haue his head,
But one did answere make, that he was dead.

Then

Then God (quoth I) haue mercie on my soule,
 For of this wretched world no man am I,
 Seeing nothing may this venoms force controule:
 For sensible I feele how it doth lie
 Vpon my woefull heart, and I must die:
 Wherefore my sonne fetch hither vnto mee,
 That I before I die his face may see.

The child being brought, for then he was a child,
 To him I thus did speake with weeping eie:
 My sonne (quoth I) on whom my hopes I build;
 Come neere to me, where heere in paine I lie,
 Come neere and haue my blessing ere I die,
 Nought else to thee is left for me to leaue,
 Since of my crowne my foes do me bereaue.

Wherefore ye heau'ns who do behold my woes,
 Now at my death giue eare vnto my prayer,
 Protect this child of mine from all his foes:
 And for your mercies sake this infant spare,
 Whose tender age doth want your tender care;
 Else will that roring Lion *Lewis* kill
 This litle lambe, though he hath done none ill.

And thou (my litle sonne) take heed by me,
 That thou thy Peeres and peoples loue procure,
 Contend not thou with thy nobilitie;
 So shall thy State and kingdome long endure,
 And thou from forren foes liue safe and sure:
 For my false subiects vnderferued hate
 Did worke my woe, which I repent too late.

(Renowned *Pembroke*) thou hast left my foe,
 Be thou Protector to this pretie boy,
 And for the fathers sake thy fauour show:
 When I am gone do thou thy strength employ
 Against all those that seeke this childs annoy.
 And ye my other Peeres, who once haue ben
 My foes, proue now true hearted noble men.

Redeeme

Redeeme your countrey from that captiue woe,
Which from the roote of ciuill discord grew :
Ioyne hearts and hands against the common foe ;
Forget old wrongs, vnto the Prince proue true.
Farewell, my daies be done, I die, adew.

Thus after twice nine yeares of rule in State,
Ilost both life and rule by timelesse fate.

Behold the last effects of *Henries* curse
On his last sonne, for his rebellious pride :
Let Princes learne, that where debate, the nurce
Of discord, doth the Prince and Peeres diuide,
Nought but destruction can that State betide :
Of which let that sad time of my short reigne,
A Mirrour vnto future time remaine.

THE

THE WOLFVL LIFE AND DEATH OF KING EDWARD the second.



WRiters (quoth *Memorie*) were much to blame
Of Iohn, that noble Prince, to speake such shame;
But little credit vnto them we giue,
Since they were foes to him, when he did liue.
His first sonne Henrie, third of that same name,
Did him succeed, and with his sword did tame
That French Prince Lewis, whom he forc'd by might
To leaue this kingdome, due to him of right.
Edward his sonne, the first that bore that name
Since Williams conquest made, whose noble fame
Shall neuer die, did in the throne succeed,
And in his daies wrought many a worthie deed:
Yet neither of these Princes both did feele
Th' inconstant course of Fortunes froward wheele;
That Edward of Carnaruan, third from Iohn,
Is next in course, whom we must stay vpon;
He in the first spring of his fatall raigne
Recals the banisht Gaueston againe,
Exil'd before by his renowned Sire,
At whose proud taunts the Peeres being set on fire,
Do quench it with his blood: the angrie King
Vowes his reuenge, the valiant Breuce doth bring
His powers into the field, and in the fight
At Banokesborne turnes th' English into flight:

Heau'n, dearth, and death foretels the sad euent,
 Which did ensue vpon the river Trent.
 The Queene is sent to France the peace t'haue mou'd,
 Proues false, retournes againe with her belou'd;
 Arriuies in armes, gainst whom the King craues aid,
 Who left forlorne, and at the last betrai'd,
 Imprison'd, and enforc'd by parlament,
 Unto his sonne resignes the gouernment:
 On him depos'd, more mischiese to inferre,
 His Queene, the Bishop, and her Mortimer,
 In darke enigma do conclude his death:
 And lest that he should seeme t'expire his breath,
 By violent hand a torment they deuise,
 By which the King in Bercklie castle dies:
 Of which that we th'undoubted truth may hane,
 Let Fame call vp his wronged ghost from graue.

Another Argument.

Fame summons vp the King: in brieffe he shoves
 How Queene, Peeres, people, all did him depose.



That subtile serpent, seruite flatterie,
 Seldome infects the meaner man, that feares
 No change of State through Fortunes treacherie;
 She spits her poison at the mightiest Peeres,
 And with her charmes enchants the Princes eares:
 In sweetest wood the worme doth soonest breed,
 The Caterpillar on best buds doth feed.

If flie dissimulation credit winne
 With any Prince, that sits on highest throne,
 With honied poyson of soure sugred sinne,
 It causeth him turne tyrant to his owne,
 And to his State workes swift confusion,
 Aboue his cedars top it high doth shoot,
 And canker-like deuoures it to the root.

Of which that thou a perfect Mirrour haue,
 The wronged ghost of that deposed King,
 Carnaruans *Edward* hath forgone his graue,
 Who doth with him such dolefull tidings bring,
 That yet thy Muse the like did neuer sing:
 Those sad mishaps which she before did show,
 Compar'd to mine are counterfeits of woe.

To strengthen her complaint before she sing,
 And drowne her griued thoughts in depth of woe:
 (Yee mured ghosts, that vnder nights black wing,
 In vncouth paths doe wander to and fro,
 And oft in sighfull groanes your grieve do show)
 Haste vnto vs, and hauing heard our wrong,
 Help with your shrieks to make a mourneful song.

The quill of some sad Turtles wing applie
 That mourn'd so long, till grieve did strike her dead;
 Blood be thy incke, which when it waxeth drie,
 Moistnen with teares; and when all thine are shed,
 From euery eye, that haps these lines to reade,
 Let euery verse compos'd, such sad sound beare,
 That for each word it may enforce a teare.

(Sorrow, Distresse, and all that can befound,
 Which once did helpe me waile my woefull smart,
 When fatall *Bercklys* buildings did resound
 The echoing complaints of my poore hart)
 Grant your acesse, and helpe to beare a part,
 That our sad Muse more ruthfully may sing,
 The storie of a dead deposed King.

Itell of honie-soothing parasites,
Of stubborne Peeres, who louing sterne debate,
Did boldly braue me in two bloodie fights,
Of a proud Prelates plots, of peoples hate,
Of the sad ruine of a royall State;
And of a Queene betrai'd to fond desire,
Who too too cruell did my death conspire.

To the first *Edward*, since the Normans name
Grew famous for their crown'd-grac'd victorie,
The fourth of six of his faire sonnes I am,
Mongst whom I was ordain'd by destinie,
To sway the Scepter of this Emperie;
Before my Kingly father left to liue,
The first three borne to death his due did giue.

I did suruiue, the yongest of the foure,
And did succeed my fire in royall chaire:
But did not treade the path which he before
Had with his vertuous foot-steps bearen faire;
Birth binds not vertue to succeed in th'heire,
Else why did I of such illustrate race,
Obscure his vertuous deeds with my disgrace?

Had I but tract the steps of such a fire
To perfect that great worke, which he begun,
Had princely thoughts but mounted my desire
T'assay like glorious deeds, which he had done,
O what a prize of honor had I wonne!
But discord sent from hell did ruine bring,
Euen at that time, that I was crown'd a King.

As th'holy Priest with sanctified hand
The precious vnguent on my head should powre,
And as before the Altar I did stand,
Discord the furie sent from that blacke shore
By damned *Dis* where *Phlegeton* doth rore,
Shapt like th'appointed Priest whose hallowed hand
Should me annoint, by me vnknowne did stand:

704 *King Edward the second.*

If flie dissimulation credit winne
 With any Prince, that sits on highest throne,
 With honied poyson of soure sugred sinne,
 It causeth him turne tyrant to his owne,
 And to his State workes swift confusion,
 Aboue his cedars top it high doth shoot,
 And canker-like deuoures it to the root.

Of which that thou a perfect Mirroure haue,
 The wronged ghost of that deposed King,
 Carnaruans *Edward* hath forgone his graue,
 Who doth with him such dolefull tidings bring,
 That yet thy Muse the like did neuer sing :
 Those sad mishaps which she before did show,
 Compar'd to mine are counterfeits of woe.

To strengthen her complaint before she sing,
 And drowne her grieued thoughts in depth of woe :
 (Yee mured ghosts, that vnder nights black wing,
 In vncouth paths doe wander to and fro,
 And oft in sighfull groanes your grieve do show)
 Haste vnto vs, and hauing heard our wrong,
 Help with your shrieks to make a mournful song.

The quill of some sad Turtles wing applie
 That mourn'd so long, till grieve did strike her dead ;
 Blood be thy incke, which when it waxeth drie,
 Moisten with teares ; and when all thine are shed,
 From euery eye, that haps these lines to reade,
 Let euery verse compos'd, such sad sound beare,
 That for each word it may enforce a teare.

(Sorow, Distresse, and all that can befound,
 Which once did helpe me waile my woefull smart,
 When fatall *Bercklys* buildings did resound
 The echoing complaints of my poore hart)
 Grant your acceffe, and helpe to beare a part,
 That our sad Muse more ruthfully may sing,
 The storie of a dead deposed King.

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Should me annoint, by me vnknowne did stand:

Approching nigh, the venome she did shed
 Of sad *Cocytus* poole, which she did bring
 In her blacke viall on my haplesse head,
 Whose banefull sauour borne on furies wing,
 Did not alone infect th'anointed King;
 But round diffus'd, as sent from Peere to Peere,
 Did poyson those high bloods that present were.

The ranke contagion of this foule disease
 With rauing looke the mightiest in the State,
 Whose desperate rage with remedie t'appease,
 Warre rouz'd himselfe at home, who had of late
 Slept in the bosome of pernicious hate;
 And did incite them in pretence of good,
 With their owne swords to let their bodies blood.

I most remorselesse of that impious age,
 That did not only then deny your aide
 To your deare countrie, when with barbarous rage
 The bordering foes her bosome did inuade,
 And in her wombe such ghastly wounds had made,
 But as a nation borne of vipers brood,
 O shame to tell, did daily sucke her blood.

Great Queene of sea-siedg'd Iles, what canst thou show
 Of that good hap, when *Edward* thy late King
 Did safely bulwarke thee against thy foe?
 Thy *Edward* now doth with his minions sing,
 While thou thy hands in wretchednesse dost wring:
 And *Brewse* doth mangle thee with many a scarre,
 While thy proud Peeres prepare for ciuill warre.

In our discourse, that we a method haue
 Of euery action, let vs briefly tell
 In his due place, which time and order gaue:
 And that we may first know those causes well,
 From whence these sad effects produc'd befell,
 In the respectiue scope of this our storie,
 Let vs looke backe to *Edwards* daies of glorie.

In the fresh blossome of my youthfull spring,
Sucking the sugered poison of delight,
Euen then when with strict hand the carefull King
Kept backe my youth, I on the baites did bite
Of *Gaueston*, that soothing Parasite:

A yong Esquire of Gascoyne in faire feature,
Shapt like an Angell; but of euill nature.

My royall father, who with iudgements eie
Could sound the depth of things, perceiuing well
How follie did by him her charmes apolie,
T' inchaunt my youth; such mischiese to repell,
Did him exile, left by the powerfull spell
Of his allurements drawne from all renowne,
I should be made vnworthie of a crowne.

(O prudent Prince!) the depth of that decree
Which heau'n did purpose by my *Gaueston*,
Too secret was for humane sense to see,
Who did ordaine, that exil'd Minion
To ruine *Edward* and thy royall throne;
For though an exile he did then depart,
Yet with him went thy wanton *Edwards* heart.

Too late it was that obiect to remoue,
To whom in Fancies cup I long before
Had quaff'd so deepe, that surfetting with loue,
Heart-sicke I was till time did him restore,
And set him once againe on Englands shore;
Forgetfull of my faith to *Edward* dead,
Not to reuoke, whom he had banished.

His bones were yet scarce cold, his royall throne
Scarce warme beneath me was, when in the same
I did embrace my deare, lou'd *Gaueston*,
Who as infected with contagious shame
Of some corrupted place, from whence he came,
Throughout the land in little space did spread,
That foule disease which our destruction bread.

In Court the leprous spots of his delights
 Vnto the Palace wals so fast do cleaue,
 That from my prefence all the noblest wights
 Withdraw themfelues, and in their roomes do leaue
 Those vp-starts base, who them of grace bereaue;
 No man is held to be the Kings true friend,
 But he that doth his *Gaueſton* commend.

His lips were made the oracles, from whence
 I tooke aduice, he in the counsell fits,
 Graue States as enemies are banisht thence,
 The shallow-brain'd yong giddie-headed wits,
 Our wanton humour with beſt counsell fits,
 The ſage inſtructions of the wiſemans mouth;
 Do ſound harſh muſike in the eares of youth.

This was the ſpring, from whence at firſt did floe
 Thoſe ſtreames of ſtrife, which riſing like a flood
 Do ouerwhelme my State in waues of woe,
 Which threat confuſion to the common good,
 Which firſt in death do coole my Barons blood;
 And which yet ſwelling higher, laſtly bring
 A violent downefall to a royall King.

My *Gaueſton* in maielties great armes
 Being ſafely hug'd, no change of fortune feares:
 He wantons with the King, ſoothes his owne harmes,
 He playes the Buffons part, he flouts and ieers
 The courtly actions of the honor'd Peeres;
 The great in counsell and the noble borne,
 Are made the ſubieſt of his hatefull ſcorne.

Sterne wrath to let looſe rage, ſteps vp from hell,
 Conducts my Peeres from court vnto the campe,
 She claps her hands and with a countnance fell,
 Gnashing her teeth doth fiercely raue and rampe,
 And with her feet vpon the ground doth ſtampe:
 Then whets them to reuenge in their raſh mood,
 Whoſe furious thiſt muſt be allaid with blood.

Twice was my minion as an exile sent
To forren shores, their furie to reſtraine,
And twice againe reuokte with their aſſent,
Who now no longer able to refraine,
Prouokte with daily wrongs of his diſdaine,
He being betrai'd, for vengeance all do call,
On Gauers heath where *Gauelton* did fall.

They wreake their vengeance in his reeking blood,
My ſighes they laugh to ſcorne, while I lament,
With faire pretence to further common good
They vnderprop their cauſe, and to preuent
The miſchiefe, that may grow from diſcontent,
To tracke me ſtep by ſtep in euery thing,
Whom they do pleaſe, they place about their King.

Feeding on grieve for *Gauelton* deceaſt,
And bluſhing at ſuch wrong done to my State,
Reuenge doth burne in my diſtempred breaſt,
Anger takes hands with grieve, all ioyne with hate,
And to the Peeres threaten pernicious fate,
Who, leſt time weaken rage then too too ſtrong,
Do giue it ſtrength by adding daily wrong.

In this diſſenſion, while on euery hand,
We for our owne deſtruction do prepare,
Newes from the North giues vs to vnderſtand,
How valiant *Brewſe* in his ſucceſſefull warre
Againſt our powers doth proſperouſly fare,
Recouering that from vs againe, with more,
Which our dread fire had kept from him before.

Beyond the bounds of his owne native ſoile,
He proudly breakes vpon our bordering coaſt,
None ſeekes to oppoſe, he makes no faint recoile;
The ſpoile and riches of whole countries loſt
Can hardly bound the furie of his hoſt,
Neuer did bordering foe inuade ſo far,
Or wound our Kingdome with a greater ſcar.

710 *King Edward the second.*

Tempestuoustidings borne on *Boreas* breath
 Cooles the hot vengeance of a wrathfull-King,
 And for a while delaies prepared death
 For his proud Peeres, feare from the North on wing
 Comes flying fast, and 'bout our eares doth ring,
 Bidding vshaste, and powre our vengeance forth
 Vpon our foes, that brau'd vs in the North.

Mustering vp troopes of foot-men for the field,
 To passe in person for this great affaire,
 My hopes on number I do vainly build:
 Our thoughts made aduerse by the former iar,
 Prepare vs mischiefe in the following war;
 Disioyn'd in heart, yet ioyn'd in ranke we goe,
 To giue a famous conquest to the foe.

Stout *Brewse* renownes his sword with *Edwards* flight,
 Striuling, whose siege our rescue crau'd, can tell
 Englands misfortune in that haplesse fight;
 And Banokesborne, who 'boue her bounds did swell
 With bodics dead, that in that battell fell,
 Aboue the bordering brookes hath won a name
 Fam'd for this field thus fought ypon the same.

O noble nation, t'whom true fame hath giuen
 A glorious name for deeds accomplished,
 Equall with any peoples vnder heau'n,
 Be not dismai'd, 'twas I, 'twas I, that led
 To such mishap, on whose vnhappie head
 Heau'n neuer sinil'd, but with sterne lookes still frown'd,
 Till wearied with mishaps, I was vncrown'd.

O had I perisht by the sword of *Brewse*,
 And had not been referu'd to future daies,
 To see my Peeres with treason take a truce,
 And with their swords by all vniust assaies,
 Attempt to hew downe him, whom heau'n did raise:
 I had been blest, and had not liu'd to rue
 The woes yet worse, which after did ensue.

Th'inueterate wounds of wrong infixt so deepe,
Against my Barons in my swolne heart,
With drops of blood now made afresh to weepe,
That I from *Brewse* should thus with shame depart,
Did so augment my minds impatient smart,
That by my Peeres mine ire now new stirr'd vp,
I with their blood quencht in *Bellonaes* cup.

What they do plot is by my powre controul'd,
What I intend, vnreuerently they crosse;
What they do wish, I will not; what I would,
They do gain-say, though to a publike losse;
Thus vpon mischiefes racket do we tosse
The common good, till bandied by vs all
Into confusions hazard it do fall.

Both heau'n and earth, as if in mourning clad,
They did bewaile, what they could not preuent,
When on our selues, our selues no pittie had,
Denide those comforts in due season sent,
Which to this nation they before had lent:
As with their anger they would vs recall
From running headlong, where we needs must fall.

Towards th' Articke side of heau'n ore Albions rocks,
A blazing meteor stood in th' vpper aire,
Which with grim looke shaking his dreadfull locks,
Bids earth be barren, and the world despaire;
Then cals the furies with the snakie haire,
To execute that vengeance to succeed,
Which fates for wretched England had decreed.

Famine, forerunner to deuouring death,
Haunts euery coast, where food is to be found,
The fruits are blasted by her banefull breath,
She makes the clouds to drop, till that be drown'd,
Which plenties hand had hidden in the ground;
Then doth she ransacke both the rich and poore,
Deuouring all, till she can find no more.

712 *King Edward the second.*

If euer pitie moue a stonie eie,
 Let her present our age for map of woe,
 There see for food, how little infants crie,
 Whom, parents wanting, what they would bestow,
 With grieve are either forced to forgo,
 Or else with weeping woe to fit them by,
 Till faint for food before their face they die.

The spouse, that wants to feed her fruitfull wombe,
 Burying the babe, that neuer came from graue,
 Cries in her Deares deare armes for death to come,
 Who mad with sorrow and in hope to haue
 That left of death, which loue desires to saue :
 A horrid thing to tell, to saue his owne,
 Steales others children for to feed vpon.

When leane-fac'd famine, who with furious thirst
 Coasting the cuntry, through the land had run,
 Began to breath as hauing done their worst,
 That other furie pestilence begun
 To finish that, which they had left vndone,
 Who 'boue our heads in the infected aire,
 Her poysoned shafts for battaile did prepare.

Her angrie arrowes euery way do flie,
 Thousands on either hand in death do fall;
 But happie they in blessed peace to die,
 Not left with vs to liue, when death did call,
 To see blood-thirstie warre the worst of all :
 That vniuersall flood of woes powre downe
 In seas of blood, this wretched land to drowne.

In midst of these extreames with grieve cast downe,
 The measure of our miserie to fill,
 My stubborne Peers take armes and proudly frowne,
 Threatning in rage that little left to spill,
 If basely I submit not to their will;
 And exile those, whom they themselues did place
 In stead of *Gaueston* attend our Grace.

He

He that in bosome of a Prince doth dwell,
And by endeuour seekes to gaine his grace,
Though for his seruice he deserue it well;
Yet as the Deere pursu'd from place to place,
The enuious dog will haue him still in chase;
Danger in chieftest safetie it doth bring,
To seeme to be familiar with a King.

Spenser, the man, on whom at first I frown'd,
Whom they preferr'd, my *Gaueston* being dead,
Was he, whom they pretend to be the ground
Of all their griefe, gainst him they now made head,
He was of vs too highly fauoured:

Him must we banish, so they thinke it fit,
If on our throne in safetie we will sit.

William de Brewse in selling *Gowers* land
To yonger *Spenser* from the other Peeres,
Who would haue bought the same at *Brewses* hand,
First blew the coles, whence now that flame appeares,
Which had been hid in anger many yeares:

This is the cause of their conceiued ire,
For this in armes gainst me they do conspire.

Disloyall *Lancaster*, that did conduct
The rebels to the field by letters sent,
With termes vnfit his Soueraigne will instruct,
Affigning daies, within whose termament,
I should reforme such things in gouernment,
Which he mislikes, thus adding to that fire,
Which did at length consume him in our ire.

This fire yet burning in our royall brest,
The Queene doth with complaint her wrongs prefer,
That in her progresse after long vnrest,
Our late false Steward Lord *Badelismere*,
Confederate with rebellious *Lancaster*,
Vnkindly had deni'd in my despight,
Her lodging in Leeds castle for a night.

714 *King Edward the second.*

To make our furie in reuenge more strong,
Letters from Scotland intercepted were,
Which touch vs neerer then all former wrong,
In number six; the one of which did beare
The armes of *Dowglas*, sent to *Lancaster*,
In which the *Dowglas* to conceale his name,
Vnto King *Arthur* doth direct the same.

Prouokt to vengeance for such treacherous spight,
From London with our royall powres we past,
Whose stomackes fill'd with furie for the fight,
I vrge forward with the vtmost hast,
To lay the Manours and the Lordships wast
Of our proud Barons, promising for pray
All that was theirs, that came within their way.

Newes of th'vnnaturall deeds which they enact
Vpon the loyall people of our land,
Hasten vs forward with such speed exact,
That ere the *Mortimers*, who both did band
Themselues with *Lancaster*, did vnderstand
Of our approch, our royall armed traine,
At Shrewsburie did front them on the plaine.

Far from confederates amaz'd with wonder
At our approch, both daunted to behold
Our frownes of lightning, and our threats of thunder,
Hang downe their heads, scarce daring be so bold
As looke on vs, their fainting hearts wax cold,
And on their knees they fall, in hope to stay
Our angrie doome, that threatned their decay.

Yeelding to fate by force of destinie,
Whose foreappointing prouidence hath power
In euery thing t'enforce necessitie,
We grant them life, reseruing in the tower
That *Mortimer* at London for that hower,
In which by destiny it was set downe,
That that false Lord should ruine my renowne.

Marching more northward from the Cambrian coast,
While vengefull breath the fire of furie fans,
After such good successe to bring our host
To Pomfret, which gainst vs our Barons mans:
At last we lite like flockes of snow-white swans
Fast by the weeping Eye, which runneth downe
Into the Trent by little Caldweles towne.

There first did Needwoods echoing forrest tell
The stubborne Barons of our whole intent,
There first they seeke our forces to repell;
When with their powers our passage to preuent,
Intended ore the bosome of the Trent,
They interrupt our purpose with proud braues,
On Burton bridge ore fishie Trents blacke waues.

The riuers watrie wombe did proudly swell,
As if it had turn'd rebell with the foes,
Or as if louing either armie well,
It would preuent poore England of the woes
Which must ensue, if both parts came to bloes:
Her waters rose beyond their wonted bounds,
And for three daies deferr'd vnnaturall wounds.

Aquarius with the foot-bands manly fought
Gainst those, that on the bridge at Burton stood,
While with our troopes vnseene we cast about
Vnder the couert of a leauie wood,
Distant three miles from thence, where ore the flood
Th' whole host did passe by shallowes lately found,
To meete the Barons vpon equall ground.

The deadly drum doth tell the foes from far
The fatall march of their approaching King:
Who seeing their weaknesse to sustaine the war
Gainst such a powre, which with vs we do bring,
They turne their backes, swift feare their feet doth wing;
Yet stubborne men still to prouoke our ire,
Before they flie, they set the towne on fire.

Horror

Horror pursues them euery way they flie,
 Repentance comes too late to calme our frowne,
 All former wrongs afresh for vengeance crie,
 They, that did whilome with them all renowne,
 By aduerse Fortune being thus cast downe,
 Lift vp their hands, yet lower to suppress them,
 All friends turne foes in pursuite to distresse them.

At Burrough bridge in their vnluckie flight,
 Where for th'encounter death did readie stand,
 They were enforc'd in most vnequall fight,
 For loued life to vse defensue hand
 Against the stubborne bands of Cumberland:
 Led by stout *Herckley*, who with bold assay
 Of his drawne sword began a bloodie day.

In mutuall slaughter, both the hosts do stand,
 Earth trembling shakes beneath their trampling feet,
 The singing shafts thicke loos'd on euery hand,
 Flie to and fro, then hand to hand they meet,
 And wound for wound each doth the other greet,
 While ouer head the heau'ns remorsefull stood
 Dropping downe teares to see their sides drop blood.

Valiant *Bohume*, Herfords vndanted Lord,
 That stood in fight by foes besieged round,
 His heart not female made to flie as skar'd,
 Neuer gaue backe, but brauely kept his ground,
 Till life gaue backe from that same deadly wound,
 Giu'n by a stout Welch Britaine, that did stand
 Beneath the bridge with fatall speare in hand.

This lucklesse chance so terrifi'd the foe,
 And gaue such strength vnto the Northerne bands,
 That th'aduerse part their backs began to show,
Clifford, though wounded with a shaft, yet stands
 With *Lancaster* in fight, till on all hands,
 Opprest with multitude, themselues they yeeld
 To conquering *Herckley* victour of the field.

Thus

Thus haucie *Lancaster*, that did not feare
To tempt his Soueraignes peace with periur'd hate,
Who in the morning was the mightiest Peere
That 'gainst his Prince did euer moue debate,
By night was made the meanest in the State.
In right or wrong, who euer lifts his hand
Against his Prince, his cause doth seldome stand.

Not he alone made forfeit of his head,
Who in this proud rebellion led the ring,
The fatall axe strooke many others dead,
Hewing downe all, that had conspir'd to bring
Their powers for fight against their lawfull King.
Twice eight great Barons and as many Knights
In death paid paines for wrong t'our kingly rites.

O age infortunate, when subiects pride
Did force their Soueraigne to such deeds of woe,
That when all men had laid remorse aside,
The Sunne in heau'n his griefe in shame to show
Six houres with blood-red cheeks on th'earth below,
Did blush to see her soile drinke vp their blood,
Who liuing oft in her defence had stood.

Imprudent Prince, since rage did lift thy hand
To lop the pillers of thy kingdome downe,
On whose supportfull powers thy State should stand;
Looke for a ruthlesse ruine of thy crowne,
Looke helpelesse now in wretchednesse to drowne:
The dance vnto destruction they haue led,
And the same footing I the King must tread.

When th'hand of *Ioue* the mightie men shall take
From any State, for their rebellious pride,,
By such foreigne this vse we well may make,
Some after-storme of vengeance will betide
That haplesse land, who euer it doth guide.
The sad effusion of the noble blood,
Portends confusion to the common good.

With

With dolefull pen I could bewaile their woe,
 Whose wofull wants did after proue me weake;
 But far more horrid things we are to show,
 To those blacke deeds, of which we now must speake:
 They before spoken did that ice but breake,
 At which we falling in did helpelesse drowne,
 Once fallen, all do helpe to keepe vs downe.

Not *Herkleyes* treason plotted in that truce,
 Which for advancement most ambitious man,
 He did intend t'our aduersarie *Brewce*;
 Nor the new troubles, which *Valoys* began
 In our dominions Guien and Aquitaine,
 Shall be the subiect of our sadder verse;
 Matter of more importance we rehearse.

O *Isabel* my Queene, my vnkind Queene,
 Thy shame must be the subiect of our song,
 Had not the weaknesse of thy faith been scene,
 When faithlesse thou wast led to do that wrong
 To him that liu'd in loue with thee so long;
 That royall blood in Berklie castle spilt,
 Had now not stain'd our storie with thy guilt.

The scene of lust foreruns the act of blood,
Priapus doth his lustfull breath inspire
 Into the Queene, the Oceans waue flood
 Cannot extinguish fancies burning fire,
 Nor coole the scalding thirst of her desire;
 With heate of lust her inward heart doth gloe,
 T'imprisoned *Mortimer* my mortall foe.

Heere let not any take offense spleene,
 Or taxe these rimes, for that to light they bring
 Th'incontinence of our disloyall Queene;
 Nor thy Muse grieue this argument to sing,
 Which is confirmed by the wronged King:
 Foule is the fault, though nere so quaint the skill,
 That conceales truth to lessen any ill.

Wigmores false *Mortimer*, (whose fatall name
Vniuocall to him of all his line;
Whether from feare of death we fetch the same,
Or of the dead seas sinke we it define,
The deeds of death t'ensue doth well diuine)
Referred was by fate within the Tower,
With time to turne the glasse of my last houre.

On him the Queene by loose affection led
Did cast her fancie, burning in the flame
Of priuie lust, which strong desier fed;
And wanting her delight in wanton game,
To coole her lust-burnt blood with dregs of shame,
Did cast about how she might him release,
That he might giue her loue-sicke passions ease.

It is not bands, nor walles, nor thousands spies
That can the womans wicked will preuent;
Let loue intreate, set shame before her eies,
Let plighted faith, first virgin vow'd consent,
And the wombes fruit that giues loue most content,
Perswade with her; yet can they neuer stay
Her wanton will, if she will go astray.

By sleepe potion of effectuall power
To charme the sense, whether by her conuey'd,
Or by himselfe deuised in the Tower,
Segrave the Constable was captiue made,
With many more to senselesse sleepe betray'd;
While *Mortimer* vnthought vpon escapes,
And vnto France his prosperous iourney shapes.

Thus far did Fortune with my Queene conspire,
And after this good hap to giue full ease
Vnto the longing thirst of her desire,
Tels her how France inuades beyond the seas,
Which vp in armes she needs must go t'appease:
When resolution hath prepar'd the will,
It wants no helpes to further any ill.

Through

Through our neglect of homage to be made,
 Constrain'd thereto by our home-bred debate,
Valois her brother did our lands invade,
 And through late wounds made in our mangled State,
 In armes vnable to withstand his hate :
 To treat with him of peace our Queene we sent,
 In her vow'd faith being too too confident.

O powre diuine, what mortall wight hath wings
 To soare the height of thy vnknowne decree?
 Reason, that hath such power in search of things,
 Proues then most blind, when most it seemes to see,
 In vainly arguing of what must bee ;
 When reason bids no danger to suspect,
 Time hastens swift confusion in effect.

The Queene effecting that, for which she went,
 With these conditions reunites the peace,
 That to such couenants I should consent,
 Aniou and Aquitaine I should release
 Vnto my sonne, my title should surcease :
 And he to France as in times past 't had bin,
 Should do his homage for his right therein.

Pleas'd in this peace, my selfe, or my yong sonne
 Inioyn'd in person to confirme these things,
 The *Spencers* both being into hatred run,
 Not daring be from vnder my safe wings,
 So absolute we thinke the power of Kings,
 Perswade me heere to stay and send my sonne,
 In hope thereby, what they did feare, to shun.

Thus all hands helping, *Isabel* againe
 To forward that which she on foot had set,
 I hauing past my title t' Aquitaine
 Vnto the Prince my sonne, she sees no let,
 But that more easly she the rest may get ;
 So large a share cut from vs by her skill,
 She hopes to haue the whole or want her will.

Hauiing

Hauing obtain'd in France what we require,
She call'd vpon to make returne with speed,
Protracts the time, and feasting her desire
So long with *Mortimer*, that she doth need
Excuse to warrant her presumptuous deed;
Giues flat deniall to her Lords command,
Not to returne except with force of hand.

Many, that wau'ring wish'd a change in State,
And more, that on reuenge so long had fed
For losse of friends, that fell in that debate
Betwixt vs and our Barons, daily fled
Vnto the Queene, whose heart being stricken dead,
As wanting strength to manage her affaire,
They do reuiue with powre by their repaire.

While in the French Court, yet vnfrown'd vpon
By *Charles* her brother King, she did abide,
Our Exceters true Bishop *Stapleton*,
Ioyn'd in commission with her to decide
The iar'twixt vs and France, now seeing her pride
Burst out in plaine reuolt, returning ouer
The seas from her, did all her drifts discouer.

Thus their close treason bare and naked made,
As blushing at their open shame descride,
To cloake the cause of their intent t' inuade,
They vow no more to brooke the *Spencers* pride,
Nor shall the Queene vniustly be denide
The presence of the King, they all will die,
Or order things that stand in State awrie.

King *Charles* her brother, while they thus deuise,
Whether with our rich gifts or promise won,
Or with respect to his owne royalties,
Or that he would not be a looker on,
While vnto maiestie such wrong was done;
First wooes our Queene for peace, whom wilfull bent,
He exiles France to frustrate her intent.

Who now would thinke that she should euer find
 A hopefull helpe her weaknesse to repaire?
 Bewitching beautie, O how dost thou blind
 The eyes of man! thy foule is deemed faire,
 Thy euill good, thy vice a vertue rare:
 In thy distresse although thy cause be wrong,
 Thou mou'st remorse and mak'st thy partie strong.

Those yonger bloods, *Arthois* and *Beaumont*,
 Without respect vnto her causes right,
 Those certaine helpes to her do oft recount
 In *Heinault* to be found, if she excite
 The Earle thereof to pitie her sad plight;
 Which by a match pretended might be done,
 Betwixt his daughter and the Prince our sonne.

As they gaue counsell, so it came to passe,
 She t' *Heinault* goes with *Beaumont* for her guide,
 And with kind welcome entertained was.
 Where while *Heinault* and she with ioy prouide
 To make his daughter our yong *Edwards* bride,
 To England lets turne backe, and see at home
 How we prepare against the storme to come.

To stand vpon our guard against such harme,
 And backe our cause against inuading ill,
 All castles and strong holds with men we arme,
 The coasts are kept, beacons on euery hill
 Are set for spies; O had the ioynt good will
 Of subiects loue with me their Soueraigne bin,
 Th' inuading foes had found hard entrance in.

In vaine, O wretched King, thy hopes haue trust
 On broken faithes of subiects daily fleeting:
 Thy lot is cast, from throne thou shalt be thrust,
 Thy foes shall of thy subiects at their meeting,
 In stead of blowes, be welcom'd with kind greeting:
 Thou only seek'st to keepe out th' vnkind Queene,
 While heere at home worse dangers are vnscene.

Whil'st now my State begins for to decline,
In whom, alas, should I my trust repose?
My brother *Kent* then resident in *Guine*
For some displeasure done to him by those
'Bout vs at home, reuolts vnto our foes:

(O faithlesse *Kent*) thou art the first shalt rue,
That euer thou to *Edward* wast vntrue.

Treason transports, what traytors looke for heere,
The Queens stout champion *Iohn of Beaumont* comes
With his proud troopes, three thousand men well neere,
Promis'd rich pay in ransacke of our summes,
Who now aboard with trumpets and with drummes,
Vrg'd by the hastie Queene to launch the deepe
With winde-wing'd sailes the seas soft bosome sweepe.

O let the windes their forward course restraine,
Wing not such mischief to our natiue shore,
Let the proud billowes beate them backe againe;
Or if they needs must come, let the seas rore,
Hurle them on rockes that they may neuer more
Be seene in England in pretence of good,
To bathe their hands in *Edwards* royall blood.

Orwell thy hauen first did let them in,
Harwich with bells did welcome in the ir fleet:
No sooner did our *Isabel* begin
To presse the sandie shore with wanton feet,
But our Earle Marshall with his powres did greet
Her safe arriue, whose part, false Peere, had bin
To haue oppos'd her at her entrance in.

The brother to that Lord that lost his head,
Leisters great Earle did now lift vp his hand,
As in reuenge of *Lancaster* late dead,
T'whom many a Peere linckt in rebellious band
Of grudges past, in the *Queenes* cause doth stand:
And lest they grieue in conscience to betray
Their lawfull King, the Church leads them the way.

724 *King Edward the second.*

Herfords proud Prelate, *Torleton*, who before
Conuicted was for treason gainst his King,
When armes gainst vs our stubborne Barons bore,
Shrowded till now beneath the Churches wing,
Fled to the foes, and in his heart did bring
That horrid treason hatcht before in hell,
Cause of all after mischiefe that befell.

The newes of this new innouation made,
And of the Aliens lately set on land,
With terrour doth my fainting heart inuade;
All holds about vs readie open stand,
To yeeld possession ere the foes demand:
Whose first smal troope now made a mightie force,
Into the land they take their forward course.

London denies to lend her Sou'raigne aid,
To whom inforc'd at length to bid adew,
As doubting there to foes to be betrai'd,
With both the *Spencers* vnto Wales I flew,
There by some powre my hopes yet to renue,
Hoping amongst the Welch more faith to find,
T'whom from my youth I had been euer kind.

But thus forsaken, whither shal I run?
Where shall I shadow me with safeties wing?
Since that a wife, a brother, and a sonne,
Pursues a husband, father, and a King.
Pitie adew, my wrong shall neuer wring
Remorse from others: Wales conspires my woe,
And with false England turnes vnto my foe.

Pursu'd on euery hand, and forc'd to flie
My natue soile to shun deaths dangerous dart,
My fortunes on the surging seas to trie
In a poore barke, from England we depart
To th' Ile of Lunday with an heauie heart,
Whom from the maine land *Seuerne* doth diuide,
In which we hope in safetic to abide.

King Edward the second.

725

But eu'n that little good doth seas denie,
With angrie looke the heau'ns behold the maine,
Gust after gust the winged winds do flie
Vpon the waues, who pust with proud disdaine,
Will vs deuoure or driue vs backe againe:
As if too much they thought that little land
For him that late had Kingdomes at command.

Remorselesse waues haue we a kingdome lost,
And yet our barke do ye denie to bring
To this small plot of ground two miles at most.
O woe to tell that once so great a King
Should stoope his minde vnto so small a thing,
Content to share the meanest part of many,
And yet deni'd to be possesst of any.

Long did we wrestle with the waues and winde,
But all in vaine we striue, for neuer more
Shall friendlesse *Edward* any comfort find:
Our barke distrest, her tackle rent and tore,
At length arriues vpon Glamorgan shore,
Where *Spencer*, *Baldocke*, *Reding* markt for death,
Go all with me t'a castle called Neath:

With vaine suppose of safetie in that hold,
While there in secret we our selues repose
To the Lords *Zouch* and *Leister* we are sold,
Who by rich gifts often corrupting those
That our vnknowne abode could best disclose,
With violent hands do sease their wished pray,
And beare vs thence each one a feuerall way.

Leister, thy King is now thy captiue made,
Reuenge is in thy hand, where is thy spleene?
Though vnto thee thy Soueraigne was betrai'd;
This be thy praise, thou wouldst not with our *Queene*
In *Edwards* wrongs be any deeper scene;
While in thy Killingworth thy King remaines,
Nought doth he want that to a King pertaines.

With a strong guard from starting there kept sure,
 Our friends meane time being seas'd on by the foe,
 Both *Spencers, Reading, Daniel, Milcheldeure*
 In death do happily shut vp their woe,
 As pointing out the way that we must go:
Baldocke in prison by a milder fate,
 Struck dead with grief preuents their deadly hate.

They, that vnto the King induc'd by reason
 Did loyall proue, were traytots to the State:
 O impious age, when truth was counted treason,
 Heere noble *Arundell* I waile thy fate,
 Whose blood drunke vp by *Mortimers* sterne hate,
 Did manifest the spleene, on which he fed
 Against his King, for whom thy blood was shed.

Since they by death t'offence haue paid their due,
 Who late alone in your displeasure stood,
 Whom should your deadly hatred now pursue?
 If they were only foes to common good,
 That made you satisfaction with their blood:
 Why is your Liege Lord as a common foe
 Referu'd a captiue Prince for worser woe?

Bloodie reuenge your hatred cannot bound,
 So wilfully to greater mischiefe bent,
 The poore imprison'd King must be vncrown'd,
 At London by the States in Parlament,
 It is decreed by mutuall consent;
Edward must be depos'd from royall throne,
 Where he had fate now twice ten yeares and one.

O righteous heau'ns, if ye haue powre t'oppose
 Fraile mans vnrighteous thoughts in euery thing;
 Then suffer not, ah suffer not my foes
 Thus to go on, that are about to bring
 Such wofull tidings to a wretched King:
 In thrall though I abide, this grace yet giue,
 That I at least a captiue King may liue.

Strengthened by will, though not by force of lawes,
To Killingworth th' appointed States are come,
Where, as in censure of some weightie cause,
Twentie and foure agreed vpon their doome,
In order sit within a goodly roome,
And thither do their King to iudgement call,
Who should haue fate chiefe Iudge aboute them all.

From secret closet, though alas full loath,
Forth am I brought in mourning weeds, that show
His griefe of mind, whose bodie they do cloath;
And when I would conceale my inward woe,
With head declining downe as I do go,
The griefe I would not see, I see in teares,
Which fallen from mine eies the pauement beares.

In presence being come and silence made,
Torleton, whose lookes did wound me with despaire,
A man in tongue most powerfull to perswade,
Stands vp, and as design'd for this affaire,
Doth in few words effectually declare
The common peoples will, the Peeres consent
That I thenceforth resigne my gouernment.

O heere, what tongue can vnto vtterance bring
The inward griefe, which my poore heart did wound?
So far it past all sense in sorrowing,
Passion so powrefully doth sense confound,
That in a swoone I falling on the ground,
Faine would haue di'd, but *Leister* standing by
Steps in, and doth that happinesse deny.

Recall'd from death by those that stood about,
When breath through griued brest found passage free,
In these sad words my woes I breathed out:
O powrefull God, since 't is thy will that wee
Do leaue our crowne, I grudge not thy decree;
Thou art most iust in all, thou gau'st a crowne,
But ah, mine owne misdeeds haue cast me downe.

To you I yeeld what wrong doth wrest from me,
 Since with one voice ye say it must be so,
 And beg this mercie in my miserie;
 That since your hate hath brought me to this woe,
 It heere may end, no further let it goe.

He whom once King your hate could not forgiue,
 Will be no King so he haue leaue to liue.

Heere teares did choake the end of my sad words,
 And while my stare in silence I deplore,
Trussell in name of all the English Lords
 Renouncing th'homage due to me before,
 Deprives me of the same for euermore;
 Leauing his Liege that was of most command,
 The most dejected subiect of this land.

But Steward of our house in th'open hall,
 Protracts no time by any long delay,
 But breaking of his rod before them all,
 Resignes his office, all depart away,
 Many that would in loue, yet dare not stay:
 This was my fate, thus did false fortune frowne,
 Ah God that euer King was so cast downe!

Yet fortune hath not spent her vtmost hate,
 With patience we must arme our selues more strong,
 Scarce will fraile eares belieue what we relate,
 When now thy Muse shall tune her mournfull song,
 To sadder times that she may waile that wrong,
 To which with grieve for guide we now proceed,
 Whose woes wil make the hardiest heart to bleed.

Our iealous Queen, whom conscience doth torment,
 Fearing lest *Leicester* so neare alli'd,
 In pitie of our state should now relent,
 Tels *Torleton* of her doubts what might betide,
 If in his keeping we do still abide,
 Who fearing vengeance for his owne offence,
 Giues her his counsell to remoue me thence.

Leister constrained by expresse command,
To the Lord *Berkley* doth his charge restore,
Whence he conueies me with an armed band
Vnto his castle seated neare the shore,
Gainst which great *Seuernes* raging waues do rore:
But *Berkley*, thou with *Leister* art too kind,
Edward with thee doth too much fauour find.

Oh gentle *Berkly*, whither wilt thou go?
Why dost not stand by thy sad Sou'raignes side?
For pitie leaue him not vnto such woe,
Which *Gourney* and *Matreuers* do prouide,
Such woe did neuer any King betide:
But with command they come, thou must depart,
And leaue thy King, although with heauie heart.

To *Gourney* and *Matreuers* by decree
In his owne castle he resignes his right;
Who lest that any friend should priuie bee
To my abode, do beare me thence by night
Vnto *Corfe* castle, whence with more despight
Through draknesse and blind waies in poore array,
To *Bristow* castle they do me conuey.

By night conuey'd thus rudely to and fro,
Lest by my friends from them I rescu'd bee,
At last since none, whom they do feare, do know
Where I am now become, they do agree
To *Berkley* backe againe to go with mee,
Staying a time, till night with dewie dampe
Should choake daies light and put out *Phæbus* lampe.

Then do they set me on a beast foreworne
In stead of stately steed, whereon to ride,
And for no crowne I had my head t'adorne,
Bare I do sit, except the heau'n to hide
My woefull head all couering they denide,
While sharp winds in my face the weather blowes,
And with their nipping cold augments my woes.

When

730 *King Edward the second.*

When out of East the day began to peepe,
 Who, as if she my ruefull case did mone,
 Vpon my head her dewie droppes did weepe,
 The right hand way they left and iourn'ing on,
 Where Seuernes siluer waues doth play vpon
 The marish greene, they forced me to light,
 There to haue flaine my heart with sad despight.

In stead of royall chaire, they set me downe
 On a mole-hill (was neuer King so vsde)
 And *Gourney*, wretched man, in stead of crowne
 With wreath of grasse my royall browes abusde,
 Patience perforce it might not be refusde ;
 Then while in wretched case my hands I wring,
 In scorne the villaines bid auaunt fir King.

While thus I sit all carefull comfortlesse,
 With pitious lookes cast vp in wofull wise,
 Calling the heau'ns to witnesse my distresse,
 In stead of teares, the starres like weeping eies
 Drop downe their exhalations from the skies ;
 And *Tithons* bride new rising from her bed,
 Beholds their leaudnesse with a blushing red.

Yet to my plaints no pitie they do yeeld ;
 But bent to adde more grieffe to my disgrace,
 In rustie murren with foule water fill'd,
 A villaine comes with hands vncleane and base,
 To shaue the heare both from my head and face :
 Who, when warme water I desire to haue,
 Replies, that cold will serue his turne to shaue.

With eyes full burthned with a showre of teares,
 Do ye, quoth I, now helpe me with your might
 To waile the sorrowes, which my sad soule beares,
 Open your floud-gates wide, and in their sight
 Let vs haue water warme in their despight :
 This said, the teares did downe my cheekes distill,
 As if they strouet effect my wofull will.

Hence

Hence in this plight to Berkley-am I brought,
Where bidding comfort euermore farewell;
And feeding long on care and pensiue thought,
At length I am shut vp in darksome cell,
There to the senselesse walles my grieve to tell,
Deni'd the comfort of heau'ns common light,
Bound while I liue to liue in endlesse night.

My sterne tormentors moued with remorse,
Wish death to end my miserable care;
Yet nature will not violently force
Way to a lingring death, they do prepare
By cold, long watching, fast and euill fare;
But, I euen made insensible in woes,
Suffer with patience all they can impose.

In hollow vault, through which the channell past
From forth the towne beneath my chamber flore,
Dead carcasses and loathed things they cast,
Whose gricuous stinch did grieue my senses more
Then all the grieve that I endur'd before;
And forc'd me search the walles for open place,
To some without to waile my woefull case.

Vpon a time I through a crannie spi'd
Men hewing timber on the greene fast by,
To whom with drearie deadly voice I cri'd,
O who will helpe me wretch, that heere do lie
In torment worse then death, yet cannot die?
If any there do mourne mans wretched case,
Helpe me, ah help me from this loathed place.

The poore mens hearts are pierc'd with point of woe,
And trembling horror doth their hearts appall
For ruth of wronged King cast downe so low,
Vnable t' helpe me, vnto God they call,
That he may yeeld reliefe to wofull thrall:
Who giuing eare to mine and their request,
At length in death doth giue my sorrowes rest.

Mischiefe from those that guiltie of offence
 Did wish my death in letters sent doth bring
 A darke Enigma bearing double sense,
 Which is vnpointed left a doubtfull thing,
 Either to kill or not to kill the King,
 As in such tearmes King *Edwards* blood to spill
 Refuse ye not to feare I count it ill.

The bloodie villaines construing the same
 Vnto that sense, for which it then was sent,
 Watch for the night, whose cloudie cloake of shame
 With darknesse should conceale their damn'd intent,
 Day did abhor the thing 'bout which they went,
 And fled away, grim night on th'earth did frowne,
 And I in carefull bed had laid me downe.

Where for musitian that with sweetest breath,
 Had wont to lull my watchfull sense asleepe:
 The ghastly Owle the fatall bird of death,
 That on my chamber walles her Inne did keepe
 In my poore trembling heart impressed deepe,
 The feare of death with her too deadly note
 Which oft she shrieked through her balefull throte.

The murmuring noise of the rude waters rore
 Which not far thence into the seas do fall,
 Where Seuernes billowes beat vpon the shore,
 And bellowing winds which iustling gainst the wall
 Like deaths shrill whistlers at the cranies call,
 Through darknesse and deepe silence of the night,
 Our troubled heart with horror doth affright.

On fearefull things long musing I do lie,
 At last with sleepe opprest, in slumber cast,
 Vp flew the doores and in the murderers flie,
 At which awakt, and suddenly agast,
 As from my naked bed I thought t'haue past,
 They with rude hands do hold me downe by force,
 While with yaine words I seeke to moue remorse.

Ye deadly instruments of others ill,
Grant one request, which dying I do craue;
Since ye be bent this royall blood to spill,
Send me not hence with torture to the graue;
'Tis life ye seeke, the only thing I haue;
Which yet shall vade on wings of willing breath,
Since better tis to die then liue in death.

By this they with maine strength do me compell,
Strengthlesse for breath to yeeld to their intent :
And then, O horrid, shamefull thing to tell,
By force they thrust an hollow instrument
Much like a trumpe into my fundament,
By which they do preuent the mone I make
By sudden death, as thus to them I spake:

Ah why, why thus torment ye me with smart?
Leaue off to grieue : not one word more I said,
They had by this time thrust me to the hart
With steele red hot: to sleepe me downe I laid,
And with the pray'rs which godly folke had made,
When from the castle they did heare my cries,
My soule on mercies wings did clime the skies.

Thus hauing heard my lamentable fall
Procur'd by stubborne Peeres disloyaltie,
And peoples wilfull hate, the spring of all
First flowing from deceitfull flatterie,
That deadly bane t'all princely royaltie :
Amongst the rest in place with painfull pen
Insert it for a Mirrour vnto men.

THE

THE LAMENTABLE
LIVES AND DEATHS OF
THE TWO YONG PRINCES, EDWARD
the fifth, and his brother RICHARD
Duke of Yorke.



TH' afflictions, which this wronged King did beare,
He dead, said Memorie, reuenged were :
Like Vulcans bride, at Nottingham, his Queene
In th' armes of Mars-like Mortimer was seene;
He for such doeds, as all true honor staines,
By ignominious death did pay iust paines;
By righteous doome till death she liu'd in thrall,
Within the circuit of a castles wall :
Her first-borne sonne, the second Edwards heire,
(She being to French King Philip call'd the faire,
Left liuing of his line) by her made claime
Unto his right in France, and gain'd the same.
He dead, the second Richard, second sonne
To his first-borne, his fatall raigne begonne :
Richard depos'd, Henrie ascends the throne,
Heire to Duke Iohn, King Edwards fourth borne sonne,
He dispossess't Lord Roger Mortimer,
In Richard daies proclaim'd apparant heire,
Who had Duke Lionels daughter for his mother,
Edwards third sonne, to Iohn the elder brother :
Yet did this Henrie after much vnrest
Die in the throne of Englands crowne posses't ;

*And to his Henrie did bequeath the same,
 The fifth and most illustrate of that name :
 Who in those few yeares of his happie raigne
 Did the French crowne to Englands right regaine ;
 Di'd in his manly prime, left his yong sonne
 Henrie the sixth to sit upon the throne :
 Gainst whom Plantagenet, Yorkes noble Duke
 Stood for his right, who his inst title tooke
 From Lionel, fourth by descent from him ;
 Yet in his quarrell lost both life and lim :
 His sonnes reueng'd his death, put Henrie downe,
 Edward his eldest did obtaine the crowne ;
 In peace retain'd it, left it to his heires,
 Who are the next, that in their turne appeares ;
 For they except, heere none exempted be,
 Since the sad second Edwards tragedie.
 Two noble youths are left in yongest yeares
 Vnto the guidance of the iarring Peeres,
 Edward the eldest comes from Ludlows towne
 To London, with intent to take the crowne,
 His vncle Riuers, Vaughan and Lord Grey
 By Glosters plots, who sought their liues decay,
 From him remoued are, yong Yorke his brother
 Doth flie to sanctuarie with his mother ;
 Whom Richard his false vncle thence doth bring
 Into the Tower vnto the uncrown'd King :
 Usurps the crowne, puts both the youths to death,
 Who twixt the sheets betrai'd, expire their breath :
 The truth of which that we may heere partake,
 Their princely ghosts let Fame from sleepe awake.*

Another Argument.

*At Fames first call the Princes both ascend,
 And both by turne do tell their tragicke end.*

Richard



Richard.



Hat wit so sharpe is found in age or youth,
 That can distinguish trust from treacherie?
 Falsehood puts on the face of simple truth,
 And masks in th'habit of plaine honestie,
 When she in heart intends most villanie:
 The Panther with sweet saueur of her breath
 First charmes their sense, whom she hath markt for death.

Of which that future time may mirrours haue
 By the fourth *Edwards* murdered Progenie,
 Vp, (brother) vp and let vs leaue our graue
 In this nights vision call'd by Memorie,
 To tell the truth of our sad tragedie,
 That Princes happily by vs may learne
 Trust from false treason truly to discern.

And thou O mournfull Muse, that didst of yore
 Th'iniurious wrongs of many a Prince complaine,
 Helpe two deposed Princes to deplore
 The wretched fortunes which they did sustaine.
 Matter thou hast that fits a ruthfull straine,
 How *Richards* treason twixt the sheets did smother
 The infant orphants of his Kingly brother.

That

That we may keepe *decorum* in discourse,
And into order may digest it well,
Let vs alternally succeed in course:
And that we turne by turne may truly tell
Of euery circumstance, as it befell,
(Brother) do you begin to mind to call
Our vncles treason and our tragicke fall.

Edward.

Must I begin those bloodie pathes to goe,
In which the prints of *Glosters* steps remaine?
Draw neere then all, that list to heare of woe,
And while our restlesse wrongs I do complaine,
If you lament our losse of life and raigne,
Your sighes soft breathed in still plaints of pitie,
Be the sad musike to our dolefull dittie.

The sonnes we are of that renowned Lord
Edward the fourth, who did the right restore
To *Yorke* againe with his victorious sword;
Which *Lancaster* in three descents that wore,
The royall crowne had kept from vs before,
Ending those iarres, which *Gaunts* ambitious son
With royall *Richards* blood had first begun.

Three brothers had he, whom by fates sterne will,
Remorselesse death vntimely did deuoure,
Rutlands yong Earle, whom *Cliffords* sword did kill,
Clarence, that Duke, who in the fatall Tower
In *Malmsey* But did meet his liues last houre:
Richard the yongest, who was stain'd with guilt
Of *Clarence* blood and ours, both which he spilt.

O that desire of rule so much should blind
The eyes of men, or that to gaine a crowne,
The godlike part of man, th'immortall mind
Of wrathfull heau'n should dare t'incurre the frowne,
And cast it selfe from glorie headlong downe!
O foule ambition, had thy guilt not stain'd
This tyrants deeds, what glorie had he gain'd?

For though, he from his mothers painfull throwes,
 Mark't for a plague into the world was brought;
 Yet with his sword gainst our *Lancastrian* foes
 In many bloodie broiles he manly fought:
 And by his courage high achievements wrought,
 Great *Warwicke*, *Oxford*, *Clifford* and the rest,
 Did finde a valiant heart in *Richards* brest.

But where are now those deedes, or who can say,
 That they with praise doe glorifie his name?
 How can he euer hope to wipe away
 Those spots of blood vpon the face of Fame,
 Making his deedes to blush at his owne shame?
 What deedes of fame he did are not his owne,
 His euill deedes remaine to him alone.

With their shed blood thy lines I will not staine,
 Whom wrackt by troops to graue his hand did send,
 To him in his succeeding tragicke straine,
 The sad report thereof I doe commend;
 Enough it is to tell of our owne end,
 To which I will proceede, first setting downe
 The plots our vncke vsd t'obtaine the crowne.

When on the throne my kingly father sat,
 All noise of warre new husht euen in the greene
 Of peace late growne, discord did set debate
 Betweene the kindred of our mother queene,
 And twixt the pecres, who with malignant spleene,
 Did swell to see them fauor'd of the King,
 From whence our future ruine first did spring.

On this as on a platforme firme and sure,
Gloster did build his hopes for future daies;
 Yet *Englands Edward* hoping to procure
 Peace twixt both parts, did seeke by oft assaies
 T'appease the strife, which priuie hate did raise:
 And at his death did cause them each to other
 To giue their faith, as brother vnto brother.

The two yong Princes.

739

The King scarce dead, from London swift report,
With mischief at her heeles or'e hedge and heath
To Ludlowe came, where then we kept our court,
And there with pallid lookes halfe out of breath,
She tels the tidings of our fathers death,
 Bidding me now beware vnhappie fate,
And looke about in this new change of State.

Though time with so few yeeres my youth had crownd,
That yet scarce fourteene times the heauenly Ram
Had push't his hornes against the newyeares bound,
Since first into the world to light I came;
Yet of my fathers death, when lucklesse fame
 Had rung the dolefull knell; then did I know
The danger which I was to vndergoe.

Nurst from my cradle in true discipline,
In my weake childhood I had scand this theame,
That if th'ambitious with cleere sighted eyne
Could but discerne what fortune gaue to them,
When they had gain'd a kingdomes Diadem,
 They would account that day their blisse to ende,
In which their steps the throne did first ascend.

Our vncke *Riuers*, who my Gardian was,
with vs at Ludlowe, then being resident,
Did muster vp his powers with vs to passe
To London by short iournies, with intent
All danger in our passage to preuent;
 But *Gloster* did not appe both him and me,
And by his plots did frustrate his decree.

By wicked wits, the Queene he doth perswade,
To thinke that ~~since~~ by her deceased King,
Betwixt the Peeres ~~and~~ had beene made,
With such a power, ~~it were a dangerous thing,~~
The Prince her sonne, to London vp to bring:
 Distrust might soone disturbe the quiet state,
And giue new life to the old dead debate.

Blinded with this deceit, our carefull mother
 Directs her letters, bearing such effect
 Vnto our vncle *Riuers*, her deare brother,
 Who doubting lest his foes might ought obiekt
 Thauē gone amisse, while he did vs protect,
 Dismiss his powers, and only did retaine
 Those, that before were of our daily traine.

All readie now to hoise vp happie saile,
 For London we our fatall course do stere,
 Our hopes do promise vs a prosperous gale;
 But once set forth, clouds thicken in the cleare,
 A storme before vs plainly doth appeare,
 And with a gust in gulfe of woe cast downe,
 Vnhappie I made shipwracke of my crowne.

At Stonie-Stratford, being vpon my way,
 The bloodie Bore, my vncle, that did aime
 At Englands Diadem by our decay,
 With that false Duke, disloyall *Buckingham*,
 With show of humble loue in presence came;
 But after tender of their duties done,
 To put their plot in practise they begun.

They falsely did accuse of treacherie
 My two halfe brothers by our mothers side,
 Lord *Marquesse* and Lord *Grey*, then standing by,
 Obiecting gainst them both, that prickt with pride
 They sought the Realme and me, yet yong to guide
 And with our vncle *Riuers*, thought to bring
 The noble Peeres in hatred with the King.

Without respect vnto our princely State,
 With violent hands they beare them both away,
 Too weake were we of power to auert that fate,
 Which in our sight did threaten their decay,
 Our words were weaker, *Gloster* bore the sway:
Riuers my vncle, *Vaughan*, *Grey* all three,
 After that time I neuer more did see.

Rob'd of my friends, to London we are led,
Vpon the way mourning with sighes and teares,
The wretched fate to fall vpon my head,
Griefe with a multitude of pensiuē feares
Sits heauie on my heart; yet in my eares
Gloster to please me, sings this Syrens song,
All should be well, when nought was ment but wrong.

Conuey'd to London, where while I abide
Within the Bishops place, I little knew
Of any tidings, that did then betide,
The tyrant, (brother *Yorke*) then aim'd at you
To hasten that, which after did ensue:
Then take your turne againe, and briefly tell,
What in my absence vnto you befell.

Richard.

I shall obey, and truly bring to light
The darke dissembling, and the much vntroth
Of periur'd Peeres, to rob vs of our right,
How our Queene mother carefull of vs both,
With me to holy sanctuarie goth,
And of our vncles plots to bring me thence,
Which was the only bar to his pretence.

When Fame with terrour vnto our Queene mother,
Then dewing our dead fathers cheekes with teares,
Brought the surprise of her two sonnes and brother,
O how those tidings tingled in her eares!
Suspitious thoughts begat a thousand feares,
Forecasting by that vnexpected harme,
The greater mischiefe of a following storme.

In this distraction of a doubtfull mind
In change of State, seeing such crosse fortunes frowne,
And doubting in distressefull times to find,
Her friends turn'd foes to helpe to plucke vs downe,
And to bereaue vs of our fathers crowne:
With me to sanctuarie she did goe,
There to remaine in safetie from our foe.

Of which, when tidings to the tyrant came,
 As one depriued of his wished pray,
 His wits best engines he begins to frame,
 And if they faile, he doth resolute assay
 With hands prophane to fetch me thence away:
 While from his reach I there did safely won,
 He could not finish what he had begun.

Which our Queene mother did presage before,
 And thought by force of sanctuaries right,
 Safely to shield vs from the cruell Bore,
 Who with his tuskes the elder durst not smite,
 While I the yonger liu'd in such safe plight;
 By death of th'one, the crowne how could he gaine,
 If th'other after liuing did remaine?

The subtill tyrant to effect his will,
 This faire pretence vnto the Peeres doth frame,
 That for th'auoiding of a generall ill,
 Since to the Prince and them it was a shame,
 That causelesse I should sanctuarie claime,
 Vnto the place he thought it no offence,
 If not by peace, by force to fetch me thence.

Yet to obtaine our mother Queenes consent,
 Vnto the place before he offer wrong,
 The Cardinall of Yorke for that intent
 A man graue, sober, subtill, wise and strong
 To charme an eare with his inchanting tongue,
 He doth select to further this affaire,
 And to his vnknowne plots way to prepare.

When he with many more in presence came,
 He with faire speech begins to greet our mother;
 Then tels, how to the Prince it was a shame,
 That she should keepe me there, as if one brother
 Did liue in dread of danger by the other,
 What grieffe my absence was vnto the King,
 What comfort by my presence I should bring.

Proceeding

Proceeding on vnto the future ill,
Which might ensue by ouer much distrust,
The strengthening of her inconsiderate will,
With sanctuaries gift by claime vniust,
The priuiledge of the place by them discust,
Found not of force to her to yeeld the same,
Who did not truly want, what she did clame.

The Queene effectually doth answere all,
He turnes reple, she doth reioyne againe,
And puts such questions to the Cardinall,
That at a *non plus* set, he doth remaine
In silent pause, till chaft in tearmes more plaine,
He threatfully declares the Peeres pretence,
Who had decreed by force to fetch me thence.

With this hard speech, our mother in affright,
Round set with doubts, not knowing when or where,
She safely might conuey me from their sight;
In silence stands, her lookes bewrayes pale feare,
Which she would vtter, yet doth oft forbear,
Till taking me by th'hand, sighes forcing teares,
And teares sad words, no longer she forbears.

Behold, said she, I to your trust commit
This noble Impe, whom with the Prince his brother,
When in the generall iudgement God shall sit,
I at your hands will aske: feare with the mother,
What may betide him taken to another:
I make no doubt, but ye will faithfull be,
Yet others may deceiue both you and me.

Heere I resigne, and at that word she paus'd,
As loth so soone to part with such a thing;
Then with a sigh to shew, that grieve had caus'd
That silent pause, to you, quoth she, I bring
This royall issue of a late dead King;
Yours be the charge, vnto the child proue true,
Which said, she thus gaue me my last adew.

Farewell my little sonne, God be thy aid,
 With that she turn'd about, and wept for woe;
 Then being about to part, she turn'd and said,
 Kisse me my sonne, kisse me before thou go,
 When we shall kisse againe, our God doth know :
 We kist, she sigh'd, I wept and did refuse
 So to depart from her; but could not chuse.

Leauing the Queene, I absent, to deplore me,
 For that I was an infant then in yeares,
 To the Star-chamber in their armes they bore me,
 Where our false vnclē to delude the Peeres,
 My pensiuēesse with words of comfort cheeres :
 Now welcome from my heart my Lord, quoth he,
 Then tooke me in his armes and kissed me.

Thence (brother vnto you I was conuey'd
 Then in that place, where Londons Prelats dwell,
 Whence like two lambes vnto a wolfe betrai'd,
 We to the Tower were led : where what befell,
 Since it concernes you most, you best can tell :
 Be it your turne, our sorrowes to deplore,
 For I, alas, for sighes can say no more.

Edward.

If I must tell the horror of that night,
 In which by death our soules were set on wing,
 Let sorrow lend vs her sad pen t' indite
 In lines of woe, what I to light shall bring,
 And teach our Muse so ruthfully to sing,
 That the sad readers ruthfull eyes may drop,
 Teares at each point, to teach him where to stop.

Within the Tower, of which my brother spake,
 Lockt vp from sight of all our friends we were,
 Where while we do expect, when I shall take
 The crowne on me, t' whom whilome euery Peere,
 As to their Soueraigne fealtie did sweare :
 At last report these fearefull newes doth bring,
 We were depos'd, *Gloster* was Englands King.

Which,

Which, when I first did heare, a thrilling feare
Ran through my heart, and sighing thus I spake :
Alas, that I was borne King *Edwards* heire,
Would God my vncke, though from me he take
My crowne, which willingly I could forsake,
Would leaue vs that, which none but God can giue,
And for my Kingdome giue vs leaue to liue.

Thenceforth the Tower, which late was deem'd my court,
Is made our prison by a tyrants might:
Farewell the world, our day now waxeth short,
Our glad some sunne of comfort and delight,
Is ouercast with clouds of enuious night,
Winter is come euen in our spring of youth,
Our late sweet smiles are drown'd in teares of ruth.

O noble *Edward*, from whose royall blood
Life to these Infant bodies nature drew,
Thy roses both are cropt euen in the bud:
Why didst thou leaue that Bore in time t'ensue,
To spoile those plants that in thy garden grew?
Of all that haruest which thy hand did sow,
Nought haue we reaped but a crop of woe.

Who now amongst thy Peeres of note or name,
The sad mishap of thy deare sonnes doth mone?
Wheres *Howard*, *Lonell*, *Barkley*, *Buckingham*,
That bound themselues by oath to thee, that none
But thy faire sonnes should sit vpon the throne?
Woe worth them all, they all do now crie, downe
With *Edwards* heires, let *Gloster* haue the crowne.

Ah pitie, in what region didst thou dwell,
Had'st thou been present in those hatefull times;
Then should not I thy shame, O England tell,
Nor should I seeke to proue thy wicked crimes
Vnto thy face in these impartiall rimes:
Thy Princes, on whose State misfortune frown'd,
In thy false people pitie seldome found.

746 *The two yong Princes.*

Search times records, there see how poysoned *Iohn*
 Stands vp to witnesse thy sterne peoples hate,
 See how the second *Edward* thrust from throne,
 Cries for reuenge on people of that State,
 Behold thy shame in *Richards* wofull fate;
 Gainst whom thy nation vnremorsefull stood,
 Till Pomfrets wals were sprinkled with his blood.

But why seeke I (O England) to reclaime thee,
 By sounding former euils in thine eare?
 That's yet vntold, the which alone shall shame thee,
 As oft of it as any age shall heare,
 Tyrants, in whom no pitie doth appeare,
 Shall thee vpbraid, and blushing at thy shame,
 For past compare shall register the same.

When as our vncke had obtain'd his will,
 The crowne scarce warme on his vsurping head,
 Opprest with care to keepe that gotten ill,
 He takes no rest of mind in bowre nor bed,
 Suspition with the guilt of conscience fed
 Breeds doubts, distractions, horrors in his brest,
 Which like to hags do haunt him with vnrest.

Each step he treads, by which he climbs his throne,
 Is grounded on the death of some great Peere;
 As he ascends, he sees their blood thereon;
 Set in his chaire, Shame whispers in his eare
 Thats not his place, his nephew should be there:
 Doubt askes him, how he hopes t'enioy that long,
 When they do liue, whose right he keepes by wrong.

He that had drunke so oft of murders cup,
 To reach that height to which he did aspire,
 Now fills the measure of his mischiefe vp,
 And in vaine hope to raise his heart yet higher,
 Spares not the blood deduc'd from his owne fire:
 Poore orphanes blood pris'd at a crownes rich wealth,
 To his sicke State can only promise health.

Whil'st

Whil'st euery where his wandring eye doth range
To find some wretch to put this taske vpon,
All things about vs haue a sudden change,
Vngrac'd, not car'd for, comforted of none,
By our owne seruants we are left alone;
Those that bemone our fortunes dare not stay,
By feare constrain'd, with grieve they go their way.

Inconsolably left in wofull plight,
Each helping other for to waile and weepe,
In dole we spend the day, and in the night
Horror and dread of death doth waking keepe
Our watchfull eyes, and bars them of their sleepe,
Each little noise, each windie puffe of breath
Affrights vs infants with th'approch of death.

Thou fatall building stain'd with noble blood,
Thou den where horror and darke treason lies,
Say if thou wast, since thy foundation stood,
More mou'd to pitie humane miseries,
Hearing the echo of sad sorrowes cries:
Then when yong *Yorke* with pitious plaints and mones
Powr'd forth his sorrowes to thy senselesse stones.

Euen as sometimes we see a silly lambe,
Which for the slaughter in some fold is pent,
There kept from sight of his deare loued damme,
Her absence with faint bleating doth lament,
Whose only sight can giue it safe content:
So little *Yorke* in vaine lamenting wept,
That from our mothers presence he was kept.

Oft, wofull child, thus hast thou question'd mee,
Where is my mother? and when I for woe,
Haue turn'd my backe and could not answere thee;
With teares againe, thou wouldest aske to know,
Saying, I would vnto my mother go;
But woe alas, what comfort could I giue thee,
When of all meanes our vncle did deprive mee?

While

While thus we waste in woe, the tyrant King
 With death to right those, whom he did abuse
 With wrong in life, finding a way to wing
 Mischiefe deuise'd, a wretched man did chuse
 For this affaire, which others did refuse;

Tirrill by name, a Knight decay'd in state,
 Prone to act this deed in hope of happie fate,

Two desperate villaines, hatefull to those times,
Forrest and *Dighton*, men obscure and base;
 Yet to the world notorious for leaud crimes,
 For *Tirrills* gold this damned deed embrace,
 Who being brought into conuenient place,
 Wait for aduantage of the gloomie night
 To couer that, which did abhorre the light.

The night comes on, and murder doth begin
 To act her part within the fatall Tower,
 In that dead time of night, the cloake of sinne,
 In which the clock chimes twelue, the chiefeft houre
 When sleepe on man and beast doth vse his powre,
 Both the rude slaues on vs poore infants flie,
 As we together in our bed did lie.

Betwixt the sheets they keepe vs downe by force,
 We struggle against death with gasping grones,
 They in their hard hearts feeling no remorse,
 To heare poore soules powre forth such pitious mones,
 As might with pitie moue the ruthlesse stones,
 Holding the pillowes downe do stop our breath,
 Vntill we both giue vp the ghost in death.

Thus hast thou heard, how after all his cares
 King *Edwards* fruit did perish in the bud,
 By which since we may see how pride prepares
 Her passage through the spoile of common good,
 Without respect to affinitie of blood;
 That thou may make a mirrour of the same,
 A place amongst thy Mirrours we do claime.

THE TRAGICALL LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD the third.



THe lamentable fall (*quoth Memorie*)
Of two such noble youths may mirrours be,
That man high mounted on ambitious wing,
T'obtaine a crowne attempteth any thing;
They dead, their vncles tragedie succeeds:
His monstrous birth, his shape, his bloodie deeds:
Horror of conscience haunts him with unrest,
The mightie Buckingham attempt vnblest;
The tyrant enuying noble Richmonds good,
By treason seekes to spill his royall blood,
His strange escape from France to Britania,
Pursu'd by Landois his false enemy,
His safe arriue upon the English coast,
The skilfull marshalling of either hoast
On Bosworth plaine, the order of the fight;
Stout Norfolkes fall, the Kings part put to flight,
His desperat valour shew'd on th' aduerse force,
The shamefull vsage of his conquered corse,
Which that we heare, let Fame his ghost compell
To leaue his graue, that he the same may tell.

Another

Another Argument.

*Through nights darke shadowes from the house of bale,
The tyrants ghost comes up to tell his tale.*



Orror pursues the homicides sad soule,
Feare hunts his conscience with an hue and crie,
That drinke the blood of men in murders bowle,
Suspitious thoughts do rest in life denie,
Hate seldome suffers him in peace to die,
By heau'ns inuiolate doome it is decreed,
Whose hands shed blood, his heart in death should bleed.

I was to noble *Yorke* the yongest sonne
Of foure, which he begot in lawfull bed,
First *Edward* was, the next place *Edmund* wonne,
Rutlands yong Earle by *Cliffords* hand strooke dead,
Clarence the third, to death vntimely lead:

I was the last; of all the foure the worst,
By heau'n and nature in my birth accurst.

When my sad mother in her fruitfull wombe
Bore me a painfull burthen to and fro,
Then the babes infant bed had been my tombe,
Had not keene rasors to her paine and woe
Cut me a way, vnto the world to goe:

Nature did grudge to think, that from her wombe
A man-like monster to the world should come.

When

When first I came into this worlds huge vast,
My birth was not as others wont to bee;
First did my feet come forth, as if in hast
The child of discord had been then set free,
To cause the wretched world to disagree,
Heau'n at that time told b'inauspicious starres
Nations far off of Englands ciuil warres.

As hunger-steru'd to flesh my iawes in blood
I readie toothed came, as who would say,
Nature by signes vnto the world hath show'd
How fiercely he shall bite another day,
That in his mothers wombe well toothed lay,
And maruaile t'was, seeing viper-like he came,
He was not borne by death of his owne danme.

If like a cunning painter on a frame
My shape vnto the world I could descrie,
And with a curious pensell paint the same
In perfect colours, each spectatours eie
Would by my looks into my manners prie:
The bodies ill-shapte limbes are oft defin'd
For signes of euill manners in the mind.

Little I was, and of a small compact,
My left side shoulder higher then the right,
Both crooked were, and therewithall contract
Into my backe, so that in all mens sight
I did appeare a most mishapen wight:
And hard it was to iudge, if that my foule
Or limbes ill fashion'd feature were more foule.

The deeds of noble Yorke I not recite,
Done in those fatall daies of miserie,
Nor tell th'euent of euery speciall fight,
As at Saint Albones, Bloreheath, Banburie,
Northhampton, Barnet, Wakefield, Teukesburie,
Seeing they are often spoken of before,
By those, that heere their wofull falles deplore.

Th'induction to my storie shall begin
 Where the sixth *Henries Edward* timelesse fell:
 Sonne to stout *Margaret* that noble Queene,
 Of whom since heere no Poets pen doth tell:
 Though hee a peerelesse Prince deserue it well,
 In breefe we will describe the manner all
 Of our sterne deede and his vnhappie fall.

His mother queene, the manlike *Margaret*,
 After so many a fall in fight cast downe,
 With her young *Edward* and stout *Somerſet*
 Did lastly hazard all for Englands crowne
 In fight at Teukesburie; but heau'n did frowne,
Wenlocke and *Somerſet* fled both away,
 left vs the field, and lost their Queene the day.

The forlorne Prince was taken as he fled
 By *Richard Crofts*, a Knight of Gloster Shire,
 Who hearing of the proclamation spread,
 That, who could bring him forth, should, for his hire,
 Duely receiue a hundred poundes by yeere,
 The Prince he brought to end our ancient strife,
 With promise made, that we should saue his life.

In presence brought, the King to him thus spake:
 Fond wretch, said he, what did thy thoughts excite
 To come within my kingdomes bounds, and take
 Rebellious armes t'oppugne thy soueraignes right,
 And traytor-like in field gainst me to fight?
 To which the Prince, in whose bold breast did lie
 An inbred courage, made this stout replie;

I came (said he) to set my father free,
 Whom thou in hold vniustly dost retaine;
 I came to reobtaine my dignitie,
 And in the throne to seate my sire againe,
 In which as King thou wrongfully dost raigne.
 I am by might enforc'd to stoope to thee,
 Who should by right be subiect vnto mee.

The King being mou'd with this his stout replie,
Thrust him away, in whose heroicke brest
My brother *Clarence*, *Hastings*, *Grey* and I
Did sheath our blades, which fact heau'n did detest,
Permitting vs not vnreueng'd to rest:
For none of vs in peacefull bed did lie,
When from this world our wretched soules did flie.

He dead, his sire, that poore deposed King,
The aged *Henrie*, sixt of that same name,
Liu'd in the Tower, depriu'd of euery thing
Which to a King pertain'd: yet did he frame
His thoughts with patience to endure the same,
Liuing a paterne of a patient spirit,
Who for his fame a golden verse doth merit.

I thought, that while this noble King had breath,
His friends my brothers peace would still inuade:
Wherefore I did contriue his sudden death,
And in the Tower the butchers part I plaide,
For th'hatefull point of that same bloodie blade,
Scarce cold with luke-warme blood of his owne sonne,
Vnlooked for I through his sides did runne.

He dead, the battels fought in field before,
Were turn'd to meetings of sweet amitie,
The war-gods thundring cannons dreadfull rore,
And ratling drum-sounds warlike harmonie,
To sweet tun'd noise of pleasing minstrie,
The haile-like shot, to tennis bailes were turn'd,
And sweet perfumes in stead of smoakes were burn'd.

God *Mars* laid by his Launce and tooke his Lute,
And turn'd his rugged frownes to smiling lookes,
In stead of crimson fields, warres fatall fruits,
He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brookes,
And set his thoughts vpon her wanton lookes,
All noise of warre was husht vpon our coast,
Plentie each where in easfull pride did boast.

The King who swims in streames of court delights,
 Plaies like the fish so long with pleasures bait,
 That on her deadly bane he often bites,
 Or like the Mariner infortunate,
 Sayling in seas where Syrens lie in wait :
 To please the sense he lends his eare so long,
 Till he be charm'd with their enchanting song.

Meane time not made to feast an amorous eie,
 I Fox-like lurking lay about the King,
 Into the actions of the Peeres I prie,
 With cautie obseruation of each thing,
 While with their wanton Sou'raigne reuelling :
 They vainly spend in *Venus* vassallage
 The tedious houres of that peacefull age.

But clouds do thicken in this peacefull cleere,
Warwicks faire daughter forc'd by vnkind fate,
 Forsakes Lord *Clarence* her beloued feere,
 Who purposing to take for second mate,
 The only heire of some hie towring State,
 Did hope t'espouse with nuptials solemnely,
 Duke *Charles* his daughter, heire of Burgundie.

Which when the Queene and her allies doth heare,
 At *Clarence* fortunes daily they repine,
 And to the King in hast this newes do beare,
 Who to their words his will doth so incline,
 That *Clarence* match is broke by his designe ;
 King *Edward* iealous of his childrens fate,
 Gainst *Clarence* in his heart beares secret hate.

This opportunitie I straight do snatch,
 Striking the steele while yet the fire is in,
 In the Kings brest such hatred I do hatch
 Against our brother, that his hand I win
 To further me in my intended sinne ;
 For that blind riddle of the letter G,
George lost his life, it tooke effect in me.

Thus

Thus hauing halfe my purpose in my hand
By *Clarence* death, I cast how to confound
The noble *Queenes* neere kinsmen, who would band
Themselues gainst me by law of nature bound,
When *Edwards* bodie should be laid in ground:
But while the King, my brother did suruiue,
To worke their woe, nought durst my thoughts contriue.

Yet whom in court I did perceiue, that bore
A grudging heart against their vpstart state:
My brothers death to him I did deplore,
Auouching them with their malignant hate,
Thaue been the authors of his wofull fate,
Which at such oddes the Peeres and them did set,
That neuer age such discord did beget.

Fortune in midst of this their wicked strife,
With pleasing looke so smil'd on my intent,
That by the sudden losse of *Edwards* life,
My Kingly brother, she did seeme t'assent
To grant me good successe in the euent:
The King late sick, leaues here the Peeres at oddes,
And flies the place of mortall mens abodes.

His corps scarce couered with a clod of clay,
His kingly ghost of heauie newes to tell:
Earle Rivers, Vaughan, and Lord Richard Grey,
The kindred of the Queene I did compell
To follow him, amongst the dead to dwell,
Vnhappie Hastings, Buckingham and I
At *Pomfret* castle caused them to die.

They dead, Protector by consent of Peeres
To hold the sterne in State I chosen am:
My nephew yet being in his yongest yeares,
Which once attain'd by helpe of *Buckingham,*
To higher things ambitiously I aime,
Who for my promise of promotion, gaue
His minde to mine, in each thing I could craue.

Hastings, whose loyaltie stood in my way,
 Vpon his fall to build my future power,
 As he at counsell sate vpon a day
 With other Lordings in the fatall Tower,
 By my deceit there met his liues last houre ;
 Where he fond Lord did think himselfe most sure,
 His best deem'd friends swift death did him procure.

The way made plaine by plucking others downe,
 That might withstand in such a generall ill,
 With some pretence of title to the crowne,
 To win the giddie people to our will,
 A man whose tongue could honie drops distill,
 One Doctor *Shaw*, then deem'd a great Diuine,
 To vndertake this taske we did assigne.

He in a Sermon fitting mine intent,
 Did seeke to proue my brothers progenie
 Vnlawfull issue ; and with my consent
 Chargeth my mother with adulterie,
 Of *Edwards* and Lord *Clarence* bastardie,
 Auouching me to be *Yorkes* true borne child,
 On whom our house their hopes might only build.

To this his sermon, as it was decreed,
 Rushing amongst the people in I came,
 Where he most impudent, in hope to breed
 Affection in the audience did not shame,
 On me with loud applauses to exclaim :
 For flying from his text when I came in,
 In praise of me, thus did the wretch begin.

This is (quoth he) that very noble Duke,
 The speciall paterne of true chivalrie,
 Who both in fauour and in Princely looke,
 As well as in the minds true qualitie,
 Doth represent his fathers physnomie :
 Thus did he seeke the peoples hearts t'incline,
 But purchas'd nought but his disgrace and mine.

For after, when disloyall *Buckingham*
Vnto the Commons that set speech did make,
Which with inuectiue scandall he did frame
Against the late dead King; when much he spake
To moue them, me for lawfull Prince to take:

Strooke dumbe with shame of so abhorr'd a thing,
Not one amongst them crie, God saue the King.

After I had obtain'd by tyrannie,
The fancied blisse of empire and renowne;
I thought so long as *Edwards* Progenie
Did breath on earth, Fortune did seeme to frowne,
Threatning to cast my new got glorie downe:
Wherefore, betwixt the sheets with cruell paine,
Vnhappie I did cause them to be slaine.

Thinking thenceforth to enioy all worldly blisse,
And with my crownes delight my soule to feast:
What I expect, I do not only misse,
But am deprived eu'n of that small rest,
Of which before that time I was posselt:
Conscience my former deeds in question brings,
And frights my guiltie soule with fearefull things.

Each night, when quiet sleepe should close mine eies,
Long waking on my pallat I do lie,
And if by chance sleepe doth my sense surprise,
Then doth illusion set before mine eie
My murdered nephewes, who aloud do crie,
Calling for vengeance for that bloodie sinne,
In strangling them the Diadem to winne.

Then starting vp from forth my naked bed,
With sword in hand I frantike-like would flie
About my chamber, and orecome with dread,
Vnto my guard I oftentimes would crie,
That treason in my chamber hid did lie:
Thus the remembrance of my wicked deed,
In me euen sleeping, did strange horror breed.

In day time wheresoeuer I did go,
 My watchfull eyes I whirled round about,
 Fearing the onset of some sudden foe,
 And to be out of dreadfull dangers doubt,
 My bodie priuily was fenc'd about:
 Vpon my dagger still I kept my hand,
 Readie to stab those that by me did stand.

After the murther of my nephewes twaine,
 Not long it was ere *Buckingham* and I
 Began to iarre, for which my lawlesse raigne
 Not long did last, his last conspiracie
 Did end his owne life and my royaltie:
 Who gag'd his honor t' helpe me to the crowne,
 With his owne death did help to bring me downe.

Of Hereford the Dukedome he did claime,
 Which was the chiefeft cause of our debate;
 For his pretended title to the same
 Did touch the Kingly title of our State,
 For which his sute I spurn'd in spitefull hate,
 And rated him with speeches minatorie,
 Which was the fall of my vsurped glorie.

When thus the wrathfull Duke did plainly see
 His sute reiected, and himselfe despis'd,
 He cast how to auenge himselfe on mee,
 And in his thoughts my ruine he deuise'd;
 In which a bold attempt he enterpris'd,
 For he in battell bold himselfe did band,
 Against me for to fight with force of hand.

Many with him against me did accord,
 For when the sudden fame abroad was spread,
 How noble *Richmond* that *Lancastrian* Lord,
 My brothers heire *Elizabeth* should wed,
 Many there were that often wisht me dead;
 Vowing to spend their blood in *Richmonds* right,
 And to assist the Duke with all their might.

Then

Then were commotions raised euery day,
The Duke in Shropshire hard by Shrewsburie
The proud wilde Welchmen troopt in battell ray,
Who vainly vaunted on their chiuallrie,
As in the sequell they did testifie :
Yet their example many did excite,
To moue rebellion to my hearts despight.

In Yorke-shire Marquesse *Dorset* with his crew,
Gainst me in field to fight were boldly bent,
In Deuonshire both the *Courtneys* did pursue
Those that my cause did fauour, and in Kent
The *Guilfords* were in armes for that intent :
Thus I in euery corner of this land,
Was round beset with force of foe-mens hand.

Yet from my youth in warre affaires being bred,
I knew that if in this conspiracie
I did without delay cut off the head,
The rest being stricken with timiditie,
Would soone be quell'd by force or policie :
Wherefore with all my power I did pursue
The Duke of Buckingham and his Welch crue.

He towards Gloucester his way did take,
There to haue ioyned with the Westernne powre,
But as in safetie passage for to make,
He with his host by Seuernes coast did scowre,
Heau'ns cloudie mountaines brake, and many a showre
Through darksome aire, from heau'ns wide floud-gates fel,
Which made the wombe of raging Seuerne swel.

The shores did shrink, the lustie waues did grow,
Trees hid their heads, dumbe beasts on hilles were drown'd,
Infants in cradles wandred to and fro ;
Yea those that of the floud stroue to win ground,
Both men and horse the waters did confound :
And to this day the Seuerne men by name,
Stout *Buckingham's* great water call the same.

Thus the bold Duke was of his purpose crost,
 Who of my swift approach, when he did heare;
 In good array did range his warlike host :
 But they, before in field we did appeare,
 Turning their backes put on the wings of feare,
 Leading their Duke the way, who thus distrest
 Durst not abide, but fled amongst the rest.

Who tooke himselfe in his unhappie flight,
 Vnto his seruants house vpon the way,
 Hight *Humfrey Banester*, a wicked wight,
 Who fosterd by this Duke did yet betray
 His Lord and master, to his liues decay :
 By him descri'd he in disguise was taken
 In a darke wood, of all his friends forsaken.

He dead, the rest of his conspiracie
 Dispers'd their powers, and each one fled his way,
 Some fled to *Richmond*, then in Britannie,
 And others here in England lurking lay,
 Expecting the approach of that wish'd day,
 When *Richmond* should on Englands coast arriue,
 Mee of my crowne and Kingdome to depriue.

But I not flacking opportunitie
 In this beginning of my good successe,
 Did studdie both by strength and policie,
Richmonds increasing powers to suppressse,
 Although in vaine; for heauen, his cause did blesse :
 The peoples loue did towards him incline,
 Wishing in hart, that he might victor shine.

To giue content vnto my carefull minde,
 One *Peter Landois* cheefe of Britannie
 Vnder the Duke, with gold I did so blinde,
 That hee did promise mee by policie
 To bring the Earle into my custodie ;
 The Britaine Duke his friend did only stand,
 To whom my subiects dayly fled the land.

This *Peter* was th' Earles onelie seeming frend,
And in pretence of loue, a warlike band
Of men at his owne cost he did commend
Vnto the Earle, to be at his command,
When hee should purpose to inuade this land:
But when towards England hee was in his way,
His purpose was that they should him betray.

The Earle referu'd vnto more happie fate,
Informed was of this false treacherie,
Wherefore t' escape their hands, that lay in wait,
To take away his life, he priuilie
Did into Aniou flie from Britannie,
To which as hee did flie in speedie hast
With greedie pursuit hee was follow'd fast:

But in a thick wood standing by the way,
He in his seruants weedes himselfe did clad,
And caused him the masters part to play,
While hee himselfe fast by his side full glad
On foote did runne like a young lustie lad,
Whereby at length hee past without mischance
The British confines to the Realme of France.

Thither stout *Oxford*, his old hate to show
Vnto our house of Yorke, repaire did make,
To ioyne with *Richmond* my Lancastrian foe:
Then *Brandon*, *Blunt* and *Cheyne* did forsake
Me and my part, with *Richmond* part to take,
Which newes my daylie dread doth so increase
That I no houre can liue in restfull peace.

To whom I might giue trust, I did not know,
Since seeming friends from mee do daylie flie,
In court each one doth wish my ouerthrow,
In towne and citie euerie one doth crie
Shame on my deedes of death and tyrannie:
Thus in my rule I liue belou'd of none,
Dreaded of many, hated of euerie one.

To my distresse some comfort to applie,
 And that I may remoue the onely thing,
 On which Earle *Richmonds* hopes doe most relie:
 Now such strange mischiefe I doe set on wing,
 That neuer age the like to light did bring:
 Through blood to incest I intend to swim,
 To breake the match betwixt my neece and him.

For *Anne* my Queene, great *Warwicks* daughter deere,
 By poysons force I sent vnto the dead:
 Which done, my troubled thoughts I vp did cheere,
 In hope I might my brothers daughter wed,
 And bring her vnto mine incestuous bed;
 Foule sinne I now do feare in no degree,
 That I from feare of *Richmond* may be free.

Her mother Queene (strange that it should bee so,)
 Wonne with faire words consents vnto the same:
 Who forc'd by feare, or by distresse brought low,
 In hope to raise her state againe (fond dame)
 In vaine doth wooe her daughter in my name;
 Which heau'n abhorring hastens on my end,
 And by my death preuents what I pretend.

The royall Virgin doth so much detest
 My damn'd intent that I no grace can finde,
 And daily newes my thoughts doe so molest
 With foes inuasion, that my troubled minde
 Is altogether vnto care inclinde;
 Gainst those abroad that doe intend t'inuade,
 While I prepare, at home I am betraid.

At Nottingham, where then in Court I lay,
 Inform'd I was, that th'hated enemy
 Had taken land, at which in much dismaie,
 Turning my feare to rage, at last I crie
 For vengeance on my subiects treacherie,
 And forc'd to trie my cause by bloodie blowes,
 I mustred vp my men to meete my foes.

When:

When that I heard where *Richmond* did ariue,
I did digest my bands in battell ray :
In ranke forth marcht my footemen fise and fise,
Who in that order kept the readie way
That led directly where Earle *Richmond* lay.
Then wings of horsemen coasting euerie side,
Did vnto bloodie battell boldly ride.

In midst of whom, vpon a tall white steede
Mounted I sat with cruell countenance,
Still crying out, march on, march on with speede :
And in this sort without incumberance,
To Lecester we forward did aduance :
Through which we past to Bosworthes ample plaine,
Where I did end my wretched life and reigne.

And there vpon an hill, *Anne Beame* by name,
I downe did pight my standerd, and fast by
My campe in martiall order I did frame:
Richmond fast by vs on the plaine did lie,
Next morne the chance of battell sor to trie;
For it was euening ere we could attaine
To meete each other vpon Bosworth plaine.

The sad nights cold forerunner *Vesper* faire,
Dispreades her golden lockes in Easterne skie :
Then courts of guard are set with speciall care,
Lest that our foes aduantage to espie,
In Ambuskado neere should lurking lie ;
And euery one with hearts to heau'n did pray
To scape the horror of th'approching day.

The heau'ns that in eternall booke do keepe
The register, for life or deathes decree,
By vision strange did shew to me in sleepe,
That next daies cheerefull light the last should be,
That in this world I euermore should see:
As in my tent, on bed I slumbring lie,
Horrid aspects appear'd vnto mine eye.

I thought that all those murthered ghosts, whom I
 By death had sent to their vntimely graue,
 With balefull noise about my tent did crie,
 And of the heau'ns with sad complaint did craue,
 That they on guiltie wretch might vengeance haue :
 To whom I thought the Iudge of heau'n gaue eare,
 And gainst me gaue a iudgement full of feare.

For loe eftsoones, a thousand hellish hags
 Leauing th'abode of their infernall cell,
 Seasing on me, my hatefull bodie drags
 From forth my bed into a place like hell,
 Where feends did naught but bellow, howle and yell,
 Who in sterne strife stood gainst each other bent,
 Who should my hatefull bodie most torment.

Tormented in such trance long did I lie,
 Till extreame feare did rouze me where I lay,
 And caus'd me from my naked bed to flie;
 Alone within my tent I durst not stay,
 This dreadfull dreame my soule did so affray :
 When wakte I was from sleepe, I for a space
 Thought I had been in some infernall place.

About mine eares a buzzing feare still flew,
 My fainting knees languish for want of might,
 Vpon my bodie stands an icie dew;
 My heart is dead within, and with affright
 The haire vpon my head doth stand vpright :
 Each limbe about me quaking, doth resemble
 A riuers rush, that with the wind doth tremble.

Thus with my guiltie soules sad torture torne,
 The darke nights dismall houres I past away,
 But at cockes crow the message of the morne,
 My feare I did conceale, lest men should say
 Our foes approach my courage did dismay :
 And as dire need did me thereto constraîne,
 My troopes of men I marshall'd on the plaine.

Who

Who with swift concurse fill'd the smothered ground,
And did enranke themselves in braue array,
The foreward with bold bowmen did abound,
Commixt with pikes to beare the violent sway,
When on our front the foe should giue th'affay,
And to their forme in fight good heed to take,
John Duke of Northfolke Chieftaine I did make.

After this vantguard I my selfe did goe,
And round about me chosen men of might
Did range themselves to shield me from the foe,
Our skirts were lin'd with horse, and fit for fight,
Each place was stust with men in armes well dight :
In this array I troopt my armed traine,
To meet Earle *Richmond* on the equall plaine.

Who wisely did his folke to fight instruct,
John Earle of Oxford did the vaward lead,
The right wing *Gilbert Talbot* did conduct,
The left wing *Sir John Savage*, one that fled
From me to *Richmond* for to saue his head :
Richmond himselfe with *Pembrooke* that stout Knight,
The middle ward did lead vnto the fight.

As thus both hosts stood each in others sight,
Expecting when the trumpe, whose blast doth breed
Courage in men, would call them forth to fight,
Arm'd in bright Steele vpon a stately steed,
From ranke to ranke I rode about with speed,
And fit for fight, my souldiers hearts to make,
Hie, and with courage thus to them I spake.

Fellowes in armes, and my aduenturous friends,
Giue heedfull eare to that which I shall say :
Be valiant hearted, thinke vpon the ends
Of fight or flight, of triumph or decay,
Both which the battell doth propose this day,
Th'one of which doth bring eternall fame,
The other ignomie and dastard shame.

O thinke vpon the matchlesse valiancie
 Of our forefathers deeds in former daies,
 And let vs counterchecke the memorie
 Of their stout acts by that immortall praise,
 To which our deeds our names this day may raise :
 Yea let vs thinke gainst whom we come to fight,
 The thought of which might cowards harts excite.

First with our foe-mens Captaine to begin,
 A weake Welch milke-sop, one that I do know
 Was nere before for fight in battell seene,
 Notable of himselfe as guide to goe
 In marshall discipline against his foe :
 But backt by his consorts, a sort of slaues,
 Against his will vs now in field he braues.

And for his company, a sort they bee
 Of rascall French and British runawaies,
 People far more couragious for to flee,
 Then stand in fight, whose faint hearts former daies
 Could witnesse to our land and their dispraise ;
 Who doubtlesse now shall by your valours die,
 Or else at least from battell wounded flie.

That bearing wounds vnto their natie home,
 Their fellows may be stricke with heartlesse dread,
 Fearing in future times againe to come
 Into our kingdome with bold banners spred,
 Gainst souldiers that in Englands bounds are bred :
 Then courage friends, think on renowne and fame
 For which we fight, let cowards flie with shame.

And as for me, assure your selues this day
 I will triumph by glorious victorie,
 Or win a lasting name for liues decay :
 Take then example by my valiancie,
 And boldly fight against your enimie :
 You for your wiues and goods, I for my crowne,
 Both for our countries good, all for renowne.

Aduance them captaines, forward to the fight,
Draw forth your swords, each man addresse his sheeld,
Hence faint conceites, die thoughts of coward flight,
To heauen your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld:
Behold our foes do braue vs in the field,
Vpon them friends, the cause is yours and mine,
Saint *George* and conquest on our helmes doth shine.

This said, the dreadfull trumpet loudlie blowes,
To bring them forward to the furious fight,
Then did the bowmen bend their stift string'd bowes;
The souldiers buckled on their helmets bright;
The bilmen shooke their bils, and euerie wight
Did proue his fatall weapon on the ground,
Ready prepar'd his foemen to confound.

The archers drew, the fatall fight began,
Thick flew the shafts, many to death were done:
Which once being spent, close ioyn'd they man to man;
Then did sterne slaughter through the battell runne;
Not any one at first his foe did shunne:
But equallie their heads they vp did beare
In fight, not stooping vnto seruile feare.

Stout *Norfolke* in the forefront boldlie stood,
Implying deeds of death against the foe;
Not fear'd, in midst of dust, of death and blood,
Th'extreamest of his vtmost strength to show,
To winne his Soueraignes weale by his owne woe:
Where he braue Lord, by friends vunkindlie left,
In manlie fight was of his life bereft.

For in my cheefest hope to winne the day,
Appointed by the heauens most iust decree,
My souldiers in the forefront shranke away,
Which heauie newes declared was to mee
By one that counsel'd mee away to flee:
But I his counsell rashly did forsake,
And vnto him in furie thus I spake:

768 *King Richard the third.*

Cur'ſt be thy coward thoughts that thinke on flight,
And cur'ſt thoſe traytors that are fled away:
I am reſolu'd in this daies dreadfull fight,
To loſe my life, or win a glorious day:
Flie thoſe that will, for I am bent to ſtay.
This ſaid, my plum'd deckt helme I downe did cloſe,
And with my eager launce made toward my foes.

Hie was the furie of my desperate fight,
And like a tempeſt in a ſtormie day,
When I did ſee vnto my hearts deſpight,
where *Richmonds* ſtandard ſtood without delay:
Through th'armed men to it I made my way,
The which, with *William Brandon* that bold Knight,
To ground I downe did caſt in *Richmonds* fight.

Many beneath my conquering ſtrokes did fall,
Each one did flie from me with coward ſhame,
But one whom *Sir Iohn Cheynie* men did call,
Who for huge ſwinge of ſtrength did beare the name
Of all the Captaines that with *Richmond* came,
Who ſingle did my charge at firſt repell,
Though in the end, beneath my ſword he fell.

But as with him alone in fight I ſtood,
Behold with foes I was incircled round,
Who did imbrue their ſwords in my deare blood,
Where maſtered with the ſmart of many a woond,
I bleeding feil vnto the duſtie ground:
Where curſing *Richmond* and his conquering crue,
Thence in diſdainfull ſort my ſad ſoule flew.

I being ſlaine, thoſe that for me did fight,
Turning their backes, away forthwith did flie,
In field my ſlaughtered bodie in deſpight,
Drag'd from the place where it did bleeding lie,
Was naked made to euery vaſſals eye,
Deſpoild of all thoſe kingly robes I wore:
Thus they to *Leiceſter* my bodie bore.

Behinde

Behind a slaue vpon a halting iade
All naked as I was, hog-like I lay;
And in that sort with blood and dust array'd,
To Leicester they bore me, whence that day
To field I came in pompe and rich array:
Where to the graue my bodie they commend:
Thus had my bloodie life a bloodie end.

Th'ambitious Prince, whose hand vniustly gripes
Anothers right to make himselfe a King,
Suffers the smart of many Furies stripes:
Th'internall worme his conscience still doth sting,
His soule t'a fearefull iudgement death doth bring:
Of which let my vsurped royaltie,
Remaine a Mirrour in this historie.

My storie told, I may no longer stay,
My griued ghost doth smell the mornings aire:
The night on sable wings flies fast away,
The houres in East expecting daies repaire,
On cloudie hill sets vp her siluer chaire:
My guiltie ghost her light may not behold,
Adew, remember well what I haue told.

*Our night is at an end (quoth Memorie)
With which we heere will end our historie:
After this Tyrants fall, that dismall night,
Which did obscure this Kingdomes faire day-light,
Did take an end: heere some auspicious star
Twixt Yorke and Lancaster did end the iar,
Appointing Richmond that Lancastrian Knight,
T'inoculate his Red Rose with the White.
Heere therefore with this blissefull unitie,
We will sout vp our tragicke historie,
And thou, whose pen we do appoint to write
Those mirrours past, which thou hast heard this night;
Awake from sleepe, and let thy willing pen
Set forth this dreame vnto the view of men.
This said, with Fame she vanisht from my sight,
This was the vision of a winters night.*

E e e

FINIS.

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10

Belinda's mother

Адрес: _____

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ENGLANDS ELIZA:

OR

THE VICTORIOUS AND
TRIVMPHANT REIGNE OF THAT
VIRGIN EMPRESSE OF SACRED
memorie, ELIZABETH, Queene of England,
France and Ireland,
&c.



AT LONDON
Imprinted by FELIX KYNGSTON.
1610.

1882

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TO THE VERTVOVS

LADIE, THE LADIE ELIZABETH

CLERE, WIFE TO THE RIGHT WOR-

shipfull Sir FRANCIS CLERE,

Knight.

MY Muse, that whilome wail'd those Briton Kings,
Who vnto her in vision did appeare,
Craues leaue to strengthen her night-weathered wings,
In the warme sun-shine of your golden *Clere*;

Where she (faire Ladie) tuning her chaste layes
Of Englands Empresse to her Hymnicke string,
For your affect, to heare that Virgins praise,
Makes choice of your chaste selfe to heare her sing:

Whose royall worth (true vertues Paragon)
Heere made me dare t'ingraue your worthie name;
In hope, that vnto you the same alone
Will so excuse me of presumptuous blame,

That gracefull entertaine my Muse may find,
And euer beare such grace in thankfull mind.

*Your Ladships ever humblie
at command,*

RICHARD NICCOLS.



To the Reader.



Entle Reader, when I first writ this Poem, I had thought for the length thereof to haue distinguished it by section into Cantoes or bookes; but since perswaded by the Printer to publish it with this worke: it being, though no fall, yet a wor-
thie Mirrour answerable to that of the Empresse He-
lena in the first part of this volume: I present it in
one whole entire Hymne, distinguishing it only by
succession of yeares, which I haue margented through
the whole storie. For my quotation of Authors, I
heere use it not for singularitie, it being a thing
not customarie to VVriters in this kind, but to con-
firme the truth of that which is written, as not be-
ing ignorant that I shall be bitten by those mongrill
English (I can terme them no other) that barke at
the Maiestie of that most noble Princessse, against
whose railing, an inseparable propertie to their profes-
sion, I only arme my selfe with this confidence, that
the fame of her royalties mounting aloft like the
sun verticall, shall in the height of all true
borne English estimation, abate the
shadowes of their enuie.

Farewell.

THE INDVCTION. 775

In that sad month, whose name at first begun
 From Romes Augustus, great Octavius son,
 When heau'ns fierce dog, sterne Alhabor did rise
 To bait the Lion in th' Olympian skies;
 Whose hot fier-breathing influence did cracke
 Our thirstie grandame Terracs aged backe:
 By wrathfull Ioue, thicke darted from the skie
 The thunder shafts of Pestilence did flie;
 In top of heau'n he tooke his wreakfull stand
 Ore that great Towne vpon the Northerne strand,
 Of siluer Thamisis, vpon whose towres
 Downe dropt his shafts, as thicke as winters showres,
 Which daily did his indignation show
 In euery place, dispersing worlds of woe:
 Witnesse ye ghosts and spirits dolefull drerie,
 Vntimely sent by troopes to Charons ferrie,
 Leauing your limbes wrapt vp in sheets of clay,
 As dustie reliques of your liues decay:
 Yea (thou sweet Genius of that ancient towne,
 Thou Ladie of great Albions chiefe renowne)
 Of that sad time a witnesse maist thou bee,
 When death did take so many sonnes from thee;
 Whose funerall rites inconsolate alone,
 When thou vnkindly left, didst kindly mone;
 Who staid with thee, alas, to helpe thee mourne,
 And fled not from thee, leauing thee forlorne?
 Mongst whom (though I) strooke terror-sicke with dread
 Of heau'ns hot plague, was one that from thee fled;
 Yet of thy sight I daily did partake,
 Which of thy woes a partner did me make:
 Not far from off that slimie Southerne strand,
 By which with Isis, Thames runnes hand in hand,
 In that high mountaine countries fruitfull soile,
 That nere in sight of forren foes tooke soile,

Where those same famous stout men-mouing wood,
 Against the Norman Conqueror boldly stood;
 Was my abode, when foule infections breath
 In Troynouant imploy'd the workes of death.
 There in this wofull time upon a day,
 So soone as Tythons loue-lasse gan display
 Her opall colours in her Easterne throne;
 It was my chance in walking all alone,
 That ancient castle-crowned hill to scale,
 Which proudly ouerlookes the lowly vale,
 Where great Elizaes birth-blest palace stands,
 Gainst which great Thames casts up his golden sands.
 There when I came, from thence I might descrie
 The sweetest prospects, that the curious eie
 Of any one did euer elsewhere see,
 So pleasant at that time they seem'd to mee:
 It is a choice selected plot of land,
 In which this ayrie mount doth towring stand;
 As if that natures cunning for the best,
 Had choicely pickt it out from all the rest:
 Beneath this loftie hill shot up on high,
 A pleasant parke impaled round doth lie,
 In which the plaine so open lies to sight,
 That on this hill oft times with great delight
 That heau'nly Queene, Plantagenets great blood,
 The faire Elizaes selfe hath often stood,
 And seene the swift-foot dogs in eager chace
 Pursue the gentle Hinde from place to place.
 From hence recalling my weake wandring eye,
 I gan behold that Kingly Palace by,
 Whose loftie towres built up of ancient time
 By worthie Princes, to the stars do clime;
 Proud, that so many a Prince to do them grace,
 Beneath their roose had made their resting place.

*Fast by this princely house, afront before
 Thames gliding waues do wash the sandie shore,
 Whose fruitfull streames with winding in and out,
 Forcing their way through hollow lands about,
 From th' Occidentall with swift course do run,
 Where Hesper bright brings up the golden Sun :
 And on the siluer brest of this great lord
 Of all the deepes, that Albions wombe doth hoard,
 Downe from the Easterne seas I might descric
 Many swift-winged barkes, that seem'd to flie,
 Cutting their passage through the threatning wane,
 That 'bout their sides in vaine did rore and rane ;
 With swelling sailes not fearing sad mischance,
 Each after other came in stately dance,
 And nimble capring on the purple waue,
 With loftie foretops did the welkin braue,
 Vntill they came vnto that stately place
 Fam'd for the birth of great Elizaes grace :
 To which they vail'd their towring tops before,
 And from their sides the thundring cannons rore
 Flew as a witnesse of their loyaltie
 And lone vnto that house of Maiestie ;
 From thence full fraught with many a precious prise
 They sail'd along, whereas the passage lies
 To Troynouant, whose pride of youthfull lust
 The hand of death had smothered in the dust ;
 The smiling heau'ns, that with sweet sunshine howres
 Did once vouchsafe t' adorne her hie topt towres,
 Now with grim lookes, which did my heart appall,
 Did seeme to threaten her approaching fall ;
 Downe from their clondie browes in threatning pride,
 Death-darting Pestilence did seeme to slide :
 Grim-visag'd-like the grizly dreaded night,
 In noysome fumes and mistie fogs bedight :*

The aire once pure and thin now wing'd with death
 Grewe gloomie thick being poyson'd by her breath,
 In which, I thought, she took her horrid stand,
 And with fierce look and stiff-bent bowe in hand,
 She drew her shafts, impatient in her minde,
 From forth her quiuer at her back behinde:
 Then did I thinke vpon the shreekes and cries
 Of dying soules, that did ascend the skies
 By thousands sent vnto the gaping graue,
 On whom no mercie Pestilence would haue:
 Yea then (thou glorie of great Albion)
 Thy sad distresse I gan to think vpon,
 Thy mournefull widowes groueling in sad swound
 On their dead husbands, on the ashie ground,
 Thy husbands striuing to preserue the breath
 Of their deare spouse from vnrelenting death;
 Thy Orphans left poore parentlesse alone
 The future times sad miserie to mone:
 The thought of which, in that unhappie season
 With woefull passion did so maister reason,
 That as I stood vpon that pleasant hill
 To fancie sweet delight I had no will;
 But seeking for some groue or gloomie wood,
 Where I might feede my melancholie mood:
 Vpon this hils South side at last I found
 Fitting my thoughts a pleasing plot of ground;
 It was to wit, that wel knowne happie shade,
 Which for delight the royall Britaine Maid
 Did oft frequent, as former times can tell,
 When her sweet soule in mortall mould did dwell:
 It is a walke thicke set with manie a tree;
 Whose arched bowes ore hed combined bee,
 That nor the golden eye of heauen can peepe
 Into that place, ne yet, when heauen doth weepe,

*Can the thin drops of drizeling raine offend
 Him, that for succour to that place doth wend.
 VVhere when alone I first did enter in,
 And call to minde, how that truth-shielding Queene
 In former times the same did beautifie
 VVith presence of her princelie maiestie;
 (O) how the place did seeme to mourne to mee,
 That she should thence for euer absent bee!
 In this sad passion, which did still absund,
 I sat me downe vpon the grassie ground,
 Wishing that heau'n into my infant Muse
 That antique Poets spirit would infuse,
 VVho, when in Thracian land hee did rehearse
 Iāthees wofull end in tragick verse,
 Did make men, birds, beasts, trees and rockes of stone
 That virgins timelesse tragedie to mone:
 For then I thought, that to that mournefull place,
 I might haue sung my verse with lesse disgrace
 To great Elizaes worth: for who doth bring
 Her deeds to light, or who her worth doth singe?
 (O) did that Fairie Queenes sweet singer liue,
 That to the dead eternitie could giue,
 Or if, that heauen by influence would infuse
 His heauenlie spirit on mine earth-borne Muse,
 Her name ere this a mirror should haue been
 Lim'd out in golden verse to th'eyes of men:
 But my sad Muse, though willing; yet too weak
 In her rude rymes Elizaes worth to speak,
 Must yeeld to those, whose Muse can mount on high,
 And with braue plumes can clime the loftie skie.
 As thus I sat all sad vpon the greene
 In contemplation of that royall Queene,
 And thinking, what a Mirrour she might be
 Vnio all future times posteritie,*

Inclining

Inclining downe my hed, soft fingered sleepe
 With pleasing touch throughout my limbes did creepe,
 Who hauing seas'd vpon mee with strong hands,
 Bound vp my thoughts in soporiferous bands,
 And held mee captiue, while his seruant slie
 A vision strange did vnto mee descrie:
 For vp from Morpheus den a vision came,
 Which were it sent in mightie Ioues owne name,
 Or by some other power, I wot not well:
 But as I slept, I say, thus it befell:
 As at that time in walking to and fro,
 I bout this pleasant place alone did goe,
 Each obiect of the same all suddenlie
 Seemd strangeliem metamorphiz'd to myne eye;
 The Helliconian spring, that did proceed
 From th' hoose of Pegasus that heauenlie steed,
 And those pure streames of virgin Castalie,
 The place of Ioues nine daughters nurserie,
 Did seeme to haue resign'd their proper place,
 Transported thither to that lands disgrace:
 Where, as I thought, I heard an heauenlie sound,
 Of which the place did euerie where redound:
 Vnto the which as I attentive stood,
 Descending downe from out a neighbouring wood,
 I might behold the sacred sisters nine,
 Whether from heauen or other place diuine,
 I am uncertaine; but their way they made
 Where as I stood beneath the leauie shade:
 Before them all a goodlie Ladie came
 In stately portance like Ioues braine-borne dame,
 To wit, that virgin Queene, the faire Elize,
 That whilom was our Englands richest prize;
 In princelie station with great Iunoes grace
 (Mee seem'd) she came in her maiesticke pace,

*Grac'd with the lookes of daunting maiestie,
 Mixt with the meekenesse of milde clemencie;
 Such haue I seene her, when in Princely State
 She goddesse-like in chariot high hath sate,
 When troops of people with loud shouts and cries,
 Haue sounded out their Auiers in the skies:
 And rid each other in the present place
 With great desire to see her beau'nly face:
 Mongst whom she came, as if Aurora faire
 Out of the East had newly made repaire,
 Making a sun-like light with golden shine
 Of her bright beautie in the gazers eie.
 Approching neere the place where I did stand,
 With gracious beckning of her princely hand,
 She seem'd to call to me; but sillie I,
 Daunted with presence of such Maiestie,
 Fell prostrate downe, debasht with reuerent shame
 At sudden sight of so diuine a dame;
 Till she with gentle speech thus mildely said:
 Stand vp, quoth she, and be nowhit dismaid;
 Let loyall lone and Zeale to me inflame
 Thy Muse to sing the praises of my name;
 And let not thoughts of want, of worth, and skill,
 Impeach the purpose of thy forward quill;
 For though thy homely stile and slender verse
 Too humble seeme my praises to rehearse:
 Yet to the world, that I a Mirrour bee
 Amongst those many Mirrours writ by thee;
 Feare neither bite of dogged Theonstooth,
 Nor soone-shot bolts of giddie headed youth;
 For th'awfull power of my sole dreaded name,
 Shall from thy verse auert all foule defame:
 And lest in any point thou chance to faile,
 Which may my names great glorie ought anaile;*

Loe here the cheefest of the daughters nine
 Of sacred Memorie and Ioue diuine,
 Greate Cliones selfe, in order shall rehearse
 My storie to thee in her stately verse.

This said, more swift then lightening from the skie,
 She on the suddaine vanisht from mine eye

With all her nymphes: for none of all her traine

Excepting Clio did with mee remaine,

Who beeing the first borne childe of Memorie,

The Ladie was of noble Historie,

A peerelesse dame past al compare to sing

The deeds, that vertue vnto light doth bring:

In comelie garments, like some virgin maid

Of Dians troope, shee trimlie was arraid,

Saue goddesse-like her globe-like head around

With verdant wreath of sacred bay was crownd;

From which downe either side her comelie face,

Her golden lockes did flow with goodlie grace,

And in her hand a lute diuinelie strung

She held, to which oft times she sweetlie sung;

VVith this she sat her downe vpon the ground

And with her fingers made the strings to sound,

Vnto the which her sweet voice she did frame

To sing the praises of Elizæes name.

VVhich hauing done, she thus did silence break;

VVould God (quoth shee) her prayses I could speak,

VVho claimes a greater power her praise to found,

Then Phœbus self, if greater could be found:

Yet will I triall make with all my might,

VVith her great fame the golden starres to smite:

VVhich while I sing, heark thou with heedfuleare,

And in thy mind the same hereafter beare:

This said, she lightlie toucht each trembling string,

And with sweet voice did thus diuinelie sing.



ENGLANDS
ELIZA.

When Englands *Phæbus*, *Henries* hopefull sonne
The worlds rare *Phoenix*, Princely *Edward* hight,
To death did yeeld, his glasse of life outrun,
And *Phæbus*-like no more could lend his light;
Then men did walke in shades of darke some night,
Whose feeble sight with errors blacke strooke blind,
Could in no place Times faire *Fidessa* find.

That blind borne-monster truthes sterne opposite,
Begotten first in *Demogorgons* hall,
Twixt vglie *Erebus* and grizlie night,
The sonnes of truth did horrible appall
With her approach, much dreaded of them all:
Who euer came in reach of her foule pawes,
She in their blood imbru'd her thirstie iawes.

Witnesse may bee the manie a burning flame,
Made with the limbes of Saints to mount on high,
Whose constant soules without the least exclaime,
In mid'st of death downe patientlie did lie,
And in bright flames did clime the Clow'd-brow'd skie;
Yea let *Elizæes* woes in that blind age
A witnesse bee of bloodie Errors rage.

Whose deepe distresse and dolefull miserie,
I not assay to sing, but leaue the same
To our deare sister sad *Melpomene*,
That she her sweet patheticke voice may frame
In dolefull dittie to condole the same:
I onely here in high Heroick streine,
Do striue to sing of her triumphant reigne.

Iona

Ioue looking downe, from his celestiall throne
 With eies of pitie on poore Englands woes,
 Did lend her helpe, when hope of helpe was none,
 And in his mercy did his power oppose
 Gainst Errors night-borne children, her cheife foes,
 Who fought t'obscure with cloudes of enuious night,
 Her *Cynthias* shine, the lampe of all her light.

But he disperst those cloudes, and droue away
 The lowring stormes, that ouercast our skie,
 And made our glorious *Cynthia* to display
 Her heauenlie shine, to giue them light thereby,
 Who long before in darknesse bound did lie;
 For she it was, who with her sweet repaire
 From th'hearts of men did banish black despaire.

Euen as that morning starre that doth display
 Her golden tresses in th'Orientall skie,
 Brings happie tidings of approaching day
 To them, that long in bed do restlesse lie,
 Expecting comfort from the suns bright eye:
 So our *Eliza* did blest tidings bring
 Of ioy to those, whom sad distresse did sting.

No sooner did this Empires royall crowne
 Begirt the temples of her princelie hed;
 But that *Ioue*-borne *Astraea* straight came downe
 From highest heauen againe, to which in dread
 Of earths impietic before shee fled:
 Well did shee know, *Elizaes* happie reigne
 Would then renew the golden age againe.

The heau'ns did smile on her with sweet delight,
 And thundering *Ioue* did laugh her foes to scorne,
 The god of warre did cease from bloodie fight,
 And fruitfull Plentie did her land adorne
 With richest gifts, powr'd from her plenteous horne,
 The happie seedes, which th'hands of peace did sow
 In euerie place with goodlie fruit did grow.

Deuouring *Mulciber*, whose flames before
With blood of holy men were heard to hisse,
Of Englands happie sonnes were seene no more;
But truth and mercie did each other kisse,
And brought sweet tidings of their heavenly blisse:
All which by powerfull *Ioue* haue granted been
For louet' *Eliza* Albions matchlesse Queene.

Matchlesse for all the gifts of heavenly grace,
For natures good and happie destinie,
All which in one sole subiect hauing place,
If they a mortall wight may beautifie,
And giue a Prince earths true felicitie,
She truly did enioy, while she did liue,
That *Summum Bonum*, which this life could giue.

In th'happie Horoscope of her sweet birth,
Both heauen and nature seemed to consent
With Fortunes selfe t'augment their fame on earth,
Each one in hope to perfect their intent,
By this Queene Virgin and her gouernment,
And 'mongst themselues, they seemed to contend,
Who should to her the greatest gifts extend.

For when from *Annaes* wombe, she came to light,
Th'whole aggregate of heau'n from *Ioues* high throne,
Vnto the lowest orbe lookt blithe and bright,
And in the same, each constellation
Vnited was in sweet coniunction,
Powring their influence of felicitie
Vpon the Virgins blest natiuitie.

Nor can I tell the gifts of grace exact,
With which heau'n did enrich her royall mind,
Had I a brazen throat or voice infract,
A thousand tongues, and rarest words refin'd,
With vtterance swifter, then the swiftest winde;
Yet were they all too weake at large to tell
The gifts of grace, that in her soule did dwell.

Her settled faith, fixt in the highest heau'n
 Remained firme vnto her liues last date,
 Nor her vndanted spirit could be driuen
 At any time one iot thereof t'abate
 By Spaines sterne threats, and Romes pernicious hate,
 The ankor of the same, her hope, aboue
 Stood fixt vpon the promise of great *Ioue*.

Her deeds of mercie, not in hope to merit,
 Were true ostents of her fidelitie,
 For which, a name on earth she shall inherit,
 Which shall outliue the vading memorie
 Of spitefull Romes defaming forgerie;
 For not alone did we her bountie know,
 But forren shores the same likewise can show.

Heau'n hauing dignifi'd her soule diuine,
 With rarest gifts of goodly qualitie,
 Dame Natures selfe, as seeming to refine
 The common mixture of mortalitie,
 Into a matter of more puritie,
 Made for her soule a mansion house so faire,
 That few with it for beautie might compare.

And though her beautie were exceeding rare,
 Yet Romes *Lucretia* for a sober eie
 So far renown'd, with her might not compare,
 Nor the Greekes constant *Queene Penelope*,
 Might match this maiden *Queene* for modestie:
 For *Phœbes* selfe did want her gouernance
 In modest gesture and chaste countenance.

Thus heau'n and nature hauing shew'd their skill
 In perfecting a creature so diuine,
 Fortune, as loth so rare a worke to spill,
 At our Great Britaine Maid did not repine,
 But did to her all happinesse assigne,
 Whereby no Prince on earth yet euer was,
 That for rare gifts *Eliza* did surpasse.

Cease then, yee black-mouth'd brood of Enuies race,
Men monsters-like, or monsters like to men,
Whose tongues with scandall tipt, seeke to disgrace
Our royall Soueraigne, *Ioues* anoynted Queene,
Whose like in any age hath seldome been :
Cease vipers, cease I say, from your offence,
In spitting poyson at such excellence.

Yet, if your English Romanized hearts,
Gainst natures custome swell with foule defame,
Brandish your stings, and cast your vtmost darts
Against the greatnesse of her glorious name,
Yet shall it liue to your eternall shame ;
Yea, though Rome, Spaine, and hell it selfe repine,
Her fame on earth with sun-bright light shal shine.

And while that we, the brood of *Phæbus* wit
In golden verse her deeds to light can bring,
On mount *Parnassus*, as we safely sit,
In such high straine her worth we all will sing,
That earths whole round of her great fame shall ring:
For endlesse praise to her well may we giue,
That did protect our cause, while she did liue.

(O) how the wreath of *Phæbus* flowring bay,
The victors due desert and learnings meed
Did flourish in her time without decay !
Which to obtaine, each one did striue t' exceed
In high atchieuement of some glorious deed :
Though now, alas, such custome is forgot,
And loue of ease great Albions sonnes doth blot.

Lull'd in the bosome of securitie,
Vpon th' ignoble bed of idle ease,
Fouly defacing true nobilitie,
Few now do care, but how they best may please
The hungrie fancie of sweet loues disease,
That pitie t'is so many a worthie wight,
Lets honor flie for fancies fond delight.

But wake (yee honor'd Impes of noble race)
 Rouze vp the dying sparkes of courage bold,
 T'is *Clyo* speakes to you, that she may place
 Your lasting praises, writ with lines of gold,
 In flying Fames great booke to be inrol'd,
 Yea let your fathers late done deeds inflame
 Your sleeping thoughts to gaine a glorious name :

Who thought it not true honors glorious prize
 By nimblie capring in a daintie dance,
 To win th'affects of womens wanton eies,
 Ne yet did seeke their glorie to aduance
 By only tilting with a rush-like lance,
 But did in dreadfull death themselues oppose,
 To winne renowne against *Elizæ's* foes.

How stoutly did they march in honors field,
 In stately station like the sonnes of Fame,
 Led by renowne, who nere did let them yeeld,
 Though drown'd in death in midst of martiall game,
 Till by their deeds they gain'd a glorious name,
 Whose valour still *Eliza* did direct
 Each where to beat downe wrong and right erect.

An. Reg. 2. When Englands Scotland in distresse did stand,
 Ambitious *Guise* intending her decay,
 Englands faire Virgin lent her helping hand,
 And soone did chace th'insulting French away,
 That proudly did their ensignes there display:
 For that braue Lord great *Grey* of Wilton hight,
 Did force them thence by warres impulsive might.

An. Reg. 4. When France within it selfe diuided stood,
 Th'aspiring *Guise* in hostile furie bent
 Against braue *Condie*, Prince of royall blood,
 Then our faire Queene all danger to preuent,
 Great *Warwicke* ore the seas broad bosome sent,
 Whose dreaded powers our Calice losse had quited,
 Had heau'n not sicknesse through his host excited

When

When Irelands great *Oneale*, first that did moue
The Kernes and Gallowglasses, men of might,
Vnto their Soueraigne to renounce their loue,
Hight *Henrie Sidnie* that heroick Knight,
Did oft times turne him to inglorious flight,
Till traytor-like mongst friends he found his fall,
Who hew'd his bodie into pieces small.

Anno Reg. 9

Nor heere renowned *Randolbraue* Esquire
Can I forget to giue to thee thy right,
When with thine owne few troopes, whose hearts on fire
Thy valour set, thou put'st to shamefull flight
This *Shane Oneale*, and all his host in fight:
Where though thou fell in venturing past the rest,
Thy name shall liue in Fames great booke exprest.

An. Reg. 8

And heere at home, when in the North did rise
The louring stormes stirr'd vp by discontent
Of peace-disturbers, who did enterprize
By force of hand their Soueraignes right to rent,
And take from her this kingdomes gouernment,
Then stood vp many a loyall hearted Peere,
To shield her safe from threatening foe-mens feare.

An. Reg. 12

For well they knew, with right it could not stand,
That any one their Soueraigne might displace,
And take the Scepter from the Princes hand:
The rule of many is absurd and base,
One Prince must sit inthron'd in iustice place;
For many heads, what bodie euer bare,
That was not monster-like and out of square?

Which little did those iarring members know,
When with their banner of the five wounds spread,
And holy-seeming crosse, a fained show
Of their vngodly zeale, they first made head
At Durhams towne against their Soueraigne dread,
Where their first outrage men did vnderstand,
In tearing th'holy writs of Gods owne hand.

Gainst whom, these great *Heroes* vp did stand,
 Renowned *Sussex*, th' eldest sonne of Fame,
 Great *Warwicke*, *Rutland*, and stout *Cumberland*,
 Bold *Denorax*, *Howard* Lord of Effingham,
 Braue Lord of Perham *Willowby* by name,
Scroope, *Euers*, *Knoles*, all men of famous might,
 From whom their foes to Scotland tooke their flight.

L. D. And thou braue *Hunsdon* borne of Princes blood,
 Though last in place yet not the least in name,
 When a disloyall Lord vndaunted stood
 To bid thee battell, to thy endlesse fame,
 Thou mad'st him flie the bounded field with shame :
 'Gainst whom with thy few troopes, thou didst aduance
 And authoriz'd high seruice with thy lance.

Vpon the bankes, where siluer *Chelt* doth glide,
 With his three thousand men in armes well dight,
 He stoutly stood and did thy charge abide,
 Gainst whom with fiftene hundred thou didst fight,
 And forc'd him yeeld vnto thy powerfull might :
 For heartlesse from the field away he fled
 To Scotland by, to hide his shamefull hed.

And as the Lordly Lion, king of beasts,
 When he by chance hath lost his wished prey,
 Runs roring through the wood, and neuer rests
 Till he haue truly tract the readie way,
 Where he may follow his escaped prey :
 So noble *Hunsdon* with his conquering crew,
 His flying foe to Scotland did pursue.

Anno eodem
 12. With that stout sonne of *Mars*, great *Sussex* bent,
 T'inferre reuenge vpon the borderers by
 For misdemeanor done, much time he spent
 In making hostile spoile on th'enemie,
 That sought to succour rebels treacherie :
 Which done, loden with honor and rich spoile,
 They made returne vnto their native soile.

Thus

Thus did these Lords to their faire virgin Queene,
 Returne with glorie got from euery place,
 Though at her greatnesse with malignant spleene,
 Many leaud sonnes of Enuies hellish race,
 Did much repine, and sought her names disgrace :
 For spitefull Enuie neuer doth repine,
 But where true vertues glorie most doth shine.

Downe in the deepes of earths profunditie
 Her dwelling is, in dungeons darksome blind,
 Where she nere sees the bright sunnes cheerefull eie,
 Ne comfort of the wholesome aire doth finde,
 Tost to and fro by gentle breathing winde ;
 But with the *Furies* of the Stygian flood,
 Sits low in hell in hate of humane good.

The restlesse grieve, which carking care doth breed,
 Her thoughts with endlesse torment doth oppresse,
 Her woes of others welfare do proceed,
 Ne euer is she seene to laugh, vnlesse
 At lucklesse hap of others ill successe ;
 For others happinesse her woe doth bring,
 And all her ill from others good doth spring.

To this foule hellhound from that blood-built towne,
 Which Tyburs siluer armes doe round imbrace,
 Blind Error came, where truth was troden downe,
 Since bloodie *Phocas* to the worlds disgrace,
 Did seat the first false Priest in *Casars* place ;
 And thence did Error take her speedie flight
 To Enuies caue to worke the world despight.

Where when she came before the hags foule fight,
Elizae's glorie she did oft propose,
 And more to whet her forward to despight,
 She shew'd how Truth and Loue their two chiefe foes,
 On that faire Virgin only did repose,
 Which Enuies malice did so much augment,
 That she throughout the world with Error went.

Blinde Error bore foule Enuie on her backe,
 And ouer many kingdom tooke their flight,
 Where Enuies poison mixt with Errors blacke,
 In scalding drops, as they did flie, did light
 Vpon the limbes of many a wretched wight,
 Which through their veins diffus'd did swiftly run,
 Choaking that loue, that in their hearts did won.

At length to Rome with Error, Enuie came,
 Where gorg'd with fulnesse of excessiue feast,
 Finding proud *Pius*, fift of that false name,
 Laid on soft couch his heauie head to rest,
 She laid her scuruie fist vpon his brest,
 And from his feet, euen to his sleepeie head,
 She made her poison canker-like to spread.

And with more malice to augment his hate,
 She did propose vnto his enuious eye,
 Th'admired glorie of *Elizæes* state,
 And his lost priuiledge and dignitie
 In this her kingdome of great Britanie;
 Which did so vex great *Pius*, that on nought,
 But mischief gainst our Queene thenceforth he thought.

His threatning Bull, whose rore in ages past,
 The superstitious world did terrifie,
 Amongst *Elizæes* subiects he did cast,
 Thereby to alienate their loyaltie,
 And dutie vow'd to her Soueraigntie;
 Yea pardon in it he did denounce to all,
 That from our Queene their dutie would recall.

An. Reg. 12. Which Bull, (fond *Felton*) thy vnhappy hand
 Did fixe vpon that Prelates Palace gate,
 Which doth by *Pauls* high trowing temple stand;
 Where thou did'st iustly meete thy wretched fate,
 The meed, that traytors steps doth still await;
 Nor could that Priest remit thy foule offence,
 Though with large sinne his Bull did then dispence.

And

And though he did denounce both pardon and curse,
Yet by the one small comfort did'st thou find,
Ne yet was Englands happie state the worse;
But as in gloomie caues and corners blinde,
The suns bright blazing beames most cleare we finde;
So did the Virgins glorie shine most brim,
When her proud foes did seeke the same to dim.

For hereupon, when with rebellious sword,
Those stout strength-breathing Irish vp did stand,
Renowned *Denorax* Vicount Hereford,
That most illustrate Lord of high command,
No sooner did approach with powerfull hand,
But that the rebels daunted with his name,
Armes laid aside, in humble manner came.

An. Reg. 51.

Walter Den,
Earle of Essex.

Brian Mac-Phelim, that much scath had done,
With *Ferdorough Macgillastick*, that bold Knight,
By some surnam'd the blind Scots valiant sonne,
With *Odonel*, *Roze*, *Oge* and *Macknel* hight,
Did yeeld themselves to famous *Denorax* might,
Which shewes, that he of heau'n beloued was,
That without blood could bring such things to passe.

And heau'n, the more to blesse our happie Queene,
After this Romish Buls loud bellowing rore,
Three times the famous *Frobisher* was seene,
In winged barkes full fraught with golden ore,
Dancing ore *Neptunes* backe to Englands shore:
For *Iason*-like to his eternall fame,
Thrice from Catay with golden Fleece he came.

Anno Reg.
18. 19. 20.

To adde more fame to this for future time,
Great *Drake* to quell their pride that had set downe,
Their *Ne plus ultra* in the farthest clime
By seas, sands, rocks and many a sea-sieg'd towne;
Did compasse earth in spight of *Neptunes* frowne;
For which his name with fame for aye is crown'd,
Whose barke still sailes about the worlds whole round.

An. Reg. 21

And

Anno Reg. And thee braue *Holstock* may I not forget,
I. 15. 21. Whose conquering sword on *Neptunes* high command
Elizæs haplesse foes hath often met,
 And brought them captiue with victorious hand,
 Rich fraught with spoile to *Albions* rockie strand,
 Whereby the greatnesse of *Elizæs* name
 A terror both by land and seas became.

O what a princely charge did she maintaine
 Of men, munition and artillirie
 In flying castles on the purple maine,
 Which on the clouds of *Thetis* liquid skie,
 Seeming to frisk about for iollitie,
 Stood like safe centinels 'bout Englands shore
 Making seas tremble at their cannons rore.

Thus did the heau'ns showre downe felicitie
 In ample manner on *Elizæs* state,
 At which Romes holie fire did still enuie,
 Who failing in our English home-bred bate,
 In foraine shoares shew'd his malignant hate:
 For by false *Desmonds* meanes he made great show
 Gainst our *Elizæs* weale to worke much woe.

Anno Reg. But heau'n did soone oppose against his might
 22. Th'heroick spirit, that burned in the hart
 Of noble *Grey* of *Wilton*, that bold Knight,
 Who vnto wounds did challenge th'aduerse part
 In manie a field, who hauing felt the smart
 Of his keene sword, the stoutest hid hished,
 And from his furie to the wilde woods fled.

And when th'Iberian troopes did there display
 Romes ensigne, in that castle hight *Del Ore*,
 In *Desmonds* cause against our Queene, great *Grey*
 Did thunder gainst their walls with cannons rore,
 Ne would from fierce assault desist hefore
 Vnto his furie passage he had made
 In Spanish blood to bathe his conquering blade.

Thus

Thus all his plots still failing in th'euent,
Prevented by heau'ns all-foreseeing eye,
A thousand mischiefes now he gan inuent,
Inuasion, outrage, murder, treacherie,
Sounding the depths of all iniquitie;
For all black deedes his vice-blackt thoughts could find
He turn'd and return'd in his vengefull minde.

Vpon his furrowed front, the signes of Ire,
Furie and rage, did sit like lowring night,
And both his burning eyes like glowing fire
Beneath his bended browes did sparkle bright,
As irefull lightnings of his hearts despight,
Yea nought could mollifie his raging teene,
But blood and vengeance gainst our royall Queene.

Amongst his holie sonnes he cald a quest,
Whose counsell to his mischiefe might giue way,
And to his raging thoughts at length giue rest,
Setting his wrath on wing against that day,
Wherein he purposed Englands swift decay;
For by them all in counsell t'was decreed,
England should fall, *Elizas* hart should bleed.

The time was set by stratagem's deuise,
And force of hands to worke their wicked hate,
The persons chosen for that enterprise,
All bent to tread downe Englands happie state
Beneath the feete of some disaster fate,
Boasting abroad before the deed was done,
By their firme valor, what rich prize was wone.

The conquerd nations of the Indian soyle,
At whose huge wealth the world is made to wonder,
Their mothers wombe were forced to dispoyle,
And rudely rend her golden ribs insunder,
Thereby to set on wing warres roring thunder:
For souldiers thoughts on golden wings flie far,
And earths rich spoiles are sinewes of the war.

Many

Manie tall Pines were leueld with the plaine
 By the confederates of the Latin shore,
 Being taught to flie vpon the purple maine
 By force of winde and strength of fable Oare,
 That on the solid ground stood firme before,
 Whose hugeness mightie mountaines did resemble,
 Making the monsters of the deepe to tremble.

The famous Artizans, that by their art
 Do imitate the thunder of the skie,
 And digging downe into the earths black hart,
 With that salt humor, that doth hidden lie,
 Into the ayre make fierie lightnings flie,
 Were all imploy'd by Spaines supreme command
 To hurle their thunder gainst our sea-sieg'd land.

All warre habiliments they did prepare
 To set sterne *Mars* vpon his conquering fecte,
 Their farre-fetcht Indian gold they did not spare,
 That nothing might be wanting, that was meet
 To furnish out their most vnconquered fleet;
 Before all which was consummate and done,
 Bright *Phæbus* oft his yearely race had runne:

Meane time Romes dragon rousde his bloodie crest,
 And wau'd his wings, from whence that rabble rout,
 That hell-hatch'd brood, who fed on Errors brest
 And suck'd her poysonous dugs, came crawling out
 As was their woont, to flie the world about:
 For those he hatch'd beneath his shadie wings,
 T'imploy' gainst Potentates and mightiest Kings.

Anno Reg.
 23.

Manie of these to Englands shores he sent,
 All diuerslie attir'd in strange array,
 Closely thereby to worke his foule intent,
 And by their presence to prepare a way
 Against the enterprize of that great day;
 In which Spaines potent flecte the worlds great wonder,
 With hidious horror should gainst vs enthunder.

Most

Most of the which (O that times swanwhite wings
 Could sweepe away record of such foule shame)
 Were home-borne Impes vntimely shot vp springs
 Of Britaine brood, Britaines alone by name,
 By nature monsters borne of foule defame,
 That fought the ruine, shame, decay and death
 Of their deare dam, from whom they took their breath.

Vnkindly Impes, euen from your birth accurst,
 Detested stock of vipers bloodie brood,
 That fought to satisfie your burning thirst
 By drinking vp your dying mothers blood,
 Making her death your life, her hurt your good;
 Your deeds are sunke to *Plutoes* darksome den,
 Shame is your portion mongst the sonnes of men.

Mee seemes, I see them walk about the brim
 Of black Styx dangerous flood, where *Dis* doth wonne,
 Prince of dead night and darknesse gloomie grim,
 Howling for passage, where deep Styx doth run,
 Although in vaine, their funerall rites not done:
 For hatefull fowles of heau'n being their best graue,
 No passage to *Elyzium* can they haue.

Alas, how Error, Enuie and Despaire
 Did troope them vp to leade them on the way,
 Error orecastr their skie, darkened their ayre,
 Obscur'd their sight, then Enuie did assay
 To make them seeke Truths ruine and decay;
 Which hauing faild, Despaire to them did bring
 Confusion, shame, and conscience griping sting.

In fatall barkes fast flying ore the maine,
 They daylie came with doctrine seeming sound,
 In which as meritorious they maintaine
 The bloodie hand, that should his Prince confound,
 If good thereby to holy church redoun'd,
 Aboue all whom the self-conceited *Campion*
 Past all compare, was reckn'd *Romes arch Champion*.

This

This English Romane wretch with manie more
 Did spread themselves disguis'd about the land,
 Seducing daylie both the rich and poore
 Against their Prince to lift rebellious hand,
 Renouncing as vniust her dread command,
 And 'gainst the time appointed to prouide
 With forren force to set vp Romane pride.

And then with dread and horror to dismay
 Their wauering thoughts, they set before their eyes
 The generall slaughter of that dismall day,
 When Spaines black fleet on *Neptunes* liquid skies
 Should woefull England suddenlie surprise;
 Wishing them craue the Popes protection
 To escape such horror and confusion.

But as the wolfe disguis'd with fleecie skin
 Of fillie sheep, the shepheard long did blinde,
 And 'mongst the flock thereby did credit win,
 Till he at length, did by his bloodie minde
 Bewray himselfe to be a wolfe by kinde:
 So they, though making manie Saint-like shewes
 Did by their deeds themselves at length disclose.

With shamefull death, their shamefull liues took end,
 Leauing on earth for signes of infamie
 Their totter'd carcases, to which no friend
 At anie time, could giue due obsequie,
 Or scarce bewaile their woefull destinie;
 But lest they were for prey, both daies and nights
 To black night rauens and to hungrie kites.

Anno Reg.
 24.

Which might haue been a terror vnto those,
 That after sought the faire *Elizæes* fall,
 And in their harts did wickedlie suppose
 To Englands bounds againe back to recall
 The Popish pride and Romane slauish thrall:
 But after this did manie vndergoe
 Dire death and shame, to worke *Elizæes* woe.

First furious *Sommerville*, that posting came,
With his owne hands to act his Soueraignes death,
Preuented in the way, to shun such shame
As might ensue, did stop his owne deare breath,
Thinking the same a far more glorious death;
But simple man with far more shame thereby,
Thy trembling ghost vnto the dead did flie.

Anno Reg.
26.

The next, whose shame no time away shall sweepe,
Was he, who by the helpe of traytors hand,
Searching the mightie *Neptunes* waterie deepe,
Vs'd all his art and skill to vnderstand
The depth of euery hauen in this land;
Thereby to giue safe conduct to the foe,
And bring them in to worke his countries woe.

An. eodem.
F. T.

He went to that great Gods dread kingdomes bounds,
Who often chargeth on the clouds in skie,
Who cuffes the seas, who by his power confounds
High hils and mountaines, who doth terrifie
Euen the sad ghosts of *Plutoes* Emperie;
He went to know, what winde the Fleet should wing,
That should confusion vnto England bring.

(O vnremorsefull man!) (ô wretched wight!)
Shame to thy selfe and thy posteritie,
Nor friends nor countries good, to whom of right
Thy care was due, nor loue of loyaltie
To thy dread Queene thy heart might mollifie,
But wing'd with mischiefe, hauing once begun,
Thou to vntimely death didst head-long run.

Whose wretched steps, in that same fatall way
That leads to house of death, loe many more
Had follow'd fast in giuing like assay,
Had not our Queene, whose virgin bosome bore
A melting heart admir'd for mercie store,
In pitie far excell'd th'impietie
Of their false treason 'gainst her Maiestie.

An. eodem.

Read the
certificat of
the Princes
mercie written
by their owne
hands. *Ralph.*
Hol. pag. 1413.

Out of her bountious grace and Princely mind,
She gaue them passage at her owne expence,
Seldome on earth such mercie shall we find,
For which strooke blind with shame of their offence,
Against a person of such excellence,
They sent their owne hand writs to testifie
This worthie deed to all posteritie.

An. Reg. 27. Yet that vngratefull man, to whom before
Iustly conuicted for foule felonie,
Renown'd *Eliza* did lost life restore,
Sought to enact a bloodie tragedie
Vpon the person of her Maiestie,
To wit that boaster, who did beare the name
Of Doctor *Parrie* to increase his Fame.

The Babylonian bawd, whose strumpet-breath
Giues life to treason, did with him conspire
To end their vengeance in the Virgins death;
And lest his heart should faile and he retire
From his intent, to wing him with desire,
His foule from sin, from death, and hell was freed,
With impious hands to act this tragicke deed,

The foolish man with resolution came,
As sent from heau'n, yet did it nought auaille:
For getting licence to this royall dame
With her to talke alone, his heart did faile,
Her looks alone his height of sprite did quaille;
For daunted with her sight, he did repent,
And closely sought to colour his intent.

He did declare to her, how he had taken
A solemne oath to take her life away,
And how her Soueraigntie he had forsaken,
The Romish beast as supream head t'obay,
Who by his hands expected her decay,
To which, he said, he did but seeme t'agree,
That so it might by him detected bee.

The royall Virgin, when as she did heare
The wicked purpose of her treacherous foe,
To shew how little she the same did feare,
Pardon'd him in secret, that no Peere might know
His leaud intent, and so might worke him woe :

O height of Princely spirit, past humane sence!
O mercie past compare, for such offence!

Yet this false wretch, in whose obdurate heart
No loyall loue did dwell, persisted still
In his blacke treason, and did vse all art
Oft times with dagger, dag or any ill,
T'effect the purpose of his bloodie will :
Which once being brought to light for such offence,
His grudging ghost with shame was posted hence.

Thus Romes blood-thirsting wolues with cruell pawes,
Sought daily to deuoure our Virgin Lambe,
And plunge poore England in deaths yawning iawes,
Hiding for aye the glorie of her name,
Rakte vp in cinders of a ruthlesse flame :
Thereby t'extinguish that celestiall light,
Which Romes red Dragon did so sore affright.

They knew for certaine, while our glorious lampe,
Our Maiden Queene did liue to lend vs light,
She would disperse foule errors dismall dampe,
Which suffocates the soule, and choakes the sight
With fearefull shadowes of eternall night;
Yea much they fear'd pure truths true light diuine,
Which then in forren shores began to shine.

The sea-diuided seuentene lands great nation,
The Belgick borderers by the bankes of Rheine,
Cast off Romes yoke, and left their blind deuotion,
With one consent beginning to incline
Vnto a truth more perfect, more diuine;
Which they with martyr'd blood did long maintaine,
Gainst th'inquisition of Rome-wronged Spaine.

An. eodem. But at the last, when with warres dreadfull thunder,
 27. *Don Iohn* of Austria and his warlike band,
 Began to shake the Belgicke State in sunder,
 To tyrannize and bring them with strong hand,
 Beneath the yoke of *Philips* sterne command,
 The great *Eliza* they did humblie craue,
 Their Belgick State from hostile spoile to saue.

The Briton Maid remorsefull of their woes
 In their defence did lift her royall hand,
 Against the threats of their inuading foes,
 And sent in safe conduct a warlike band,
 VVith fame-grac'd *Norrice* to the Belgicke strand;
 VVhich with his valiant crew he did maintaine,
 Against the incursions of the power of Spaine.

An. eodem. Meane time th'vndaunted *Drake* no time did sleepe,
Drakes voy- Vpon the maine King *Philips* powers to sease,
 age to Car- VVho thought himselfe the *Neptune* of the deepe;
 thagena and But of such yoke, the sea-gods sonnes to ease,
 Domingo. *Drake* tooke from him the scepter of the seas,
 And put the same in his faire Soueraignes hand,
 Teaching the deepe to know her milde command.

Her winged Barkes, like sea-Nymphes in their flight,
 The aged sea-gods daughter safely bore,
 Whose nimble dance the deepe did so delight,
 That 'bout their bosomes sweeping by the shore
 The siluer waues did play with wanton rore,
 Thinking themselues releas'd from yoke of Spaine,
 Whose gold-heap'd mountaines did oppresse the maine.

With these vpon the seas, the noble *Drake*
 Did faile as Lord of th'Ocean Emperie,
 At whose dread name th'Iberians hearts did quake,
 Who left the rule of *Neptunes* moistned skie
 To *Drakes* command, and to the shores did flie,
 Whom now for ancient wrongs done long before,
 He with swift vengeance follow'd to the shore.

Braue *Carlile*, *Winter*, *Frobisher* and *Knoles*,
 With many more of *Neptunes* noble race,
 Made peopled cities place for beasts and fowles,
 Burnt bowers, sackt towers, raz'd townes before the face
 Of their base foes, who fled with foule disgrace,
 Leauing wife, children, gold and goods for pray,
 By stranger people to be borne away.

Foure townes in this their voyage they did foile,
 First did Saint Iago by their power decline,
 That done, then Saint Domingo did they spoile,
 Next towring Carthagenā, and in fine
 In Terra Florida, Saint Augustine:
 Thus fortune with rich spoile their deeds did crowne,
 And home they came with glorie and renowne.

And while these valiant men, true sonnes of fame,
 In forren shores our foe-mens force did quell,
 And by their deeds made knowne *Elizæ's* name,
 The stif-neckt Irish proudly did rebell,
 Whose hearts with stubborne pride did euer swell:
 But noble *Bingham*, that illustrate Knight,
 Did bring them downe and tame their towring might.

When that false traytor, *Mahowne Obrian*
 To Romes proud strumpet bound his loue to show,
 In Thomond with rebellious hand began
 To stirre vp strife, and worke his countries woe,
 In hope to haue been backt by forren foe,
 In warre affaires this *Bingham* far renown'd,
 In castle Clanowen did him confound.

An. Reg. 22.
 Taken from a
 note confir-
 med vnder the
 hands of di-
 uers gentle-
 men employed
 in this action.

And when the *Burkes*, who did false rumours noise
 Of wrong intended gainst their countries good,
 With *Clangibbons*, with *Clandonnels* and *Ioyes*,
 Themselues in armes did bound and proudly stood
 On daring tearmes in field to spend their blood,
 Renowned *Bingham* with his valiant crew,
 Did them through woods from caue to caue pursue.

And when the Redshankes on the borders by
 Incurſions made, and rang'd in battell ſtood
 To beare his charge, from field he made them flie,
 Where fiſhie Moine did bluſh with crimſon blood
 Of thouſand foes, that periſht in the flood,
 For which braue *Bingham* crown'd with endleſſe fame,
 Enioyes on earth a neuer dying name.

Sixtus Quintus
Pope.

Although theſe ciuill warres of home-bred hate,
 Firſt hatcht at Rome by Englands ancient foe,
 Did much diſturbe *Elizæ's* bleſſed ſtate,
 Yet did the royall Virgin not forgoe
 Th'afflicted Belgians drencht in depth of woe;
 But to ſupport them gainſt all foes annoy,
 For that deſigne, ſhe *Dudley* did employ.

Earle of Leic.

Anno eodem
28.

Who *Iaſon*-like to Colchos Iland bound,
 To fetch the golden fleece by force of hand,
 With many great *Heroes* far renown'd,
 Paſt with triumphant ſailes ore ſeas and ſand,
 From Englands ſhores vnto the Belgicke ſtrand,
 Where after all their high archieuelements done,
 Their fleece was fame, their gold was glorie won.

8. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

(O noble Virgin) (ô victorious dame,
 Englands *Bellona*, nurſe of chiuallrie)
 What age brought forth ſo many ſonnes of fame,
 In all the worlds thrice-changed Monarchie,
 As in the time of thy great Emperie?
 Whoſe deeds from Englands bounds did beare thy name,
 As far as *Phæbus* ſpreads his golden flaine.

Who now arriuing on the Belgian coaſt
 VVith fatall ſteele did deepe ingraue thy name,
 Vpon the proudeſt creſts in that great hoſt
 That with the valiant Prince of Parma came,
 Enacting wonders for immortal fame;
 VVitneſſe thoſe famous deeds by *Zuiſphen* done,
 Where many high exploits were vndergone.

hnd

220

When

When both the aduerse powres afront did meet,
Although the foe farre more in number were;
Yet did our men with *Mars* swift-winged feet,
Charge on their troopes, whose hearts strooke dead with feare,
Vnable to resist, they backe did beare,
T'whom valiant *Audlie* in their faint recoyle,
With his foot-bands alone did giue the foyle,

Recorded at
large by L.
Stow, in his
Ann. pag.
1223. taken
out of H. Ar-
cher.

Then th' *Albanois* vnto the rescue came
With their horse troopes, mongst whom stout *Norris* went,
And boldly singl'd out a man of fame,
Gainst whom his pistoll with full charge he bent
To act his fall; but failing in th'euent,
His foe-mans head he with the same did greet,
And made him fall at his victorious feet.

Next noble *Willoughby* with lance in rest,
Arm'd like the god of warre on winged horse,
Met Captaine *George*, opposing brest to brest,
Whom from his steed halfe dead with furious force,
He downe did beare in his winde-winged course,
Who falling said, I yeeld me to thy might,
In that I see thou art a seemely Knight,

Lo. Will. of
Bre. beic.

This he spake
in French.

Then noble *Denorak*, *Mars* his yongest sonne,
Chear'd vp his troope (fellowes in armes) quoth he,
The honorable prease let vs not shunne,
Ne with the dread of death dismaied be,
But for your countries glorie follow me:
Which said, he fiercely charg'd on th'emie,
And shew'd high prooffe of his stout valiancie.

Rob. Earle of
Essex.

To second him, *Russell* that martiall Knight,
Like feathered shaft sent from a stiffe-bent bow,
Or boysterous *Boreas* in his nimble flight,
With weightie lance did charge vpon the foe,
And horse and man to ground did ouerthrow,
Who with affright did from his furie runne,
As braying goats the King of beasts doth shunne.

Sir William
Russell.

Amongst them all, that impe of honors bed,
 That Worthie of the world, that hardie Knight,
 The noble *Sidnie* to aduentures led
 With glory-thirsting zeale in deaths despight,
 Vpon his foes himselfe did noblie quight:
 For in one skirmish with high valiancie,
 Thrice did he charge vpon the enemye.

But cursed Fortune, foe to famous men,
 Beholding *Sidnies* deeds with enuious eie,
 Turning her malice into raging teene,
 With deadly shot did wound him on the thigh,
 Which from a foe-mans fatall peece did flie:
 Whose timelesse end, if time did serue thereto,
 I should bewaile in lines of lasting woe.

Many more sonnes of *Mars* his noble race,
 In this daies fight great fame with perill wonne,
 Yea many high exploits each breathing space,
 By many a worthie wight were vndergone;
 Mongst whom that deed with resolution done,
 By valiant *Williams*, and the Belgian *Skinke*,
 Downe to obliuions den shall neuer sinke.

Anno eodem

28.

H. Archer Au-
 thor.

For when that well-walled towne, which *Venlo* hight,
 Was round about begirted by the foe,
 Huge spirit and high conceit did so excite
 Stout *Williams* mightie mind, to vndergoe
 Some great attempt, that he full bent to show
 Proofof his valour by some famous act,
 With hardie *Skinke* this wonder did enact:

When grizly night her iron carre had driuen
 From her darke mansion house, that hidden lies
 In *Platoes* kingdome, to the top of heau'n,
 And with black cloake of clouds muffling the skies,
 With fable wings shut vp all wakefull eies,
 Obscur'd with darknesse grim they both did go,
 To act this stratagem vpon the foe:

Husht

Husht were the winds, the aire all silent was,
Sad was the night, in skies appear'd no starre;
Yet through darke horror dreadlesse did they passe,
And listning vnto euery breach of aire,
With stealing steps this dangerous worke did dare,
Whom at the length the dark nights shadie wing,
Into the foe-mens campe did closely bring.

Where, when they came the vtmost watch they found
Vpon the ground all carelessly dispread,
Who tir'd with toile, lay in deepe sleepe fast drown'd,
And as they slept, each one secure of dread,
His weapon had fast fixed at his head,
Mongst whom like hungrie wolues on flockes vnkept,
Stout *Skinke* and worthic *Williams* boldly slept.

Then death triumpht in slaughter of the slaine,
Soules strugling in the pangs of many a wound,
Departs in grieve and makes aire sigh againe,
Swords blusht with blood, grim horror did abound,
A crimson dew stood on the grassie ground;
Disorder, dread, death, noise and darknesse grim,
In blood and gore of slaughtred foes did swim.

By the still watch and two strong courts of gard,
Through death, through blood and armes they boldly went,
Vntill they came, where horriblie they scar'd
The Prince himselfe sweet sleeping in his tent,
Whom in their power they long'd to circumuent,
Where many a noble wight fast snoring drown'd,
In deepest sleepe with death they did confound.

The Prince
of Parma.

But as their swords they in their foes did sheath,
At last, through massacres, through shrikes and cries
Of sad soules groning in the pangs of death,
On euery side the startled foes did rise,
And shrikt out thicke alarmes to shun surprise,
Crying arme, arme, whereby appall'd with feare,
Th' whole host in sudden throngs all gathered were.

Then fled the valiant *Skinke*; blacke death to shun;
 But hardie *Williams* in contention stood
 With his great mind, if he more fame t'haue won,
 Should stoutly stay, and hazard his owne good,
 With slaughtering sword to shed more foe-mens blood:
 Whereby at length in depth of danger drown'd,
 By armed foes, he was incircled round.

But by aduantage of the gloomie night
 Amongst the foe-mens troopes, vnknowne he goes,
 And cri'd, where's *Williams*? where is *Williams* hight?
 To whom againe one answer'd mongst the foes,
 Pursue, pursue with speed, before he goes:
 Thus cloudie night this worthie wight did saue,
 Who shun'd his foes, and fled his darksome graue.

These were the foster children of that nurse,
 Englands *Minerva*, Queene of glorie bright,
 Who through the paths of warre their way did force,
 In armes to get true honors meed by might,
 And grace their name with title of true Knight:
 Which honor'd order only vertues meed,
 Each one then purchas'd by some glorious deed.

But while these Captaines wedded to renowne,
 True loyall subiects of a royall Queene,
 On Belgian shores their Soueraignes head did crowne,
 With conquering wreath of neuer vading greene,
 In spight of spight for aye fresh to be scene,
 Romes raging *Python* full of furious wrath,
 Did once againe belch vp his poisoned froth.

Anno eodem 28. Foureteene false traytors from darke treasons den,
 He vp did call; soule elues of eniuous night,
 Rebels accurst, monsters abhorr'd of men,
 Who for the black fleet now alreadie dight,
 To passe th'vnfruitfull deepe with all her might,
 Should make fit passage gainst that dread full day,
 By their sweet Prince and countries swift decay.

Ballard,

Ballard, first author in this villanie,
Sent from the triple-crowned sonne of night,
To put in practise this their treacherie,
Proud *Babington* and *Sanage* did excite,
VVith vnmorsefull hands of violent might,
To spoile and ruinate their countries good,
And bathe their swords in their deare Soueraignes blood.

Six resolute and bloodie minded mates,
Should haue been actors in her tragedie,
Then the graue Peeres and honorable States,
Had been the slaughter of their butcherie,
And thou (ô glorie of this Emperie)
Thy loftie towers been leuell'd with the plaine,
Thy naue burnt, and many a thousand slaine.

Babington
made choice
of the six.

Such dismall deeds and blacke confusion,
By proud Romes twice-seuen sonnes intended were
Against the time of that inuasion,
Report whereof with terror and with feare,
Swift-winged fame about the world did beare;
But high heau'ns King, who for his seruant chose
Our Virgin Queene, their drifts did soone disclose.

Their plot bewray'd, each one did seeke t'escape,
Vengeance pursuing them from place to place,
Hight *Babington* attir'd in Rusticke shape,
With walnut-leaues discolouring his face,
Did seeke t'escape sad death and foule disgrace:
And all the rest being clad in strange disguise,
With trembling feare did seeke to shun surprise.

As guiltie homicides, that in dead night
Pursu'd for tragick deeds of dismall death,
To woods and groues disperst, do take their flight,
Whose gloomie shade they trembling stand beneath,
With fainting knees, cold spirit and panting breath,
VVith feare, expecting at their backs behinde,
The pursuit made at every puffe of winde:

Even

Euen so these wretched men, whose selfe-doom'd soules,
 Now prick't with deepe remorse, did daily looke
 To be the spoile and prey of hungrie fowles,
 From place to place their couert passage tooke,
 Whose hearts the thought of death with horror shooke,
 Vntill surpriz'd at length, vntimely death
 To end this feare expir'd their fainting breath.

Of whose surprise, when as the trumpe of fame
 Had blowen the blast, the subiect euer giuen
 To blesse the fate of so diuine a dame,
 For this so strange escape did morne and euen,
 With praises magnifie the King of heau'n,
 Imploring still his gracious hands for helpes,
 Against the danger of that Dragons whelpes.

That day was held diuine, and all the night
 Consum'd in *Pæans* to th'Olympian King,
 Then crown'd they cups of wine, and with delight
 At sumptuous feasts did sit, while belles did ring,
 And sweet voic'd minstrels round about did sing,
 Whose suppers fauour wrapt in clouds on high,
 The friendly winds blew vp into the skie.

And as the siluer Moone in calmest night,
 When she in shining coach the skies doth scale,
 As golden starres, that in the heau'ns shine bright,
 When gentle *Auster* blowes a pleasing gale,
 Do glad the shepheards in the lowly vaile:
 So many thousand flames, that glaz'd the skies,
 Did at that time glad all true English eies.

But most of all, that plentious-peopled towne,
Elizæ's best belou'd, faire London hight,
 Her Mistresse rare escape with ioy did crowne,
 Whose loftic towers thrust vp themselues in fight,
 And ioy'd to glitter in the golden light,
 Affrighting sore sad nights black drowzie dame,
 With splendor of huge fires refulgent flame.

This ioy once past t'auenge that villanie,
Which Rome did by this bloodie plot pretend,
Against *Elizæ's* sacred Maieftie,
The aged sea-gods backe, *Drake* did ascend,
And towards the foes wing'd with reuenge did wend,
Mongst whom, his name had been the gaffly bug,
T'affright yong infants at the mothers dug.

His fleet transferr'd, with prosperous gale did sweepe
Through parted waues of *Thetis* waterie skie,
Vnto the shores of the Castilian deepe,
In whose proud billowes he did waisting lie,
Vntill for truth he heard by his espie,
Of that prepare, that in Cales harbor lay,
For Spaines *Armada* gainst th'appointed day.

Then gaue he order for the nauall fight,
And in the euening tide, when setting sun
Leaues steepe Olympus to the darke some night,
The pine-plough'd seas with black clouds ouerrun,
To giue the onset valiant *Drake* begun:
Hurling forth burning flames with hidious rore,
Of brazen Cannon on th'Iberian shore.

And as, when *Boreas* in a tempest raues,
Leaping with wings of lightning from the skie,
Makes clouds to crack and cuffes the swelling waues,
Who from the storme of his fierce furie flie,
In roling billowes on the bankes fast by;
So wrapt in clouds of sinoake and lightning pale,
With dreadfull fight, *Drake* did his foes assaile.

Six gallies thwart the towne at first did stand
The violent onset, which the English gaue;
But had they with strong oares and readie hand,
Not made swift speed themselues and fleet to saue,
They with the same had perisht in the waue;
For *Drake* with fire in hand without delay,
Had burnt their ships and sunke them in the sea.

An. Reg. 29.
Drakes voyage
to East Cales.
Out of the se-
cond part of
the second vo-
lume of Navi-
gations. pag.
121. Hakluis.

But loe a richer prize, he soone had wonne,
Which did repay that losse with trebble gaine,
Three barkes, of which each bore a thousand tunne,
And in the deepe such compasse did contraine,
Seeming like floting mountaines on the maine,
With cannons wounding shot he did intombe,
With all their men in *Thetis* watrie wombe.

Nor yet could this his noble heart suffice,
But with more conquest to renowne his name,
Thirtie eight ships his va'our did surprise,
Of which most part with fire he did enflame,
The rest he kept for trophies of his fame,
Which in the sight of *Cales* that lostie towne,
He brought away in triumph and renowne.

And as a bellowing bull, that doth disdain,
Amongst an heard of cattell grazing by,
That any other bull in all the plaine,
Should proudly beare his curled head on high,
But makes him bately yeeld, or fainting flie :
So did great *Drake*, as Lord of all the deepe,
His foes on th'*Ocean* in subiection keepe.

And when of all great *Philips* nauall might,
On the seas wilderness none durst appeare,
Drake to prouoke his heartlesse foes to fight,
VVith his whole fleet vnto the shore did beare,
VVhere three strong holds by him assaulted were,
VVith that faire castle of *Cape Sacre* hight,
All which did fall beneath his nauall might.

From thence to seas with his triumphant failes
He did returne, waisting vpon the waues
Before hight *Lisbone*, neere to *Easterne Cales*,
VVhere of th'*Iberians* he the combate craues,
Though none mongst them durst interrupt his braues,
But fled into the ports and harbours by,
VVhere out of danger they might hidden lie.

Yet

Yet thence he rouz'd them, while that heartlesse Knight,
The Marques of Saint Cruz lay waisting by
In his swift sayling gallies, in whose fight
Drake burnt and spoil'd his ships and made them flie,
Who to his care for helpe did seeme to crie;
Yet durst he not come forth in their defence,
But suffred *Drake* to lead them captiue thence.

A hundred ships with furniture full fraught
For Spaines *Armada*, that world-wondred fleet,
He did dispoile, and some away he brought
As signes of victorie, which as most meet
He did subiect at faire *Elizæes* feet;
The praise of which with humble zeale and loue,
She offred vp to heau'n as due to *Ioue*.

Such humble thoughts in such a noble mind,
Do beat downe Pride in chiefe felicitie:
And such a noble mind in kingly kind,
VVith best aduice, doth teach true Maiestie,
To shew it selfe in milde humilitie,
Such humble thoughts, such noble mind had she,
Which in her heart, heart-searching *Ioue* did see.

For which in spight of her death-threatning foes,
As high as heau'n, he did exalt her name,
And did his blacke death-darting hand oppose
Against her brauing foes, that proudly came
VVith all their power gainst such a royall dame,
Whose mightie fleete, fiftene yeares worke of wonder,
Now launcht into the seas began to thunder.

For now *Jones* helm'd-deckt sonne, the god of warre,
Rouz'd from his rest with cannons dreadfull rore,
Leapt on the earth from out his iron carre,
Shooke his strong lance, steep't in black blood and gore,
VVhose brazen feet did thunder on the shore,
The noise of which that from the earth did bound,
Made all the world to tremble at the sound.

An. Reg. 30.
1588.

And

And vp from darke some Lymboes dismall stage
 Ore Stygian bridge from *Plutoes* Emperie,
 Came nights blacke brood, Disorder, Ruine, Rage,
 Rape, Discord, Dread, Despaire, Impietie,
 Horror, swift Vengeance, Murder, Crueltie,
 All which together on th'Iberian strand,
 With Spaines great host troopt vp did ready stand.

Fame downe descending from her siluer bower,
 On Duke *Medinaes* huge black barke did stand,
 The Generall of all the Spanish power,
 Whence looking round ore seas, and sea-sieg'd land,
 Holding her siluer trumpet in her hand,
 The same she sounded loud, whose echo shrill,
 With sound thereof the wide worlds round did fill.

Then all th'Iberian Kings stout men of warre,
 Renown'd for those resplendent armes they bore,
 Marching beneath his ensignes heard from farre,
 Who vowing England spoil'd of all her store,
 Should stoope her Pride, and them outface no more;
 Made swift repaire in concourse and thick crow'd,
 To Spaines black fleet t'effect what they had vow'd.

*Ferdinando
 Cortez,*

The sun-burnt Spaniards from that Indian shore,
 Subdu'd by *Ferdinandoes* bloodie hand,
 Where Perues streames casts vp her golden ore,
 And Zenewes waues bring to the slimie strand,
 Pure graines of gold amongst the ruddie sand,
 Like *Cadmus* bone-bred brood came thicke in swarms,
 As newly borne from top to toe in armes.

The captiu'd nations of the Castile King,
 Luxurious Naples and proud Lombardie,
 Their troopes in faire refulgent armes did bring,
 And those of Portugale and Scicilie,
 With slick-hair'd youth of wanton Italie,
 T'auenge faire Englands foule supposed wrong,
 To Spaines *Armada* in thicke troopes did throng.

Readie

Readie t'imbarke vpon the shores they flood,
Like flowers in spring, that beautifie the plaine,
Or like May flies orewhelmed by the flood,
As infinite, as leaues or drops of raine,
Powr'd from the heau'ns vpon the liquid maine,
That with their weight, dame *Terraes* aged backe
Beneath the sway of horse and foot did cracke.

And as blacke swarmes of ants with loaden thies,
Hauing vpon the flowrie spring made pray,
In number numberlesse with fresh supplies,
Climbes some steepe hillock, and through all the day
By thousands in thick flockes do fill the way;
So Spaines great host from trampled shores did wend,
In thronging troopes, their mountaine-ships t'ascend.

And such a blustering as against the shore,
When as the swelling seas the welkin-braues,
Or storme-driuen billowes on the bankes do rore,
Or such a noise as in earths hollow caues
We often heare, when stormie *Boreas* raues:
Such clamorous noise out of the tumult sprong,
When they from shores vnto their ships did throng.

Hous'd in their fleet, their ankors vp they weigh'd,
Hoisted their top-masts with their sailes on high,
The misens then with winged winds displaid
Before their hollow keeles, that low did lie
Within the deepe, made parted billowes flie;
Their huge big bulks made *Neptunes* back to bow,
And waues to swell vpon his waterie brow.

Their towring heads, the heau'ns blacke clouds did kisse,
Borne by the winde-driuen stormie waues on high,
Their hollow bosomes in the deepe Abyffe
Amongst the surges of the fish-full skie,
Like mightie rockes from sight did hidden lie,
Whose brasse-arm'd sides such compasse did containe,
They seem'd to couer acres on the maine.

Who

Whoso had seene them on the gulphie flood,
 He would haue thought some *Delos* now againe,
 Some towne, some citie, or some desert wood,
 Or some new vnknowne world from shores of Spaine
 Launcht off to seas, had wandred on the maine,
 Peopled with those, that like quicke sprites in skie,
 By little hold-fast all about could flie.

Musket shot
 could not
 pierce them.
Emanuel Van-
Metran, in his
 15. booke of
 his historie.

Each Barke, whose bulke was prooffe against the wound
 Of common shot, besides those Buls of brasse,
 Whose bellowing rore did equall thunders sound,
 Of such great thicknesse and high building was,
 That like large towers they on the deepe did passe;
 For scarce could brazen cannons banefull thunder,
 With battering bullet beat their sides asunder.

Their vpper deckes, all trim'd and garnisht out
 VVith sterne designs for bloodie warre at hand,
 VVith crimson fights were armed all about,
 And on the hatches many a goodly band
 Deckt in braue armes, together thicke did stand,
 Whose plume-deckt heads themselues aloft did show,
 And seem'd to dance, with windes wau'd to and fro.

With glittering shields their bosomes they did bar,
 Each one well brandishing his fatall blade,
 And from their bright habiliments of war,
 Such blazing shine, as in the gloomie shade,
 VVe often see by *Phæbus* beames displaid,
 A splendor vp into the aire did throw,
 And glittered on the glistning waues below.

Their top sailes, sprit sailes, and their misens all,
 Their crooked sternes, and tackle euery where
 Adorned were with pennons tragicall,
 VVhich in their silken reds did pictur'd beare
 The sad ostents of death and dismall feare,
 Who while their keeles through seas did cut their way,
 In wanton wauing with the winde did play.

The clangor of shrill trumpes triumphant sound
And clattering horror of their clashing armes,
Vpon the bordering shores did so redound,
That euen the deepe or their intended harmes
On Englands coasts did sound out thicke alarmes,
Which strooke a terror to the heart of him
Who then did border about *Neptunes* brim.

So great a fleet, since that same god so old,
Grim-bearded *Neptune* bore the sea-gods name,
The golden eye of heau'n did nere behold,
Nor *Agamemnons* thousand ships, that came
To sacke proud Troy, and all her towers enflame,
Nor that *Eoan* monarches fleet, that scar'd
The sonnes of Tyre, with this might be compar'd.

But while this mightie fleet did proudly boast
Her matchlesse might on *Neptunes* high command,
Braue *Parma* Lord of all th'Iberian host,
Both of the horse and foot, that came by land,
Did troope them vp vpon the Belgicke strand,
To whom th'assistants of the Castile King,
Their seuerall troopes of men did daily bring.

Beneath the bird of *Ioue* the Prince of ayre,
Which th'house of *Austria* in their Ensignes bore,
The proud Burgundian marcht in armour faire,
Th'Italian, Germaine, Dutch, and many more
Of other lands and language, who before
Had often been renown'd in many a fight,
For their high valour, and approued might.

Such, and so mightie bands of famous men,
Adorn'd in richest armes of purest gold,
Vpon those coasts before had neuer been,
Nor any Belgian euer did behold
Such martiall troopes vpon that trampled mold,
So skill'd in habit of all fights in warre,
And for fights true direction past compare.

H h h

Both

Both horse and foot of Spaines impetuous might,
 And of the Auxil'arie bands, that came
 As mercenaries for the bloodie fight,
 Distinguisht vnder guides of speciall name,
 Whom hope of spoile did to this warre inflame,
 Drew towards the shores of *Neptune*, there to meet
 And ioyne their forces with the Nauall fleet.

Which being tited long before in Spaine,
 The fleet Inuincible by all consents,
 In all her pride now floted on the maine,
 Readie prepar'd t'effect those blacke euent,
 Presag'd before by proud Spaines sad ostents;
 Who by report through all the world had won
 The name of conquest ere the fight begun.

The threatfull subiects of the Castile King,
 In this huge fleet did such firme hope repose,
 That all their sun-burnt brats they taught to sing,
 Triumph and conquest, which they did suppose
 Their very threats would purchase gainst their foes,
 Who like braue Lords, their valour to renowne,
 Did cast the dice for faire *Elizæ's* Crowne.

Much like the vantage French, when *Iohn* of France
 In Poyctiers battell with his mightie host,
 Not pondering in his mind warres doubtfull chance,
 The gotten victorie did vainely boast,
 Before that either part had won or lost,
 Where braue Prince *Edward* with his troope so small,
 Renown'd his sword with *Iohn* of France his fall.

Euen so this brauing fleet, whose dreaded name,
 Incuitable ruine did foretell,
 Thought, that the faire *Eliza*, who did frame
 Her life in happie daies of peace to dwell,
 Vnfurnisht was such forces to repell,
 And therefore sent as from King *Philips* hand,
 A sterne inscription with this proud command:

With

With auxiliarie bands she should no more
Vphold the Belgian gainst King *Philips* frowne,
All Spanish prizes back againe restore,
Build vp religious houses beaten downe,
And vnto Rome subiect her selfe and crowne;
All which to do, if that she did withstand,
Her imminent blacke end was now at hand.

This was sent
written in La-
tin.

The noble Queene, who in her royall hand
Did beare the State and stay of Britanie,
In deepe contempt of such a basse command,
With spirit of princely magnanimitie,
Did briefly answer this proud ambasie:
For in prouerbiall words her answer was,
Ist hac ad Grecas fient mandata Kalendas.

An answer worthie, for the grace it bore,
The Virgin spring of old *Plantagenet*,
Who from the foes to shied her natie shore,
Her subiects hearts for fight on fire did set,
And their bold stomackes did with courage whet,
Who fir'd with loue of their *Elizæes* good,
In her defence did thirst to spend their blood.

For when for certaine, Fame th'intended harmes
Of Spaines blacke fleet to Englands shores did bring,
How gladly did her people flocke to armes,
And when the trumpe warres scathfull song did sing,
About their eares how pleasing did it ring?
Whose hearts with furie fed, to battell giuen,
With braue conceits did leape as high as heau'n.

All townes did ring with sudden cri'd alarmes,
Whence with loud clamour to the marine shore,
The armed people clustred in thicke swarmes,
Where red-ey'd *Eris* warres blacke ensigne bore,
And mongst their troops did sprinkle blood and gore;
Stirring them vp with eager minds to wade
Through seas of blood, the aduerse fleet t'inuade.

And as the golden swarmes of black-backt Bees,
 Their thighes full loaden from the flowrie field,
 With humming noise flie to the hollow trees,
 Where they with busie paine fit shelter build,
 Their treasure and themselves from harme to shield;
 So thicke in armes, th'alarum once begun,
 Vnto their ships with shouting they did run:

Where with their mutuall strengths they did assay,
 To hale *Elizæes* fleet from off the shore,
 Some pumpt, some cleans'd, some drew the stockes away,
 Some hoist the top-masts, some great burthens bore,
 The Nauies want with furniture to store:
 And with their vtmost diligence all wrought,
 Till to perfection they their worke had brought.

Which from the shores, once launcht into the maine,
 Not all the world a fairer fleet could show:
 For though in hugeness, that black fleet of Spaine
 Did farre surpasse; yet was it farre more slow
 In nimble stirrage waisting to and fro:
 For Englands fleet through seas swift passage won
 With gentle gale, though th'Ocean smooth did run.

To shun their foes, each like a nimble Hinde
 In *Neptunes* forrest, on the watrie greene,
 Haue skipt from waue to waue, and with the winde,
 When they list turne againe; they haue been scene
 Like raging Lions in their heate of spleene,
 Flie on the Castile fleet to bring them vnder,
 And with fell rore to teare their sides in sunder.

All readie furnisht waisting to and fro,
 Ouer the narrow seas deepe sandie beds,
 They 'bout the coasts themselves did daily show,
 In th'huffing winds wauing their silken reds,
 And crimson crosses on their loftie heads:
 Those ancient badges, through the world renown'd,
 Which with high conquest, Fortune oft hath crown'd.

Their

Their braue demeanor did so much delight
The people, that beheld them on the maine,
That many more all readie for the fight,
Did make repaire, t'oppugne the fleet of Spaine;
Then all that royall Nauie could containe :
Such feruent loue vnto their Soueraignes name,
With fierie courage did their hearts enflame.

Those stout sea-searchers of the stormie flood,
The sonnes of *Nereus* broad sea-sayling race,
And the braue offspring of *Prometheus* brood,
That with loud thunder-claps their foe-men chace,
Who in *Elizæ's* royall fleet had place,
Made solemne vowes, backe to returne no more,
Except with conquest to their natie shore.

Mongst whom the noblest obiect of them all,
That in the fleete did hold supreamest sway
Went honor'd *Howard*, as chiefe Admirall,
Who by his stout demeanor did assay,
With courage bold to lead them on the way,
And euery heart did fill with hautie spirit,
By glorious deeds immortall fame to merit.

Now Earle of
Nottingham.

Vpon th'*Eolian* gods supportfull wings,
With chearefull shouts, they parted from the shore,
While heau'n and earth and all the Ocean rings
With sounds, which on her wings loud echo bore,
Of trumpets, drums, shrill fifes and cannons rore,
To which the peoples shouts on shores fast by,
Reecho'd in the rockes with loud replie.

While they aboard at sea, so heere at home
T'auert all harmes, all subiects did prepare,
In mightie tumult to the murmuring drumme,
The multitude did make repaire from farre,
To trie their valour in th'approching warre,
Thirsting to meet their foes on equall ground,
All hoping in their fall to be renown'd.

With ornaments of warre, the earth did flow,
 Glazing the skies with armes resplendent light,
 And euery place in aire, shot vp did show
 The blood-red crosse, which did conduct to fight
 Many faire bands, all men of powerfull might;
 For both of horse and foot, from euery shiere,
 Thicke squadrons daily did in field appeare.

Th'appointed place of generall meeting was
 In Essex, on the coast at Tilburie,
 To which the people in such troopes did passe,
 That with their traine the shores they multiplie
 Like *Palamedes* birds that forme the Y,
 When cloud-like in thicke flockes their flight they take
 Ore Thracian woods, to *Strymons* seuen-fold lake.

There pight they downe their tents t'oppose all harmes,
 Set vp the royall standards all about,
 The faire supporters of *Elizæ's* armes,
 The rampant Lion, and the Dragon stout,
 And th'ensigne of Saint *George*, which many a rout
 Of *Mars* his noble face with conquering hand
 Hath famous made, in many a forren land.

Vnder whose colours like a leaue wood,
 The host in seuerall bands digested all
 Inrankt about with shot and pike-men stood,
 As firme for battell, as a brazen wall,
 Who to the workes of death did thirst to fall,
 Inflam'd in heart with burning fire to fight
 For Englands Virgin, and their countries right.

Well did each horse-man, teach his horse to run,
 To stoope, to stop, to turne, to breake the field,
 Well each bold Musketier did vse his gun,
 Each Launceer well his weightie launce did wield,
 Each drew his sword and well addrest his shield,
 Teaching each other by this braue array,
 How on their foes they best might giue th'affay.

The sound of fifes, of drums, and trumpets shrill,
And mutuall exhortations for the warre,
All fainting hearts with manly sprite did fill,
And th'armed horse, that smell the fight from farre,
Inraged that the curbing bit should barre
Their forwardnesse, with neighing loud did crie
For present combat gainst the enemye.

Thus in the field the royall host did stand,
None fainting vnder base timiditie,
But readie bent to vse their running hand
Against the force of forren enemye,
If they should chance t'arriue at Tilburie :
Mongst whom great *Dudlie* bore supreamest sway,
Against their foes to lead them on the way.

Earle of Leicester,

And as the daughter of the mightie *Ioue*,
When from the browes of heau'n she takes her flight
Downe to those sonnes of *Mars*, whom she doth loue,
In her celestiaall armes with glorie dight,
To bring them dreadlesse to th'approching fight;
So Englands Empresse, that vndaunted Dame,
Vnto the campe in glorious triumph came.

Rich. Hakluyt:
and Stow in
his Annals.

Like noble *Tomiris*, that Queene of Thrace,
Deckt in rich vestiments of shining gold,
Vpon a snow-white steed of stately pace,
Mounted aloft she sate, with courage bold,
And in her hand a martiall staffe did hold,
Riding from ranke to ranke, and troope to troope,
To whom with reuerence all the host did stoope.

Her comely gesture, and her Angels face,
The lodge of pleasure, and of sweet delight,
Did make the souldiers thinke some heauenly Grace
Had left *Olympus*, and with powerfull might
Had come from *Ioue*, to cheare them vp for fight,
Her presence did with such high spirit inspire
Their manly breasts, and set their hearts on fire.

And as *Bunduca*, that bold Britaine dame,
 When ore this land proud Rome did tyrannize,
 Her Britaines hearts with courage to enflame,
 Amidst their troopes all arm'd in seemely wise,
 Did *Pallas*-like a pythie speech deuise:
 So our faire Queene, bold spirit to infuse
 Through all the host, these princely words did vse.

(Captaines and souldiers, men of worthie fame,
 And most admitted to our princely loue)
 Thinke, what it is, to win a souldiers name,
 And fight the battels of the mightie *Ioue*,
 With safe protection from his power aboue,
 Faint thoughts from your stout hearts be farre expell'd,
 And feare of foes with courage bold be quell'd.

If that the foe, dare set his foot on land,
 We with the best all danger will out dare,
 And step by step, with you in person stand,
 To be a partner with you, in that share,
 Which God shall giue vs, be it foule or faire:
 Then by my side like loyall subiects stand,
 And *Ioue* assist vs with his powerfull hand.

This said from ranke to ranke, she rode about,
 Enabling their endeouours for the fight,
 And with sweet words from their bold breasts blew out
 All fainting spirit, and did their hearts excite
 With ready hands, to vse their vtmost might:
 Which royall gesture of so faire a Queene,
 Would haue inspir'd a cowards heart with spleene.

Thus hauing chear'd the common souldierie,
 The cloudie euen began to shut vp day:
 Wherefore she backe return'd from Tilburie,
 And towards that martiall field did take her way,
 Where as that other royall armie lay,
 In which did march the Nobles of the land,
 In rich array, each with his seuerall band.

Troopt vp there were in that same strong-arm'd host,
Fortie three thousand perfect in the frame
Of euery fight, who of that time may boast,
And craue inscription in the booke of fame,
Thaue been the guard of so diuine a dame,
Who for her person only chosen were,
Martiall'd by *Hunsdon* that true hearted Peere.

But while the noble Queene her selfe appli'd
To oppose the foe, that should her State assaile,
Loe, from the Groyne the blacke fleet was descri'd,
Who now befriended with a gentle gale,
For Englands rockie bounds did make full saile,
Of whom hight Captaine *Flemming* first had sight,
And fled before them with industrious flight.

M. Thomas
Flemming.

At Plimmouth port where th'English fleet did lie,
He with full saile came in, and cri'd amaine,
Weigh vp your ankors, hoise your sailes on high;
For like *Ortigian Delos* on the maine,
Behold, th'Iberian fleet from shores of Spaine
Comes hard at hand, and threatens our decay;
Then arme, aboard with speed, make no delay.

This said, confusedly the souldiers ran
To ships from shore, earth flew about their feet,
Then weigh'd they vp their ankors, and each man
Put to his helping hand, to bring their fleet
Into the seas, the aduerse foes to meet,
And though the froward winds did them withstand,
They warped out their ships by force of hand.

Then might they see from farre vpon the maine,
Like a blacke wood approaching more and more,
Their foe-mens tragicke fleet, which in disdain
With sound of trumpets, drums, and cannons rore,
Came proudly thundring by the rockie shore,
And with amazement th'English to affright,
Their souldiers with loud shouts the heau'ns did smite.

They

They sayling came in order for the fight,
 In such a forme on *Thetis* siluer brest,
 As bright-cheekt *Cynthia* shewes in darkeſt night,
 When ſtretching out her hornes into the Eaſt,
 She ſhewes but halfe her face, and hides the reſt,
 Which made a crescent moone vpon the maine,
 Whoſe hornes eight miles in compaſſe did containe.

Stow in his
 Ann. pag.
 1249.

The royall English fleet, which did behold
 The martiall order of their nauall traine,
 Came ſayling forward, and with courage bold,
 For Englands Queene did waue their fleet amaine,
 Who in contempt ſoone waued them againe,
 Whereby defiance with vndaunted pride,
 By cannons cuſſe was giuen from either ſide.

Then bloodie *Ennyon* thundring out aloud,
 Made each one thirſt in fight his foe t'offend,
 And as fierce fire wrapt vp in dampiſh cloud,
 With violent force the ſides thereof doth rend,
 And with pale lightning thunder downe doth ſend;
 So Englands warlike fleet wing'd with ſwift gale,
 Broke through the waues th'Iberians to aſſaile.

The firſt fight
 before Plim-
 mouth.

The drums did beat, the trumpets ſhrill did ſound,
 Each aduerſe force began the furious fight;
 Then in the aire the fierce claps did redound
 Of cannons hidious rore, and with affright,
 Fire flaſhing leapt about and maz'd their fight;
 And thus in furie did the fight begin
 With darkneſſe, horror, death and dreadfull din.

The ſeas did boile, the buxome aire did ſwell,
 A cloake of clouds did ouercaſt the ſkie,
 The echoing rockes the fight farre off did tell,
 The Bullets thicke as haile from clouds on high,
 From either ſide in gloomie ſmoake did flie,
 And pale-fac'd death vnſcene of all the throng,
 Aboue their heads in thicke fumes houerung hung.

The

The fight grew fell, and of disaster haps
In each blacke barke reports loud trumpet sings,
While heau'n records the cannons roring claps,
And the darke aire with grumbling murmurings
Of whistling bullets, borne on fiery wings,
Whose horrid thunder drown'd the volleies hot
And lesser noise of many a thousand shot.

Oft did the English with the winde and weather,
Charge on their foe-mens ships with hot assay,
Who for their safegard bound round vp together,
Pluckt in their hornes and in a roundell lay,
While on their sides the cannon still did play,
Not daring fight, except to rescue those,
That beaten were by their bold Britaine foes.

Both the bold *Howards*, and Lord *Sheffield* hight,
With *Hawkins*, *Frobisher*, and famous *Drake*,
Braue *Barker*, *Crosse*, and *Southwell* that stout Knight,
There, where the foes the fight most hot did make,
Through danger, dread and death their way did take,
And gainst their foes did fierie vengeance spit,
Which did their barks great bulkes in sunder split.

Lord Thomas
Howard now
Earle of Suf-
folke.

They brake into the midst of Spaines blacke fleet,
Opposing dreadfull death to win renowne,
As when in skies the earth-bred brothers meet,
When *Boreas* flying about with stormie frowne,
Doth cuff the clouds, and brings his brothers downe;
For with high spirit heau'n did their hearts inspire,
T'assaile the foes and burne their fleet with fire.

Renowned *Howard* Englands Admirall,
Longing to see the Castile Kings disgrace,
Their stoutest hearts with terror did appall,
Who meeting with his foe-men face to face,
Vnto his furie made them all giue place,
Breaking so farre into the fleet alone,
That from the aduerse foes he scarce was knowne.

Where

Where in the midst of danger vncontrol'd,
 Vpon the vpper decke he stood on high,
 From whence, when as from far he did behold
 One of his Captaines, who did waisting lie
 Without the danger of the enemy,
 Out of a cloud of smoake he loud did call,
 Aboue his head wauing his sword withall.

*M George
 Fenner.*

*This was in
 the second
 fight before
 Portland.*

*Rich. Hak.
 in the end of
 his 1. volume.*

(O George) quoth he, why dost thou shun the presse?
 Report renownes thy name for valiancie;
 Then leaue me not alone in this distresse;
 But with vndaunted spirit follow me
 To gaine the palme of glorious victorie;
 So shall that hope, which I conceiue of thee,
 In this daies bloodie fight not frustrate bee.

The Captaine heard, and like a stormie puffe,
 That stoopes from clouds and beats the billowes vnder,
 He brake into the fight with cannons cuffe,
 And came in height of spirit importing wonder
 In clouds of smoake, in fierie flames and thunder,
 With whom did many others giue th'assay,
 And through Spaines fleet did furrow vp their way.

The foes turn'd head, and made a violent stand,
 Both parts stood bent each other to confound;
 The cannons thicke discharg'd on either hand
 Wrapt clouds in clouds of smoake, which did abound,
 And hurl'd their horrid thunder forth to wound;
 But Fortune on the foes in fight did frowne,
 And in her ballance, Spaines hard lot funke downe.

With fruits of death the fruitlesse waues did flow,
 The seas did blush with blood, the ayrie skie
 Did swell with grones, and wandring to and fro,
 In clouds of smoake the grudging soules did flie
 Of slaughtred bodies, that did floting lie
 About the Ocean, seeking for their tombes
 In hollow rockes and monsters hungrie wombes.

And

And in the fight, t'increase the foe-mens harmes,
A ruddie flame from th'English fleet did flie,
Which swiftly seased in his spoilefull armes
The stout Viceadmirall of th'enemie,
Who proudly bore her loftie head on high,
And with the violence of his flamefull flashes,
Did quickly burne her vpper workes to ashes.

This happened in the
third conflict
before the Ile
of Wight.
It was fired by
a shot.

A golden bonfire on the siluer waues
Did flote about, whose flame did reach the skies,
While the poore Spaniard and his captiue slaues,
Seeing their tragicke fall before their eies,
Amidst the fire in vaine shriekt out shrill cries;
For th'horrid fire all mercilesse did choake
The scorched wretches with infestiu smoake.

Many tall ships, that did in greatnesse passe
The greatest of our fleet, did fall in fight,
Mongst whom, that faire Galeon surprised was,
In which renowned *Valdes*, that stout Knight,
With other captaines of approued might,
Did yeeld themselues and all their golden treasure
To Noble *Drake*, to be at his good pleasure.

Three famous conflicts, in three seuerall daies,
Elizae's hardie captaines did maintaine,
And by their valour won eternall praise,
Oft turning into flight the fleet of Spaine,
With dreadfull fire, and cannons deadly bane,
Who now t'effect what they did vainely boast,
Houer'd twixt Calice and the English coast.

There cast they ankor, and conuei'd with speed
swift notice to the Prince of Parma hight,
Who thither should repaire, as was decreed,
And while each aduerse fleet stood hot in fight,
For England he should passe with all his might,
For which intent he had prepar'd before,
Foure hundred ships vpon the Belgicke shore.

But

But noble *Seimer* in the foe-mens fight,
 With *Iustin* of Nassau, that Belgian bold,
 And worthie *Winter*, that vndaunted Knight,
 With their tall ships on th' Ocean vncontrol'd,
 About the Belgicke strand strong gard did hold,
 Whose proud afront the foes did daunt so fore,
 That not a ship durst launch from off the shore.

Allen was
 made Cardi-
 nall for that
 purpose.

Yet the stout Prince of Parma fondly led
 With hope, that *Allen*, that false fugitiue,
 Sent from proud *Sixtus* to adorne his head
 With faire *Elizæes* crowne, in vaine did striue
 With all his power, his purpose to atchieue;
 And vnto Dunkirk came with all his force,
 To put in practise his intended course.

Meane time the fleet, that did expect his aide,
 Before French Calice did at ankor lie,
 And now the chearefull day began to vade,
 And *Vulcans* louely *Venus* mounting high,
 Appear'd for euening starre in Easterne skie,
 Whereby both aduerse fleets did cease from fight,
 And rendred place vnto th'approching night.

But when soft sleepe, the carelesse thoughts did bind
 Of others, that secure in cabbins lay,
 Each English leader in his labouring mind
 Did fashion counsels, how to giue th'assay,
 And driue from thence their foe-mens fleet away,
 Who there did purpose by the shore to lie,
 That from the Prince they might haue fresh supplie.

Amongst themselves our Captaines did agree,
 That eight small ships with artificiall fire,
 Amidst the Spanish fleet should driuen bee
 In dead of night, to execute their ire
 Vpon the foes, that did sweet sleepe desire:
 Which dreadfull stratagem against the foe,
 Stout *Xong* and valiant *Prowse* did vndergoe,

The time came on, the drowzie night did frowne,
Who clasping th' earths wide bounds with sable wings,
Vpon the seas did powre grim darknesse downe,
While sleepe, that vnto care sweet comfort brings,
In quiet slumber, husht all watchfull things;
And then the ships all fir'd for the euent,
Amongst the foes with winde and tide were sent.

Through foggie clouds of nights Cymmerian blacke,
A glimmering light the watch did first espie,
Which drifting fast vpon the sea-gods backe,
And to the Spanish fleete approching nigh,
Burst out in flames into the darke some skie,
Glazing the heau'ns and chasing gloomie night,
From off the seas with admirable light.

A sudden puffe with force of powder driuen,
Oft blew vp sulphurie flames, in aire on high,
From whence, as if that starres did drop from heau'n,
The liuely sparkes on wings of winde did flie,
Threatning confusion to the enemye:
Who startled from their sleepe, shriekt out th' alarme
To euery ship, to shun such dismall harme.

Th'Iberians drown'd before in sweet repose,
With feare affrighted from their naked rest,
Their eye-lids wanting weight one winke to close,
Beheld the fire on *Neptunes* burning brest,
Which trembling horror in their hearts imprest;
For floting towards them with fearefull flashes,
It threatned sore to burne their ships to ashes.

Then with disorder euery one did cut
Their blacke pitch'd cables, hoyfing sailes with speed,
And from the shore to the maine seas did put,
In hope from present danger to be freed,
That did such terror in their bosomes breed,
While on the waues the burning ships bright light
Did make a sun-shine in the midst of night.

Who

Who being disperst amongst their Nauie came,
 And like fire-spitting monsters on the maine,
 In fable clouds of smoake and threatning flame,
 Did fiercely bellow out their deadly bane;
 Which horror th'English Nauie did maintaine,
 Discharging all their thundring shot together
 Vpon th'Iberian foes with winde and weather.

The horrid noise amaz'd the sileent night,
 Repowring downe blacke darknesse from the skie,
 Through which th'affrighted Spaniard with blind flight,
 His friends from foes not able to descrie,
 Vpon the darkeesome waues did scattered flie;
 In which disturbance driuen with winde and weather,
 Spaines chiefe Galliasse fell foule vpon another.

Which all vnable to escape with flight,
 The startled fleet did leaue alone forlorne,
 Keeping aloofe at sea, all that sad night;
 But when from th'East the opall-coloured morne
 With golden light the Ocean did adorne,
 The English fleet Spaines great Galliasse did spie,
 Which cast vpon a sandie shoale did lie.

Whom Captaine *Preston* valiantly did bord,
 Sent from the fleet in his long boat well man'd,
 Which with an hundred hardie men was stor'd,
 Who to the face of death oppos'd did stand,
 About the ship vsing their readie hand,
 Gainst whose assault at first th'Iberian foes,
 With proud resistance did themselves oppose.

For *Hugo de Moncada*, valiant man
 With noble courage did the fight maintaine,
 Till through his wounded foreheads hardned pan,
 A fatall shot with bullets deadly bane,
 Made open passage to the liuely braine,
 Who being slaine, to shun the slaughtering sword,
 Most of the residue leapt ouer bord.

Thus great King *Philip*s mountaine-like Galliasse,
In which three hundred slaues lug'd at the oare,
And twice two hundred armed men did passe,
Was soone despoil'd of all her golden store
By a small band of men on Calice shore,
Which fiftie thousand duckets did containe,
Of the rich treasure of the King of Spaine.

Meane time the blacke fleet floting on the maine,
The night before disperst with foule affright,
In hope her former purpose to obtaine,
Return'd againe from base inglorious flight,
Arang'd in order for the nauall fight,
Which in diuided squadrons th'English fleet,
With hot incounter furiously did meet.

Who bound vp round together in a ring,
Lay close in their defence against their foe;
But as the Southerne blasts in budding spring,
When *Austers* swelling cheekes do ouerflow
In handfuls thicke the blossomes downe to blow;
So thicke and dreadfully did slaughter flie
From th'English fleet amongst the enemye.

This conflict
being the
fourth & last
was before
Greueling.

Then had th'Iberians dread, their pride did bow,
Their foes by valour brake their nauall round,
And as a torrent from an hils steepe brow,
Clad in fresh showers and thunders fearefull sound,
Beares all before it in the plaine land ground;
So did they beat from off their native bounds,
Spains mighty fleet with cannons scathful wounds.

And where the skirmish was propos'd most hot,
Their valiant *Drake* did breake into the fight,
And though his ship were pierc'd with wounding shot
Twice twentie times; yet with vndaunted might
He horriblie did plie their sudden fright,
And with wide wounds the hollow keeles did batter
Of three tall ships betwixt the winde and water.

Then in despaire with hands and weeping eies,
 To heau'n the wretches prai'd for their escape,
 And to some Saint of heau'n with open cries,
 Each one in blind deuotion prayers did shape;
 But all in vaine, the gulfie flood did gape,
 And in the deepe of his deuouring wombe,
 Both men and ships did suddenly intombe.

The rest all daunted with such vncouth sight,
 From spoile to saue their fleet no time did spare,
 But hoyling saile betooke themselves to flight,
 Cursing sterne fate, that brought their fleet so farre,
 To be despoil'd in such successelesse warre;
 And after all their boasting backe recoyl'd,
 With emptie hands vnto their natie soyle.

They heartlesse fled, but in their hastie flight,
 Two great Galeons of captiu'd Portugale,
 The huge Saint *Philip*, and Saint *Matthew* high;
 Great *Seymer* and stout *Winter* did so galle,
 With wounding cusse of cannons fierie ball,
 That on the Belgian coast by friends forsaken,
 They with their Captaines by their foes were taken.

Meane time the English with full saile did plie
 The manage of the foes inglorious flight,
 And as high stomack'd hounds, that with full crie
 Pursue the fearefull game, do take delight
 To pinch the haunch behind with eager bite;
 So did *Elizæs* fleet pursue the foes
 With shouts of men, and bullets banefull blowes.

They all array'd in warres vermillion,
 Did chace them to those seas of stormes and thunder,
 Ouer whose waves in heau'n's pavillion,
 Amongst those many golden workes of wonder,
 A Dragon keeps two wrathfull Beares asunder,
 And there they left them, in those seas to drowne,
 Returning backe with conquest and renowe.

They gone, the wretched foes in wofull case
 Helpelesse, perceiuing by sterne fortunes doome,
 Their action ended in extreame disgrace,
 And in fames stead, for which they forth did come,
 Finding but wounds to cure when they came home,
 Did curse the ordinance of mightie *Ioue*,
 Gainst whom with their huge strength in vaine they stroue.

But while at sea, all were to labour giuen,
 Securely rigging vp their crazed ships,
 Al-seeing *Ioue* did worke their banes in heau'n;
 For in an instant from his heau'nly lips,
 From Pole to Pole a winged message skips,
 And posting round about the earths great ball,
 From th'house of stormes th'*Eolian* slaues did call.

Then furious *Auster*, *Ioues* command once giuen;
 With *Eurus*, *Zephirus*, and *Boreas* russe,
 Stoopt from the cloudie corners of the heau'n
 Vpon those seas, and with a violent puffe,
 The tumbling billowes all on heapes did cusse;
 And raving gainst the rockes with hidious rore,
 Wrapt waues in waues, and hurl'd them on the shore.

Meane while nights curtaines sleapt in Stygian blacke,
 The crystall battlements of heau'n did hide;
 Then *Ioue* did thunder, and the heau'ns did cracke,
 Pale lightning leapt about on euery side,
 The clouds inconstant flood-gates opened wide,
 And nought, but mists, haile, raine, dark stormes and thunder,
 Did fall from heau'n vpon the salt seas vnder.

The white froth-foaming flood began to raue,
 And enter combat with the fleet of Spaine,
 Hurring it head-long on the mountaine-waue,
 Now from the shores into the roling maine,
 And now from thence vnto the shores againe,
 While all the stoutest sea-men quake and quiver,
 Lest winde-driuen waues their ships in sunder shiuer.

Heere strike, strike (firs) the top mast one doth crie,
 Another saies, vale misene and sprit saile,
 And heere a third bids, let the maine sheate flie,
 All fall to worke themselves from death to baile,
 Some cut the saile-cloaths, some againe do haile
 The saile yards downe, while others pumpe with paine,
 Sending the seas into the seas againe.

Heere one vp listed on a mountaine steepe,
 By dreadfull flashing of heau'ns lightning bright,
 With pallid feare looks downe vpon the deepe
 Into a pit, as deepe and blacke in sight,
 As *Tartarus* the lothsome brood of night,
 In whose wide gulfie mouth he thinkes to drowne,
 Seeing the ship all topsie turning downe :

Another heere in sandie shoale doth lie,
 With mountaine waues on all sides walled round,
 And seemes from hell to see the lostie skie,
 Looking, when wallowing waues with windie bound,
 In that deepe pit the vessell would confound,
 Till with the lustie waue, the mounting ship
 From thence to heau'n doth in a moment skip.

The poore sad sailers beaten out of breath
 With toilesome paine, and with long watching worne,
 Through feare, the feeble consort of cold death,
 Not knowing, alas, which way themselves to turne,
 With wofull cries their fatall fall did mourne,
 And cast their eyes to heau'n, where, what was seene,
 Was blacke as hell, as if no heau'n had been.

Heere the Greene billowes bounding gainst a ship,
 Vncaukes the keele, and with continuall waste,
 Washing the pitch away, the seames vnrise,
 While th'angrie tempest with a boistrous blast,
 Beares the false stem away, springs the maine mast,
 And breaking downe the decke, doth passage win
 For the next surging sea to enter in.

Then

Then all amaz'd shriekes out confused cries,
While the seas rote doth ring their dolefull knell,
Some call to heau'n for helpe with weeping eies,
Some moane themselves, some bid their friends farewell,
Some Idols-like in horrors senselesse dwell,
Heere in sad silence one his faint heart showes,
Another there doth thus his feare disclose :

Thrice happie they, whose hap it was in fight
Against the foes to fall, when others stood,
(Ye conquering English causers of our flight)
Why were your swords not bath'd in my deare blood?
And why did I not perish in the flood?
Where braue *Moncada* di'd with many more,
Whose bodies now do swim about the shore.

This said, a waue, that neuer brake asunder,
But mounting vp, as if with loftie frowne,
It view'd the working of the waters vnder,
Came like a ruin'd mountaine falling downe,
And with his weight the wretched ship did drowne,
Which sinking, in the gulse, did seeke her graue
And neuer more appear'd about the waue.

Many more ships did perish in the deepe,
Some downe from top of waues to sandie ground,
All rent and torne the angrie surge did sweepe,
Some the winde-turned water whirling round,
In the blacke whirle-poole helpleffe did confound,
And some with boyltrous billowes bruz'd and battred,
In sunder split, about the waues were scattred.

The other ships, that huge of building were,
Whose bulkes the billow could not beat asunder,
And whom the furious storme perforce did beare
Amongst the raging seas, now vp, now vnder,
Though through the waues, they wrought it out with wonder,
Yet many gainst the rockes the surge did beare,
And with the fruitlesse sands some couered were,

Heere five at once round set with surging waters,
 Sticke fast in quick-sands, sinking more and more,
 There five againe the furious billow batters,
 Being hurried head-long with the South-west blore,
 In thousand pieces gainst great Albions shore,
 Whereby the fruitlesse waues tost to and fro,
 With fruits of ship-wracke euery where did flow.

Here one fast holding by the broken shiuers
 Of some wrackt ship, to heau'n lifts vp his eies,
 There drifting on the mast, one quakes and quiuers,
 Another heere his outstretcht armes applies
 By sight of swimming on the waues to rise;
 But all in vaine, the billowes breake in sunder
 Aboue their heads, and beate their bodies vnder.

Heere with sustentiuie palmes themselves to saue,
 Two crawling vp a cliffe, on backe is borne
 By the next surge in seas to seeke his graue,
 The other by the billow rent and torne
 Vpon the ragged rocke, is left forlorne,
 Where in his luke-warme blood he sprawling lies,
 And th'haplesse food of hungrie fowles he dies.

The fest, that did the Irish coast obtaine,
 And had escap'd the furie of the flood,
 By those wilde people wofully were slaine,
 The Irish swift of feete, and flesht in blood,
 Who thicke vpon the shore together stood
 With deadly darts, to strike each foe-man dead,
 That 'boue the waue did beare his fainting head.

Great *Ioues* command, perform'd vpon the foes,
 Th'*Eolian* King call'd home his windes againe;
 Then ceast the storme; then did the seas disclose
 The armes, the painted robes, and spoiles of Spaine,
 Which heere and there did flote vpon the maine,
 By England, Ireland, Norway, Normandie,
 Where *Ioue* did act their fleets blacke tragedie.

For of one hundred thirtie foure faire keele,
But fiftie three did greet their native soile,
Of thirtie thousand men arm'd with bright steele,
The greatest number after all their toile,
Did perish in great *Neptunes* wrackfull spoile,
And all the Prince of Parmaes mightie bands
Return'd with shame, disgrace and emptie hands.

Thus our *Elizæs* boastingemie,
Who in vaine pride did blacke their tragicke fleet,
And brought ostents of threatning destinie,
In top of all their hope with shame did meet,
And fell beneath the conquering Virgins feet;
Vnable many yeares to cure againe
The wounds, which in this warre they did sustaine.

Thus Romes proud *Sixtus*, Englands mortall foe,
Who towards the conquest of this Emperie,
A million with his blessing did bestow,
And did presage vndoubted victorie
With seeming future searching prophesie,
Nor with his holy blessing, nor his gold
This mightie fleet from falling could vphold.

A million of
gold, one halfe
paid in readie
money, the o-
ther halfe to
be paid when
any famous
port was ta-
ken in Eng-
land.

But while Romes *Sixtus*, twixt foule shame and feare,
For such great losse gainst Fortune did exclaime,
Fame through the world triumphantly did beare
This glorious act in our *Elizæs* name,
Who glorifying not in her foe-mens shame,
With bounteous grace did vse the victorie
To her proud foes in their captiuitie.

When many
were broughe
out of Ireland
and other
parts with hal-
ters about
their neckes,
she sent them
into Spaine at
her owne
charge.

The baser sort, though made her peoples scorne,
Yet of her bountie she from death did spare,
The better sort as her owne liege-men borne,
All common benefits did freely share,
And tooke the solace of the open aire,
Whom she, though subiects of a mightie foe,
To his disgrace triumphing did not show.

An. Reg. 31. Vnder a canopie of gold wide spread
 In chariot throne, like warres triumphant dame,
 With crowne imperiall on her Princely head,
 Borne by two milke-white steeds in State she came
 To *Pauls* high Temple, while with loud exclaime,
 The people in her passage all about
 From loyall hearts their Aues loud did shout.

Where round about the Temples battlements
 Hung th' ensignes of her vanquisht enemies,
 As gracefull Trophies, and fit ornaments,
 T' adorne with State and greater Maiestie,
 The triumph of her noble victorie,
 Which in the peoples sight made pleasing shewes,
 Who laugh'd to scorne the threatning of her foes.

But she meeke Prince dismounting from her throne,
 With luorie fingered-hands vplifted high
 On humble knees, ascribed vnto none
 The honor of this great deeds dignitie,
 But to th' *Olympian* Kings great Deitie,
 Who 'boue the rest, that scepters States did weeld,
 Her as his chosen, did from danger sheeld.

(O matchlesse Prince) though thy pure Maiden breast
 Retain'd that spirit of magnanimitie,
 That only brau'd proud *Romes* world-brauing beast,
 Yet didst thou not with vaunting vanitie
 Abuse the glorie of thy victorie:
 But after all thy high atchieuements wonne,
 To heau'ns great King gau'st praise, of what was done,

Which he accepting as an humble show
 Of her milde meeknesse, did so glorifie
 The fame of this high conquest gainst the foe,
 That her great name, since that great victorie,
 Yet liues a staine vnto her enemy;
 Yea many that beneath his yoke did grone,
 Then su'd for succour at her Princely throne.

Prince

Prince *Don Antonio*, heire suppos'd by right
Of all consents to *Don Sebastian*, slaine
Against the barbarous Moore in bloodie fight,
Exil'd his countrie by the power of Spaine,
Of his hard hap did vnto her complaine,
Imploring aide at her assistant hands,
To free his countrie from Iberian bands.

The noble Virgin with remorsefull eyne,
Viewing that wretched State all rent asunder,
To pitie did her Princely heart incline,
And to the seas sent those two sonnes of thunder,
That in the world had wrought so many a wonder,
Renowned *Drake*, and *Norrice* worthie wight,
With *Don Antonio* to obtaine his right.

With many a worthie souldier shipt from shore,
The stormie seas wilde wilderneffe they plow'd,
And though the wrinckled waues rouz'd in rough rore,
Began to bandie billowes, waxing proud;
Yet th English Nauie, through tumultuous crowd
Of darksome surges, did swift passage sweepe
Vnto the shores of the Galician deepe.

Where taking land, as Bees from cranied rockes
Breake through the clefts, and to increase their store,
About the fields flie euery way in flockes:
So from their ships the souldiers more and more
In mightie tumult multipli'd the shore,
Where vncontrol'd themselues they did conioyne
In martiall troopes, and marched towards the Groyne.

Which to defend from spoile the fainting foes
By need constrain'd, at first forth boldly came,
And in the field our forces did oppose;
But being with furie charg'd by men of fame,
Vnto the towne they backe retir'd with shame,
Whom to the gates the English did pursue,
And with smart stripes did reach them as they flew.

Anecdotes.

31.

Portugale
voyage, taken
out of the di-
scourse writ-
ten by *Colonel*
Antonie
Winkefield,
imployed in
the same voy-
age.

Nor

Nor could their strong erected walles withstand
 The fierce assaylants, who with nimble sprite
 Did scale their bulwarkes, and by force of hand
 Did turne th'Iberians into shamefull flight,
 Although with most aduantage they did fight,
 Of whom five hundred on the dust fell dead,
 The rest to th'vpper towne amazed fled.

The towne surpris'd, stor'd in the same were found
 The sterne designs of *Philips* raging teene;
 For euery place with shipping did abound,
 Whith for another fleet prepar'd had beene,
 Intended once againe against our Queene;
 But by despoiling of this conquered towne,
 King *Philips* hopes they in despaire did drowne.

From hence the victors, in *battalia* led
 To th'vpper Groyne by *Norrice* noble Knight,
 To which the foes had for their safegard fled,
 Did march with speed, and in their foes despight
 Before the towne their warlike tents did pight,
 Where in strong battery many daies they lay,
 And to remoue them none durst giue th'assay.

Yet by the towne six miles from off the coast,
 The Count *D'Andrada* with his armie lay,
 Betwixt Petrance and the English hoast,
 Who boasting with his powers to driue away
 The foes from Groyne; yet durst not giue th'assay;
 But kept aloofe intrencht within the ground,
 With strong built Baracadoes fenced round.

Which, when braue *Norrice* heard, with *Drakes* consent
 Nine regiments amongst the rest he chose,
 And whirlewinde-like with furie forth he went,
 Marching with winged pace vpon the foes,
 On their owne ground with them to bandie blowes,
 On whom hight *Edward Norrice* Lion-like,
 Gaue the first charge with his sharpe pointed pike.

Which

Which with such furious force he did pursue,
That ouer thrusting downe he fell to ground,
At which aduantage in the foe-men flew,
And in the head the valiant Knight did wound,
Whom in extremitie begirted round
By eager foes, his brother with strong hands
Rescu'd from danger, death or captiue bands.

Then noble *Sidnie, Wingfield, Middleton,*
Each with his band made in vpon the foes,
Then *Hinder, Fulford,* and stout *Erington,*
Stood firme in fight, and in the violent close
Amongst th'Iberians dealt such martiall blowes,
That their chiefe Leaders in the field were slaine,
Or wounded, could no more the fight maintaine.

The other fled, and th'English did pursue
With speedie haste, a number fell in chace,
Three miles the dust, with blood they did imbrue,
Some downwards groueling did the ground embrace,
Some vpwards spread, did shew deaths gasty face,
Three miles in compasse on that haplesse soile,
Did flow with fruits of blood, of death, and spoile.

The valiant victors, that did backe returne,
Loaded with golden bootie from the chace,
The fruitfull countrie round about did burne
With wastfull fire, which did in euery place
Townes, towers, woods, groues with hungrie flames embrace,
Whose people did from farre behold the flame
With teare-torne eyes; yet could not helpe the same.

Thus fam'd-grac'd *Norrice* crown'd with victorie,
Vnto the Groyne returned backe againe,
And with more worth his deed to amplifie,
King *Philips* standard with the armes of Spaine,
Which from his foes in fight he did constraîne,
Before him in his march aduanced was,
As with his troopes he towards the Groyne did passe.

Where

Where he not long the voyage did delay
 For Portugale in *Don Antonioes* right;
 But left the Groyne and lanced off to sea,
 Where with that noble Earle great *Essex* hight,
 His brother, and stout *Williams* that bold Knight,
 He happily did meet, who with full gale
 To Portugale together forth did faile.

And in a storme, as people sent from heau'n,
 That Nation vnto freedome to restore,
 They by the tempest gainst *Peniche* driuen,
 Vp to the waste in waters raging sore,
 Through death and danger waded to the shore;
 Where when they came vpon the marine sands,
 In spight of foes they martiall'd vp their bands.

For when the *Conde De Fuentes* came
 With his proud troopes t'afroint them in the fight,
 The valiant *Donorax* in *Elizaes* name
 Before the castle, and the towne in sight,
 Did charge vpon them with such violent might,
 That horror spread, through each Iberian troope,
 To seruile feare made stoutest hearts to stoope.

None durst abide, with foule retreate all fled,
 Free passage to the victors open lay,
 Who towards the towne did march, from whence, in dread
 Of their approach, the people fled away,
 And left the towne vnto their foes for prey,
 Whereby the castle taken with the same,
 They did possesse in *Don Antonioes* name.

From hence towards Lisbon they did march forthright,
 And in the way the noble Generall
 Did enter *Torres Vedras* in despight
 Of that vaine boast, of the proud Cardinall,
 Who gaue his faith to them of Portugale
 To oppose him in the field, though with delay,
 He kept aloofe, and durst not giue th'assay.

To Lisbon gates, troopt vp in martiall pace
The English went, and in the suburbs pight
Elizæes ensignes in the foes disgrace,
In hope that *Don Antonio* would excite
The people to his aide, and in his right
Shake off the bondage which they did sustaine,
Thereby their late-lost freedome to regaine.

But they ignoble kind of dunghill brood,
With female hearts more cold in valiancie,
Then naked Indians, who with losse of blood
Haue often fought in midst of miserie,
To free themselves from seruile flauerie;
When such stout champions in their cause did stand,
Durst not appeare to vse their helping hand.

The sweets of libertie, for which the Iew
Withstood stout *Titus*, mightie *Cæsars* sonne,
The loyall loue, that th'ancient Britaine drew
To those great deeds for *Carataccus* done,
When Romes *Ostorius* did this land orerun,
The heartlesse Portugale could not excite,
To hazard fortune gainst the foes in fight.

For many daies the English with renowne,
Gainst death and danger did themselves oppose,
And gaue assault vnto the chiefeſt towne,
By their high fortitude t'imboldeſen thoſe,
That liu'd in dread of their insulting foes;
And to performe their promis'd force for fight
Against the foes, in *Don Antonios* right.

Yet at their hands no helpe to this assay
Elizæes famous Captaines could obtaine,
Who wanting power their valour to display,
When the ſad Prince *Antonio* all in vaine
The peoples helpe had ſought, and none could gaine;
Remou'd their martiall power gainst Lisbon bent,
And towards *Cascais* vnto their Nauie went.

Where valiant *Drake* with his triumphant fleet,
 Came vp the riuer as it was decreed,
 And with the armie at Cascais did meet,
 Whose meeting to the foes such feare did breed,
 That at their first approach, the towne with speed
 And castle both without long batterie,
 Did stoope their pride to th English valiancie.

And where the foes that proudly ranged were
 Fast by Saint Iulians, readie arm'd for fight,
 Had broadly misreported, that with feare
 Of their approach their foes with foule affright,
 Themselues had taken to inglorious flight,
 Vndaunted *Norrice* with his martiall traine,
 Did towards Saint Iulians backe returne againe.

And valiant *Essex* this bold challenge sent,
 As combatant in his great Soueraignes name,
 To know, who durst of noble borne descent,
 Stand forth amongst the rest to fight for fame,
 And trie by blowes the cause, for which they came;
 Or if that eight to eight, or ten to ten,
 Durst tempt their fate in fight like valiant men.

In Colonel
Wingfields di-
 scourse, pag.
 148. in the se-
 cond volume
 of *R. Hak.*
Nauigations.

But through th'Iberian armie not a man
 Stood forth as combatant in single fight;
 For when the Generall with his troops began
 T'approch their campe, before he came in sight,
 They fled away befriended by the night,
 Nor stai'd they till they made great Lisbon gate,
 Their safe Asylum gainst all aduerse fate.

Meane time, that sea-fam'd Captaine worthie *Drake*,
 Twice fortie martiall ships well man'd for fight,
 In seas did sinke, did burne, did spoile and take;
 Mongst whom Saint *Iohn de Colorado* hight,
 Third vnto none in building and in might,
 He burnt with raging fire of flaming brand,
 And sunk her bulke in shoales of swallowing sand.

Thus

Thus though the English disappointed were
Of seating *Don Antonio* in the throne,
Through that base female stomackt nations feare,
Whose sad distresse no future time shall moane,
Though vnder tyrants yoke their spirits groane;
Yet fame, the prize on which they ment to pray,
In their swift barks with them they brought away.

And being launcht into the seas blacke brest,
By stormie puffe of *Ansters* blustering blore,
They carried were with violent storme opprest,
'Bout Bayon Iles, and towards the sandie shore
With swift winde-swellling sailes their Nauie bore,
Where both the Generals on the barren strand,
Did with two thousand souldiers put to land.

And as the wealthie fields of ripe-grown corne,
Which ouercharg'd with seed their heads do bow
Are by the reaper downe in handfuls borne,
Who for that meed, which th'owner doth allow,
Still plies his labour with a sweatie brow;
So th'English did with sword and fire despoile
The fruitfull plentie of that pleasant soile.

That strong street-fenced towne, *Vigo* by name,
In ashie heapes on ground did groueling lie,
And on the swift wings of a golden flame,
The vaile-inriched *Borsis* mounting high,
With blazing shine did glaze the cloudie skie,
While eight miles compasse *Vulcans* fierie fume
Dame *Ceres* gifts did in the vales consume.

Thus grac'd with noble conquest and rich spoile,
The valiant victors with their royall fleet,
Did passe the seas vnto their native soile,
Where falling prostrate at their *Soueraignes* feet,
With glorious prize the *Virgin* they did greet,
The praise of which what they to her had giuen,
She gaue againe vnto the King of heau'n.

Vpon

Vpon the deepes of *Neptunes* large command,
 Many more high exploits were daily done,
 And from the vanquisht foes by force of hand,
 Many faire ships of many a hundred tunne
 Full fraught with wealthie prize were daily wonne,
 For forren pens speake wonder of the fame,
 And rich spoiles gotten in *Elizæes* name.

*Huighen van
 Linchoten and
 many others.*

Anno eodem That famous horse-man, launce-fam'd *Clifford* hight,
 31. The great *Herœ* noble *Cumberland*,
 Taken out of About th' *Azôres* in his foes despight
 the discourse Did scoure the seas, and with three ships command
 writtē by that Each famous port vpon that slimie strand:
 excellent en- For those few English, which he did assemble
 giner M. Ed- In three small ships, made all *Tercera* tremble.
 ward Wright.

Vpon the walles of *Fayall*, that strong towne,
 Which huge mount *Pyco* ouerlookes from West,
 He by strong hand with Englands crosse did crowne,
 And gainst that strand vpon the seas broad brest,
 Many great hulkes with blacke rouz'd waues distrest
 Of th' *Indian* fleet, full fraught with prize for Spaine,
 He brought to England ore the broad-backt maine.

Yet he alone braue champion euer preſt,
 For his faire Miſtreſſe to defend her right,
 Did not triumph on *Neptunes* watrie brest;
 But many more, all men of famous might,
 The vtmoſt parts of earth and ſeas did ſmite
 With loud report, that Englands bounds did keep,
 A Virgin, that was Ladie of the deepe.

An. Reg. 32. Fame-winged *Drake* and *Hawkins*, that bold Knight,
 Vpon the coaſt of Spaine the foes did dare,
 When at the *Groyne* that hoſt lay readie dight
 To paſſe the ſeas, to diſpoſſeſſe *Nauarre*,
 Gainſt whom th' vnholie league did warre prepare;
 But while the royall fleet of our faire *Queene*
 Appeer'd at ſea, they durſt not then be ſcene.

Nor durst that Captaine of the Spanish fleet,
Th'insulting *Don Alonso Bacan* hight,
Elizæs ships in equall battell meet;
But if by chance he found the ods in fight,
Then proudly would he vse his vtmost might;
Yet Englands blacke Reuenge, alone at length
Did worke him shame with all his nauall strength.

For famous *Greenuile* sayling neere to Flores
In the Reuenge of our *Elizæs* fleet,
Obscur'd from fight with th'Ilands of th'Azores,
Spaines great *Armada* did vntimely meet;
Yet with sharpe welcome their approach did greet,
For rich reuenge he made vpon his foes;
Though he his life in his Reuenge did lose.

An. Re. 33.
Taken out of
the discourse
penned by
Sir Walter
Raubley.

Ten thousand men in three and fiftie saile,
Did in his barke alone begirt him round,
And fiftene howers space did neuer faile
With thundring shot his ships weake wombe to wound,
Both him, and her in th'Ocean to confound,
Whom with twice fiftie men he did oppose,
And did inferre dire slaughter mongst his foes.

The great San *Philip*, that mount Etna-like,
Lay spitting fierie vengeance gainst her foes,
In fight her entertaine did so dislike,
That she her sad mishap did soone disclose,
And fainting made retreate, to shun foule blowes,
While the amaz'd Iberians stroue to saue
Her leaking wombe from sinking in the waue.

Some say this
ship foundred.

Like as a goodly Hart begirted round,
With eager hounds, that thirst to see him fall,
Tir'd in the toile, turnes head and stands his ground,
And with fell blowes the dogs do so appall,
That in the end he makes his way through all:
So noble *Greenuile* round besieg'd in fight,
Brake through their squadrons with admired might.

Saint *Michael* hight, and *Cyuis* great *Ascension*,
 With th' Admirall of the hulkes, three ships of fame,
 Each of the which so large was in dimension,
 That *Greenwils* ship, that bore *Vindictas* name,
 Did seeme a skiffe compar'd vnto the same,
 With crosse-barre shot in fight he did so wound,
 That wallowing waues their hugeness did confound.

In this fight
 there were
 five ships of
 great burthen
 sunke, 1000.
 men, and ma-
 ny of especiall
 note slaine.

Against them all she proudly did entunder,
 Vntill her masts were beaten ouer-bord,
 Her deckes downe raz'd, her tackle cut asunder,
 Vntill her shot and powder, that were stor'd
 In her maim'd bulke could scarce one charge afford;
 Yea when her sides were euened with the waue
 She would not yeeld, but still her foes did braue.

And had not fate inforc'd her noble Knight,
 To sinke downe senselesse in her hollow wombe,
 Euen he alone would haue withstood their might:
 But who, alas, can contradict the doome
 Of wilfull fate, when time prefix'd is come?
 From muskets mouth spit forth with vengefull breath,
 A fatall shot did wound the Knight to death.

And at his death, to shew his mightie mind,
 Being from his ship conuei'd amongst his foes,
 Feeling th'approch of his last houre assign'd,
 As one not fear'd in all externall shewes
 To leaue this life, whose end should end his woes,
 With manly lookes amidst his enemies
 These words he spake, ere death did close his eies:

This he spake
 in Spanish, re-
 corded in the
 99. chap. of
 Iohn Huighen
 van Linsebo-
 ten.

In peace of mind I bid the world adew,
 For that a souldiers death I truly die,
 And to my royall Queene haue paid her due,
 Since by my timelesse death I glorifie
 My God, and her against her enemy:
 Which to my grace, since fame to her shall tell,
 With ioy I bid the world and her farewell.

Thus

Thus Fames faire finger in his manly prime,
With honor'd touch in death did close his eies,
Whose glorie shall out-last the prints of time,
Caru'd in his brow, and like the Sunne in skies,
In darkeſt times each day ſhall freſh ariſe;
For to my verſe if heauen ſuch grace do giue,
True noble Knight, thy name ſhall euer liue.

His gholt regardleſſe did not paſſe away
Without reuenge : for where in hapleſſe fight,
Vnhappie fate did worke his liues decay,
There *Frobisher* and *Borrough* that bold Knight,
To his Iberian foes did worke deſpight;
For by th' Azores on the ſtormie maine,
Many a faire price they daily did obtaine.

An. Reg. 34.
Out of M. R.
Hak. in the
laſt part of his
ſecond vo-
lume.

The Indian barks at th' Ilands they did ſtop,
For which, that naked people which adore
The King of flames in ſteepe *Olympus* top,
With wicked ſteele their grandames ribs had tore,
To glut their ſpacious wombes with golden ore,
Whom *Frobisher* did ſend with all their treaſure,
To be diſpos'd at his *Elizæes* pleaſure.

Meane time, ſtout *Croſſe* and *Borrough* valiant Knight,
Againſt that monſter of the fleet of Spaine,
The *Madre Dios*, did a noble fight
Before thoſe Ilands many houres maintaine,
Whom by plaine ſtrength, at length they did conſtraine
To ſtoope her pride, and hazarding the might
Of twice three hundred, boorded her in fight.

Who to enrich their noble enterprize
With a ſmall world of treaſure did abound,
Ten ſmaller ſhips fraught with her merchandize,
Which ſto'd within her ſpacious bulke were found,
Arriued ſafe in *Thamis* ſiluer ſound;
For fifteene hundred tunne ſhe did containe,
And thirtie foot ſhe drew within the maine.

They tooke likewise the Santa Clare in fight,
Which from the Indian East for Spaine was bound,
And on the Ilands in their foe-mens fight,
With flames of hungrie fire they did confound
The Santa Cruze, which did with wealth abound,
Making each creeke and corner of the maine
To know the rule of their *Elizæ*s raigne.

But should I heere assay to sing of those,
Who to eternifie their Soueraignes name,
Renown'd their swords with fall of thousand foes,
Had I a brazen trumpe to sound the same,
Which might out-sound th'eteruall trumpe of Fame,
Yet not an age drawne out in length of daies,
Would me suffice to sing their worthie praise.

*Haighen van
Linschoten.*

*Ioannes Par-
menius Bu-
dens.*

The Belgian Author of that large discourse
Of th'Indian trafickes, truly doth explaine
The matchlesse vertue of their nauall force,
And of their high aduentures on the maine,
That Saxons Latin Muse in loftie straine
About the world doth sing; yet cruell fate
Vnto his life did adde too short a date.

*Anno Dom.
1584.
Sir Humfrey
Gilbert.*

For when braue spirit did *Gilberts* thoughts excite,
To saile the seas to search for worlds vnfound,
This worthie Poet with that noble Knight
In th'angrie surge, alas, was helplesse drown'd,
And swallow'd vp within the deepes blacke sound:
Yet life to *Gilbert* dead, his verse doth giue,
And his owne name, in his owne verse doth liue.

But leaue we heere those valiant men, that loue
To diue the deepes of *Neptunes* high command,
To see the wonders of the mightie *Ioue*,
And view meane while, with what auspicious hand,
Eliza guides her plentious peopled land,
Whose royall raigne and bountie debonaire,
Times time to come shall count past all compare.

While

While those bold Martialists, that for their fame
In skill of warre affaires were so renown'd,
Did by their swords immortalize her name,
So those graue aged fathers, Peeres profound,
In depth of iudgement with wits laurell crown'd,
In swaying th' Empires Scepter all her daies,
Did guide her steps in the true path of praise.

Like gods in counsell in the State affaires,
They sate in Senate skill'd in all things done,
Deeds past and future, carrying by their cares
Through broken sleepes the course of things begun,
Striuing in dead of night the time t' outrun,
By good aduice, by plots, and counsels close,
T' oppugne, preuent, and circumuent their foes.

From whom in care of State the royall Maid
Did counsell take, as from the mouth of *Ioue*,
Still rul'd with reason, as in power obey'd,
Not led with false opinions fond selfe-loue,
But by their sound aduice did euer proue,
How she with lawes respect might best command,
Seeing *Ioue* had put the Scepter in her hand.

And with intent, that in her Maiden brest
A deepe impression of that pregnant wit
In vse of lawes, by vse might be imprest,
Mongst the graue Senate she did often sit,
And her conceit to consultation fit.
All Princes that true vertues race do run,
The starre-bright light of counsell will not shun.

As the good shepheard with respectiue right
Of his meeke flocke, drownes not the night in sleepe,
Nor spends the compleat day in his delight;
Who distant farre vpon some mountaine sleepe,
Yet nere in care them safe from spoile doth keepe:
So her chiefe care, as carelesse how to please
Her owne affect; was care of peoples ease.

Well did she know, that who would guard and keepe
 The State and counsell of a Realme aright,
 Not vtterly dissolu'd in ease and sleepe,
 Or led with loose affection of delight,
 They must insist in their owne appetite;
 But their State-charged thoughts in cares begun,
 Through broken sleepes, and easelesse toiles must run.

Yet if she did abstaine from graue affaires,
 And found fit time to solace her delay,
 With fond delight she did not ease her cares;
 But with the Ladie Muses wont to play,
 Or *Pallas*-like would often spend the day,
 In making wits quaint parlie her best sport,
 Amidst her Virgin troope of stately port.

Mongst whom, if some, yet mindfull of her worth,
 With Iuorie fingers touch do chance to turne
 These luckie leaues, I only picke them forth
 To grace *Iones* wit-bred brood, the thrice three borne
 With their great worth, she dead, left now forlorne,
 That by their power, whence I this verse deriue,
 She may in them, and they in her suruiue.

And yee faire Nymphs, that like to Angels houer
 About the Palace of our Britaine King,
 That locke the hearts of euery gazing loue
 Within your lookes, whence all delight doth spring,
 Of this faire Queene vouchsafe to heare me sing,
 And let her life, to whom she was vnknowne,
 A Mirrour be for them to gaze vpon.

It was, alas that now it is not so,
 Praise-worthie deem'd amongst diuineſt dames,
 In learnings lore their leasure to bestow,
 For which the Muses to their lasting fames,
 In golden verse might eternize their names;
 But now seduc'd with each mind-pleasing toy
 In learnings liking, few do place their ioy.

Yet she, that could command all ioyes on earth,
 With sweets of iudgement suckt from learning skill,
 In all delights, did moderate her mirth,
 Nor gaue she swinge vnto her Princely will
 In any pleasure to affect the fill;
 But with true Temperance aduis'd aright,
 She best did loue the meane in each delight.

In musikes skill mongst Princes past compare
 She was esteem'd; and yet for that delight
 The precious time she did not wholly square,
 And though in daintie dance she goodly dight
 Was matchlesse held for her maiestike sprite;
 Yet not in dalliance did she go astray,
 Ne yet in dance did dallie out the day.

She with the seed of *Ioue*, the Muses nine,
 So frequent was in her yeares youthfull prime,
 That she of them had learned power diuine
 To quell proud loue, if loue at any time
 In her pure brest aloft began to clime,
 The praise of whom so chaste, and yet so faire,
 Enuies foule selfe not iustly can impaire.

In learnings better part her skill was such,
 That her sweet tongue could speake distinctiuelly
 Greeke, Latin, Tuscan, Spanish, French, and Dutch:
 For few could come in friendly ambasie
 From forren parts to greet her Maiestie,
 Whom she not answer'd in their natie tongue,
 As if all language on her lips had hung.

Whereby the world did seeme to plead for right
 Within her Court, where in her Princely throne,
Astræa-like she sate with powerfull might
 To right the wrong of those, that in despaire
 Of others helps, to her did make repaire,
 Who after humble sute backe neuer went
 Through her Court gates without true minds content.

Witnesse great *Burbon*, when that house of Guise
 Did counterchecke thee in thy lawfull claime,
 In thy defence what Prince did then arise,
 Or with strong hand, who in fights bloodie frame
 Did ioyne to wound thy rebell foes with shame?
 But Englands Queene, who still with fresh supplie
 Did send her forces gainst thineemie :

Anno eodem

34.

In Stow anno

34.

To beare the first brunt in those bloodie broyles,
 That noble Knight, the famous *Willoughby*
 Did crosse the seas, and through important toyles
 Did lead a multitude, whose valiancie
 Made France admire our English Britanie,
 Whom Englands royall Virgin did excite
 Vnto that warre t' aduance thee to thy right.

An. eodem.

And then to reinforce thy strengths decay
 World-wondred *Norrice*, *Mars* his matchlesse sonne,
 Did with three thousand souldiers passe the sea,
 Who in French Britaine hauing once begunne,
 Did not forsake thee, till thy warres were done,
 Whom many did in this thy cause insue,
 And in thy French dust did their bloods imbrue.

An. eodem.

Earle of Essex.

When noble *Denoreux*, that heroicke Knight,
 To shew his loue to armes and cheualrie,
 Ingag'd his person in that furious fight
 Before that towne, hight Roan in Normandie,
 His honor'd brother fighting valiantly;
 Who though but yong, yet oft approu'd in fight,
 By a small shot was slaine in his owne fight.

Sir Walter De-
noreux.Sir William
Sackuile.

And thou braue *Sackuile*, *Buckhurst* third-borne birth,
 Who in these warres didst change thy life for fame,
 Although thy bones lie tomb'd in stranger earth,
 Yet in thy countrie liues thy noble name
 And honor'd friends, that still record the same :
 For though blacke death triumph ore humane breath,
 Yet vertues deeds do liue in spight of death.

Many more valiant men of no meane birth,
Whose names obscur'd, are yet not come to light,
Being flaine, did falling kisse their mother earth,
And with their foreheads trode the ground in fight,
Against vntruth t' aduance great *Burbons* right,
Who by their valour, fighting for renowne,
Did at the length in peace enioy his crowne.

Thus Albions Mistresse as an Angell sent,
The sonnes of men from hels blacke Prince to saue,
The worlds vsurped rule from Rome did rent,
And from her yoke sweet freedoms comfort gaue
To those her neighbours, that her helpe did craue,
Restoring Princes to their royaltie,
Debas'd by Romes insulting tyrannie.

The which when that seuen-headed beast beheld,
Who proudly treads vpon the necks of Kings
With indignation his high stomack sweld,
And of the adulterate sect forthwith he wings
Many bald Priestst' enact pernicious things,
Those close confessors, that most vse their skill
To worke the weaker sex vnto their will.

With these the bisfront Iesuits, that cloake
Themselues in diuers shapes, did seeke againe,
Against their Prince the people to prouoke,
And with pretence of zeale did thinke to traine
Their loyall hearts against their Soueraigne :
But these their base attempts tooke no euent,
Seeing prudent *Ioue* their plots did still preuent.

An. eodem.
34.

For at this time, the Irish *Oroick*,
That bloodie traytour to this Kingdomes State,
That with his vtmost diligence did worke
With Rome and Spaine to execute their hate,
Being most secure of his vntimely fate,
Preuented was, in what he did pretend
In his foule treason by a traytors end.

For

For after all his plots at length he came
 To proffer seruice to that roiall King,
 Now Monarch of this Ile, and in his name,
 All Ireland in subiection he would bring,
 If he would shroud him with his soueraigne wing;
 But he braue Prince, t'whom Traitors hatefull beene,
 Did send that Traitor to our noble Queene.

(O Peerelesse Prince, that Northern Starre so bright)
 Whose shine did guide vs to the port of rest,
 When our pure Virgin lampe did lose her light,
 If from thy sight these ruder rimes be blest,
 But with one kingly glaunce, graunt this request,
 As liuing, thou didst honour her great name,
 So shee being dead (O King) still loue the same.

Persist, persist, to grace her being dead,
 Who liuing did to thee all grace proclaime,
 Against her name permit no scandall spread;
 But quell those black-mouth'd monsters that defame
 The Lords anointed our *Elizæ's* name,
 So thy great name 'gainst Enuies biting rage,
 May finde like fauour in the worlds last age.

After this rebels ruine, in whose life
 Rome did such hopefull confidence repose,
 Hoping through him to raise some home-bred strife,
 Vnable now t'auenge her on her foes,
 By honour'd meanes in dealing martiall blowes;
 Being senselesse of all princely roialtie
 He sought reuenge by basest treacherie.

An. Reg. 35. Hight *Lopez* he, that was for Physicks skill,
 Highly respected in the Princes grace,
 Corrupted was her loued life to spill,
 And had the helpe of Heauen not been in place,
 The roiall Virgin in a moments space
 In stead of that, which should haue life protected,
 Had tasted death in poison strong conected.

But

But that great King of heau'n, whose watchfull eie
Did euer guard her Maiden brest from taint
Of timelesse death, the drift did soone descric,
And made false *Lopez* in the fact to faint,
Depicturing out his fault in feares constraint,
Who wretched traytor, for his blacke deed done,
Blacke death and scandall in the world hath wonne.

He suffered
death, *Anno*
Reg. 36.

Romes demi-god that can at his dispose
By power from heau'n dispence with villanie,
Thus did his sanctitie of life disclose,
In plotting by inglorious treacherie,
Basely to act a Virgins tragedie;
Whose force for fight seem'd both on seas and land,
Too full of death for him to countermand.

Yet once againe with contumelious vaunt,
Inuasion threatned was against this land,
Which did our Queenes great heart so little daunt,
That to her conquering fleet she gaue command,
Which readie rig'd lay on the English strand,
To seeke the foes for fight in their owne home,
Thereby to ease them of their toyle to come.

The royall fleet to do the Dames command,
Rig'd vp to dance on *Amphitrites* greene,
With war-like musikes sound did launch from land,
To whom, in loue of Albions honor'd Queene,
Then easfull peace Spaines warre more wisht hath beene,
Whose bosomes twice ten thousand men did fill,
Train'd vp to tread the paths of warre with skill.

The honora-
ble voyage to
Cadiz, *Anno*
Reg. 38.
Set downe in
the end of the
last part of the
second vo-
lume of *Nau-*
gations of R.
Hakluyt.

Two noble Peeres stood vp to lead them out,
The one hight *Howard* he, that with renowne
Gainst Spaines blacke fleet successfullly had fought,
Who now, though honor'd age his head did crowne
With snow-white haire of siluer-like soft downe;
Yet in despite of yeares respect did goe,
As Generall of the fleet against the foe.

The

The other Peere, whose heart heauen grac'd with grace
 Of goodly gifts, was *Essex* noble Knight,
 Whom from his youth treading the honour'd race
 Of valiant men, true vertue did excite,
 T'affect renowne in warre with chiefe delight,
 Who best aboue the best of high command,
 In this exploit went Generall of the land.

They did pro-
 claime their
 intended voy-
 age in Greeke,
 Latin, French,
 Spanish, &c.
 through most
 parts of Eu-
 rope.

These Lords, not like the foes, did put in vre,
 Their high exploit, who when their blacke fleete came
 Did treate of peace, to make vs more secure;
 But they each where their purpose to proclaime,
 Chose Fame for Herauld to denounce the same,
 Threatning all Nations with their Dames iust ire,
 That should as agents with their foe conspire.

Many more Nobles drew their willing swords
 In this exploit to trie th'Iberian might:
 Braue *Sussex*, *Howard*, *Harbert*, valiant Lords,
 Lord *Warden*, *Burk*, stout *Veere* and *Clifford* hight,
 With *Lodowicke* of Nassau that stranger Knight,
Don Christopher young Prince of Portugale,
 And *Vanderforde* the Belgians Generall.

From Plimmouth port in safe transport of these
 And many gallants more, two hundred keele
 Did with swift winde cut through the waue Seas,
 While shee, whose heart th'effects of grace did feele,
 Not giuing trust vnto the strength of Steele,
 While Englands sacred Queene, while shee, I say,
 For her faire fleete to this effect did pray:

Recorded by
 him that wrote
 this voiage,
 who carried it
 with him into
 Spaine, trans-
 lated into La-
 tin by D. Mar-
 becke.

Thou guide of all the world, great King of Heauen,
 That seest all hearts with thy all-seeing eye,
 Thou knowest what cause vs to this warre hath driuen,
 No thirst of blood, of wealth, or dignitie,
 No malice of reuenge or iniurie;
 But to defend thy truth, we lift our armes
 And to preuent our foes intended harmes.

Heare

Heare then (ô King of heau'n) thy hand-maids prayer,
Giue full effect vnto our iust desire,
In midst of stormes t'our fleet vouchsafe thy care,
And with thy heau'nly fortitude inspire
Our souldiers hearts, that they may not retire
Vnto their homes without victorious fame,
T'aduance the glorie of thy holy name.

Thus pray'd *Eliza*, to whose iust request
The God of Hosts aduisefull audience gaue,
Who downe descending from his heau'nly rest,
Did safely lead her ships, as she did craue,
To Cadiz harbor ore the surging waue,
Where to all eyes appear'd his true foresigne,
That gainst th'Iberians they should victors shine.

As that thrice happie bird, the peacefull Doue,
When the old world groaning beneath the raigne
Of Giants raging rule, was drown'd by *Ioue*,
Brought heau'nly newes of a new world againe
Vnto the Arke, then floting on the maine:
So now a Doue did with her presence greet
Elizæes Arke, then Admirall of the fleet.

For loe the fleet riding at seas in sight
Of Cadiz towers, making that towne the marke
Of their desire, the Doue did stay her flight
Vpon the maine yard of that stately barke,
Which long before that time was term'd the Arke,
Whose vnexpected presence did professe
Peace to the fleet; but to the foes distresse:

Who from the browes of Cadiz lostie towers
With eyes amaz'd, viewing so many a keele
Floting vpon their seas, and seeing such powers
Of martiall people arm'd in brightest steele,
The cold effects of fainting feare did feele,
Through whose faint brests remembrance now did run
Of ancient wrongs to Englands Empresse done.

Recorded by
the Author
then present.

The

The Fleete descri'd, the Citie high did ring
 Each where with horrid sound of shrill alarmes,
 In euery street *Bellona* loud did sing
 The song of battaile, and the foes in swarmes
 Did throng together in the streets to armes,
 While fearefull noise of childrens wofull cries,
 And womens shrikes did pierce the echoing skies.

The gates were open set, out rush't the hoast,
 Both horse and foote in armes confused sound,
 Who vaunting of their power did vainely boast,
 Their fainting foes in battaile to confound,
 If their bold feete durst presse the sandie ground,
 Not doubting all their fleete, with fire t'inflame,
 If from their ships to fight on shore they came.

And in the gulfie mouth of that faire bay,
 Where the proud waues doe wash the townes white breast,
 The Spanish nauie ready anchoring lay,
 All mighty ships bound for the Indian East;
 But now for fight themselves they soone addrest,
 With whom twice ten stout gallies did prepare
 'Gainst th'English fleete to trie the chaunce of warre.

The honour'd Peeres, great *Essex*, and his mate
 Renowned *Howard*, Times swan-white hair'd sonne,
 Sitting in counsell wisely did debate,
 How by their fleete with best aduantage wonne,
 Against the foes the fight might be begunne;
 For both the Castle, Forts and Towne in fight,
 Did threaten danger in the Nauall fight.

But through the windowes of Heauens crySTALL bowres,
Ioue seeing the foemens force so full of dread,
 The Citie so well fenc'd with loftie towres;
 The Sea with faire ships fill'd, the field ore spread
 With men of armes, that from the towne made head,
 Did send to shield *Elizæs* fleete from harmes,
 His braine-borne childe, th'vnconquered Queene of armes.

Who

Who to effect th' Olympian Gods great will,
About the fleete from ship to ship did flie,
And with such courage euery heart did fill,
Inflaming their desires in fight to trie
The valour of the vaunting enemy,
That euery one did thirst to trample downe
The loftie pride of Cadiz towring towne.

The Norfolke noble Dukes vndaunted Sonne,
Sterne-visag'd like the grim-fac'd God of war,
As was decreed, the fight at first begun,
Who to the foes like some disastrous star,
Or blazing Comet did appeare from far;
Shooting forth fierie beames from his blacke ship,
Which with the mounting waues did forward skip.

Now Earle of
Suffolk.

Each aduerse force to fight drew forth their powers,
And in a golden morne, when *Phæbus* drew
From off the battlements of Cadize towers,
The ruddie cheekt *Auroraes* pearlie dew,
The thundring bullets interchanged flew,
And either side a glorious day to win,
With deadly furie did the fight begin.

The guns, astuns with sounds rebounds from shore
The Souldiers cares, and death on mischiefes back
Spit from the Canons mouth with horrid rore
Flies to and fro in clowdes of pitchie black,
And 'mongst the valiant men makes spoilefull wrack,
While either part like Lions far'd in fight,
None feeling seruile feare of deaths afright.

Thus when stout *Howard* had begun the fight
With many more to quell the foemens pride,
The noble *Deuoreux*, that vndaunted Knight,
Who stood afterne his ship and wishly ei'd,
How deepe the skirmish drew on either side,
Nere stai'd, as was decreed, to second those
In the maine fight, but rusht among' st the foes.

And

And as we see the Sunne sometimes shine cleare
 Amid' st the skie, then muffle his bright face
 In sable clouds, and straight againe appeare,
 So famous *Essex* did applie each place,
 Sometimes incircled round with foes embrace
 He stood in fight, and sometimes scene of all,
 He in the forefront did his foes appall.

Which when graue *Howard* view'd from farre well dight
 In noble armes, himselfe he did betake
 Vnto his pinnace with Lord *William* hight,
 His honor'd sonne, and with their powers to make
 The fight more hot, into the presse they brake,
 Where with fresh strength they labour'd to repell
 The foes stout pride, twixt whom the fight grew fell.

So long as faire *Auroraes* light did shine,
 They equall fought and neither had the best;
 But when the feruent Sunne began decline
 From th'hot meridian point and day decreast,
 Feare did inuade each bold Iberians brest,
 Who through the danger of the darke some waue
 Did flie their foes, themselues from death to saue.

To shun *Charybdis* iawes, they helpelesse fell
 In *Scyllaes* gulfe; for after all their braues,
 Being all too weake the English to repell,
 Their ships they left, and leapt into the waues,
 In whose soft bosome many found their graues;
 And lest ought good might to their foes redound,
 They burnt their ships and ran them on the ground.

The Gallies fled, the ships with secret fire
 Inflam'd, did burst to shew their burning light;
 Then from the shore th'Iberians did retire
 Close to their walles, who boasting of their might
 In equall ground before did wish for fight;
 But now beneath their walles scarce made they stand;
 For without fight the victors went on land.

All from the ships did cluster to the shore,
Forth marcht the foote, whose hearts emboldned were
With their late fight, and in the front before
Great *Essex* breath'd exhorts in euery eare
To charge the foes; and not in vaine to beare
The name of first, but first himselfe to show
In euery deed, he first did charge the foe

With such swift force, as when wilde *Neptune* raues,
And ore the shore breaking his wonted bounds,
Riding in triumph on his winged waues,
Runnes vnresisted ouer lands and grounds,
And in his way all in his power confounds;
So from the fleet at shore went th'English downe
To charge the foes inranckt before the towne.

The battels ioyn'd; but by their valours might,
The valiant English in one howers space
Brake through the foe-mens rankes, who turn'd to flight;
Did turne their backes and gaue the victors place,
Who to the towne pursu'd with speedie chace,
Whose walles th'Iberians flying from the field
Against their foes did long to make their shield.

And being entred with confused cries,
The gates were shut, and in the towne each where,
A diuers noise about with horror flies;
Then in the streets thicke troopes of men appeare,
Some to the gates, some to the walles with feare
Amazed runne, and euery hold about
They stufte with men, to keepe their foe-men out.

Meane time to triumph in proud Cadiz fall,
Illustrate Essex did approch the towne,
Where scaling ladders laid vnto the wall
Were fill'd with men, who climing for renowne,
Did hazard death from off the walles cast downe:
For from th'assault to force them to retire,
Thicke fell downe darts, huge stones, and dreadfull fire.

The fearefull cries of men on either side,
 Rung through the towne, as they the walles did scale,
 Not long the bold defendants did abide
 Th'assailants by their prowesse did preuaile,
 The foes gaue backe, their fainting hearts did faile,
 Who left the walles, and through the streetes did runne,
 With ruthfull tidings how the walles were wonne.

Vpon the battlements, the blood red crosse
 Appear'd in sight, and from the walles downe went
 The English troopes, and to the gates did passe,
 Where th'iron barres in sunder they did rent,
 Beate downe the posts, and all the iewses brent,
 And passage wide to them without did win,
 To whom the houses farre appear'd within.

Then all the host, led by that aged Lord,
 The seas chiefe Admirall, rusht through the gate,
 And through the towne with fierie shot and sword
 Did force their way in euery street and strait,
 Euen to the publike market, where of late
 The foes had purpos'd in the Kings high street,
 To make their common reindeuous to meet.

There now the battell fresh againe begnn,
 For making head vnto that place, the foe
 To reinforce their strength, in troopes did run,
 While others downe from house tops did throw
 Ruine and death on th'English bands below,
 Where fighting gainst such ods, they haplesse lost
 Sir Iohn Wing. Braue *Wingfield* hight, a leader in the host.

On whose dissolued life, such deepe remorse
 The English tooke, that all with loud exclaime
 Rusht on th'Iberians bold, and did enforce
 Their speedie flight, then furie did enflame
 The souldiers hearts, and in the bloodie game
 Of raging *Mars*, remorselesse they were all,
 To wreake reuenge for worthie *Wingfields* fall.

Like angrie Lions rob'd of their deare yong,
The houses round about they now inuade,
The portals, posts and thresholds downe are flung,
The gates and walles of stone so strongly made,
And doores fast barr'd with earth are leuell made,
And all high turrets and strong chambers shake
With th'hot inuading, which the souldiers make.

The inward roomes are fill'd with wofull sounds,
And wailing noise of folke in wretched plight,
The buildings all with larums loud rebounds,
And women with yong infants in affright,
Through chambers wide shunning the souldiers fight,
Runne heere and there to seeke some couert place.
To hide themselves from angrie *Mars* his face.

About the parents knees, the children swarms,
Calling in vaine for helpe with pitious cries,
The spouse fast clips her husband in her armes,
In whose sad brest his cold heart fainting dies,
Seeing the armed men before his eies,
Stand with bright swords in thicke tumultuous croud
At th'entrie doores, crying out with clamors loud.

But th'English all, that neuer vse to lift
Their hands against a yeelding enemy
By nature milde, not proud of fortunes gift,
Did not insult vpon their miserie,
But with milde hand did vse the victorie,
And after fight they all abhorring blood,
Did only tend the spoile of golden good.

Both the braue Generals, by a strict command
About the towne, this mercie did proclaime,
That none thenceforth should vse the force of hand,
Nor offer wrong to any virgin Dame,
That would sweet beautie keepe from lustfull shame,
Which vnreprovd edict amongst all men,
Through th'English host inuiolate hath been.

Amongst the captiues not the basest mate
 With any sad designe they vexed sore,
 The female sex vntoucht inuiolate
 Did freely passe with all that golden store
 Of chaines, and gemmes which they about them bore,
 And all religious folke did find like grace,
 Free without ransome to depart the place.

(Thrice valiant victors) euer may my rimes
 Suruiue on earth, that in their life may liue
 This famous conquest to all future times,
 That from the best, that for true praise do striue,
 All men to you the laurell wreath may giue,
 Which that milde mercie, which you then did show,
 Doth more deserue then conquest gainst the foe.

After the souldier had return'd from spoile
 Loaden with riches of the ransackt towne,
 To yeeld fit compensation to the toile
 Of each mans paines, with fauour or renowne,
 The Generals did each souldiers merit crowne,
 And gaue to many a well deseruing wight
 That noble order of true martiall Knight.

That noble order, which in antique time
 In top of Fames high tower tooke chiefest place,
 To which by vertue valours steps did clime;
 Was then no base minds meed, that nere had grace
 T'ensue fames seeting in true vertues race;
 Though now the aged world to dotage growne,
 This noble order scarce is truly knowne.

But now to sing the spoile and last decay
 Of that faire towne by her owne folke forlorne,
 The host all readie to depart away,
 Intending first in funerall flames to burne
 Her fatall pride, and all her pompe oretorne,
 Did in thicke concourse cluster to confound,
 Her high top-towers and eu'n them with the ground.

In number like the golden flowers in spring,
In forme like furies of the Stygian caue:
The souldiers high on houses tops do fling
Their burning brands, and round do range and raue,
To burie that faire towne in ashie graue,
While hungrie flames borne vp on golden wings,
Flies through the aire, and far their splendor flings.

Then the faire wals inricht with paintings grace,
And portals proud of gold are all cast downe,
Sterne *Mulciber* in his bright armes embrace
Doth graspe the towres, and on th' inflamed towne
Through rolling clouds of smoake doth sternely frowne,
Whose fierce fiers climbing houses far away,
By foes are seene to worke the townes decay.

Thus burnt Spaines Cadiz fam'd for that faire place,
Where great *Alcides*, when his sword did tame
The triple *Gerion* borne of tyrants race,
Did fixe his pillars t' eternize his name,
With *Ne Plus Ultra* grauen on the same;
Thus did it burne captiu'd in English yoke,
And all her fame lay stifled in the smoke.

After the spoile, exchange of captiues made
For those, that Spaine had long captiu'd before,
Each souldiers prize aboard the fleet conuei'd,
Leauing the towne despoil'd of all her store,
All made returne vnto the ships at shore;
At whose depart such after-signe was seene,
As had before at their arriual been.

For hoyfing saile at sea, loe as before
Vpon the Arke a Doue her flight did stay,
With which departing from th' Iberian shore,
She from the same departed not away;
But kept her station till that happie day,
That all the fleet did with the compleat hoast
Arriue in triumph on the English coast.

Recorded by
the Author
then present.

Thus when vpon *Elizæ's* royall brow,
 Times honor'd age in print had set his signe,
 Euen then her arme Spaines stiffened pride did bow;
 And when her youthfull daies did most decline,
 Then did the King of heau'n to her assigne
 The euer youthfull wreath of sacred bay,
 In signe of triumph to her liues last day.

The vtmost kingdomes canopi'd of skie,
 Did beare record of her triumphant fame,
 The vastest Ocean, that did farthest lie,
 With each small creeke and hauen in the same,
 Did then resound the praises of her name:
 Which to her friends defence, her foemen feare,
 Her crosse-crown'd Fleet about the world did beare.

For all sea-bordering townes, that subiect were
 Vnto the crowne of Rome-supporting Spaine,
 Who high their breasts aboue the waues did beare,
 Did tremble to behold the crookt stern'd traine
 Of English ships still floating on the maine;
 For towards the seas Greene bounds they often bore,
 And many townes destroy'd vpon the shore.

Anno eodem Renowned *Clifford* on the fruitfull deepe
 38. Like *Ioue-borne Perseus*, that illustrate Knight,
 In his swift *Pegasus* the seas did sweepe,
 And after many a prize surpriz'd in fight,
 To make the land record his powerfull might,
 He at that time with his triumphant host,
 Got noble conquest on the Indian coast.

Fortune with fame his high attempts did crowne,
 And his dread name the foes with feare did fright,
 Saint *Iohn De Porta Rico* that strong towne,
 And her faire castle, which did seeme in sight
 Impregnable gainst all assaults in fight,
 His hands to heapes of fruitlesse dust did burne,
 And with her spoile he home did safe returne.

The valiant English still did worke much woe
Vnto the foemen both on seas and land,
Eliza still did triumph ore the foe,
And day by day vpon the English strand
Arriu'd rich prize surpriz'd by force of hand,
Whereby th'Iberian folke made poore and bare,
In heart did curse the causer of the warre.

But leaue we heere of forren deeds to sing,
And turne we home at sound of those alarms,
Which on thy shores (O England) high did ring;
And let vs waile, alas, the wofull harmes,
Which did befall that valiant man of armes,
Who after all his glorie and renowne,
Beneath too hard a fate felt fortunes frowne.

Tyrone that traytor, from whose treacherie
The first chiefe cause of his annoy did spring,
Disloyall to *Elizæ's* Maiestie;
Had now begun to set the war on wing
On th'Irish coast, whose townes and plaines did ring
With sad report of bloodie actions done,
By the bold rebels and the base *Tyrone*.

Tidings whereof to Englands rockie bound,
Borne ore the Oceans backe on wings of winde,
The shores with *Mars* his rugged voice did sound,
And noble *Essex* Generall was assign'd
To crosse the fruitfull deepe, whose honor'd minde
Did wing him forward with desire of fame,
On earth to purchase an immortall name.

An. Reg. 41.

Yet towards the coast when he this iourney tooke,
The King of flames that with delight did crowne
All that faire day before, did change his looke,
The heau'ns did thunder loud, the clouds did frowne,
And in the way *Ioue* cast pale lightning downe,
Presaging sad euent of things to come,
Which tooke effect at his returning home.

At his returning home, when his deare Dame
 The great *Eliza*, with maiesticke frowne
 Gan change milde looks, when Fortune foe to Fame
 Did turne her wheele about, and hurring downe
 His towring State, all hope of life did drowne
 In deaths deepe waues, whose most vntimely end
 Both heau'n and earth lamenting did befriend.

For that blacke morne, when he without appall
 To lose his life vnto the blocke was led,
 The Sunne in heau'n, as for his *Phaetons* fall,
 In fable clouds did hide his golden hed,
 And from so sad a sight away he fled;
 While wofull heau'n with dolefull teares sent downe,
 For his sad fall the world in woe did drowne.

He being dead, being dead, alas, and gone,
 That hopefull Lord hight *Mountioy*, did succeed
 As Generall in the warre against *Tyrone*;
 To whom all-seeing *Ioue* tooke speciall heed,
 And did direct his hand in euery deed,
 Who would not haue *Elizæes* vnstain'd praise,
 Distain'd by rebels in her aged daies.

For what hath she in her affaires decreed,
 Euen to her royall liues last breathing space,
 In which *Ioue* did not euer grace her deed,
 Yea now when ripe yeares rugged prints had place
 Vpon the fore-front of her Princely face,
 Then did her gracious God with compleat praise,
 Perfect the vpsnot of her aged daies.

Anno eodem The happie Belgians on the marine coast,
 42. In a pight field against a Prince of name,
Grimestone In person fighting 'midst his royall host,
in his transla- Did purchase conquest, captiues, gold and fame,
tion of the By th'only aid which from *Eliza* came:
booke of the Without whose helpe on which their hopes did build,
warres of the All had been lost, the foes had won the field.
Netherlands.

For when the Austrian Prince on Newport Sands,
After the slaughter of the valiant Scot,
Had giuen charge vpon the aduerse bands,
When by thicke volleyes of their murdring shot,
Many stout men had drawne deaths fatall lot;
Then many Belgians fainting fled away,
And left their friends to win or lose the day.

Mongst whom the English chiefly did sustaine
The furious brunt of that important fight,
Where many worthie men were helplesse slaine,
Who rather chose to make that day the night
Of deaths approach, then turne their backs for flight;
Who all had fallen by death without remorse,
Had not the *Veres* renew'd their fainting force.

For the bold brothers both the valiant *Veres*,
Deepe wounds did purchase to regaine the day,
The one breath'd comfort in the Souldiers eares,
While th' other through the foes with violent sway
Of his horse troopes did force a dreadfull way,
Through which the Belgians that before had fled,
Might gainst the fainting foes againe make head.

The foemen fled, the ground was stro'd with harmes
Of their mishap, their Duke fled fast away,
Leauing his horse of honour and his armes
Vnto the victors to remaine for ay,
As signes of conquest and that glorious day,
Which by *Elizæes* auxilarie traine,
Then agents there the Belgians did obtaine.

Thus to the life of our triumphant Dame
Time in her reigne no yeere did multiplie,
Which Fortune did not dignifie with fame,
Or praise of some illustrate victorie;
'Gainst Rome, 'gainst Spaine, or th' Austrianemie,
'Gainst whom that houre that she expir'd her breath,
She di'd victorious in the armes of death.

Anno Reg.
43-44.

For when the Austrian Duke with his proud hoast,
Atrides-like laid siege to little Troy,
 And by a solemne vow did vainely boast,
 Not to depart vntill he did destroy
 That English towne; yet to his owne annoy,
 He there did lie while th'horses of the sunne,
 Their yeares race thrice about the heauen had runne.

For Englands *Hæctor* and his valiant brother,
 That times young *Troilus* did the Duke appall,
 And his best hopes in blood and dust did smother;
 Yea many a thousand at that siege did fall
 In Deaths blacke graue before the townes strong wall,
 Which while the Belgian Patronesse did liue,
 Vnto the foes in fight the foile did giue.

And as our Queene in forraine-bred debate,
 From hence to Heauen victorious tooke her flight,
 So here at home before her liues last date,
 Triumphant sounds of belles the Starres did smite,
 And bright bon-fiers the darke some euen did light
 With glad some flames for worthy victorie,
 Atchieu'd against the Irishemie.

An. eodem. Yea, when the hand of vnremorsefull fate,
 Had euen spun out the thred of her liues clew,
Tyron that long disturber of her state,
 With shame of his offence remorsefull grew,
 And on his knees did then for mercie sue:
 That dying, she might say with vading breath,
 I left no foes vnuanquish't at my death.

But woe alas, the dust-borne pompe of earth,
 Made thrall to death, returnes to dust againe;
 All vnder Heauen, that haue their beeing and breath
 Of natures gift, no longer doe remaine,
 Then nature doth their brittle state sustaine,
 The Prince and Swaine to death are both alike,
 No ods are found when he with dart doth strike.

For

Englands Eliza:

For I, that whilome sung with cheerefull breath
Her roiall Reigne, whose like no age hath seene,
Now cannot sing; but weepe to thinke how death,
All pitilesse of what before had beene,
Did rob poore England of so rich a Queene;
And if I sing, I must in my sad song,
Exclaime on Death for doing vs such wrong.

For doing vs such wrong to dim the light
Of Englands Virgin glorie then decaid,
Which, while Heauens light the Earths broade face shall smite,
All Virgins shall admire and still vpbraid
That *Tarquin* death, with death of such a Maide:
For her, whose Virgin blood no *Tarquins* staine,
Did euer taint, O death, thy dart hath slaine.

That day shee di'd, which to her roiall Sire,
To great *Plantagenet* hath fatall been;
That day, when Fates did his sad death conspire:
That day when his young *Edward* dead was seene,
That day when *Mary* left to be a Queene:
That day from vs did our *Eliza* goe,
That day, that tyrant Death did worke our woe.

Thursday.

But why doe we 'gainst death vse such complaint,
Seeing not in youth, then short of yeares to crowne
Her head with age, she di'de by Deaths constraint,
But ripe in yeares, and loaden with renowne;
Made mellow for the graue, she lai'd her downe:
And leauing earth that part, which Earth had giuen,
On Faiths strong wings she tooke her flight for Heauen.

*Heere Clio ceast, her Lute no more did sound,
But in a moment mounting from the ground,
She vanisht from my sight, and with her fled
The place of pleasure which mine eyes had fed:
With which all had been lost, if in my minde,
My dreames Idæa had not stai'd behinde.*

FINIS.

St. Andrew's Church

For I have sinned with a foolish heart
Henceforth I will not sin again
Now cannot I; but I will not sin again
All this of which I have spoken
Did not move me to do such a thing
And if I had, I would not have done so
Examine on Death for being very young

For being very young to die
Of which I have spoken
Which, while I have been in the world, I will write
My sins shall be mine and still remain
I have been dead with death of sin
For that whole Virgin I have been
Did ever mine O death, I have been

Today I see die, which to mortal sin
I have been dead with death of sin
Today, when I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin

Today I see die, which to mortal sin
I have been dead with death of sin
Today, when I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin
I have been dead with death of sin

2	15	2	15
4	2	4	2
6	2	6	2
8	2	8	2
10	2	10	2
12	2	12	2
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20	2	20	2
22	2	22	2
24	2	24	2
26	2	26	2
28	2	28	2
30	2	30	2
32	2	32	2
34	2	34	2
36	2	36	2
38	2	38	2
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46	2	46	2
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52	2	52	2
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56	2	56	2
58	2	58	2
60	2	60	2
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64	2	64	2
66	2	66	2
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70	2	70	2
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78	2	78	2
80	2	80	2
82	2	82	2
84	2	84	2
86	2	86	2
88	2	88	2
90	2	90	2
92	2	92	2
94	2	94	2
96	2	96	2
98	2	98	2
100	2	100	2

RH. 7. 2. 59.